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LIFE IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.*

MORE than 19,000 persons are under restraint as lunatics in England and Wales, and nearly 4,000 in 317 workhouses. Of the former some are in private houses, but by far the greater number are in public establishments. Some of the county asylums may be termed "*villages*" of lunatics; for they are as populous as large villages. Thus, Colney-Hatch contains 1,244 inmates; Hanwell, 963; Springfield, 713; Wakefield, 647; Lancaster, 630; several, more than 300. Add the necessary attendants, servants, and officers, and it is obvious that we have congregated in these institutions large societies. How do these people spend their lives?—is a question which may very reasonably be asked.

The Commissioners in Lunacy classify asylums under three heads. The first comprises the *County Asylums*, which externally are palatial residences, built expressly for the reception of the insane poor of counties. Every county in England and Wales has an establishment of this kind, except ten; and these are making arrangements for asylums

to be erected. Under the second head, we have *hospitals* for the insane, described as Institutions founded and supported by charitable individuals, and designed for the reception of needy patients of the middle and upper classes. They are not always designated "*Hospitals*," popularly; being "*Retreats*," or "*Asylums*," simply. The third head comprises *Licensed Houses*. These are Asylums, or Retreats, set on foot and maintained by private enterprise, for the reception of every grade of lunatic, from the pauper to the peer. In England and Wales, on the first of January, 1854, 37 county and borough Asylums contained 12,600 inmates; 14 Hospitals (not including the Royal Navy and Military Hospitals at Haslar and Yarmouth) had 1,613 inmates; and 130 Licensed Houses had 4,880 inmates. The entire number of the insane under care of these establishments, at the time mentioned, was 18,659.

Ten years ago, the report of a Commission of Inquiry into the Condition of Lunatics, throughout England and Wales, was printed by the government. A comparison of this document with that of 1854 affords ground for congratulation. In 1844 we find

* Eighth Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor. 1854.

that in several Asylums, the old cruelty and neglect was still practiced, and that so many as eleven were in a state deserving unqualified censure. Wales then, as now, was remarkable for the shameful neglect of the lunatic. The Asylum at Haverford-West, at the first visit of the Commissioners, in 1842, was declared to be a disgrace to the age and country. Eighteen patients were found in two dark cheerless rooms, with paved floors, the only article of furniture in each being a single table. The dress of the lunatics was ragged, uncleanly, and insufficient; and not a single change of either bed or body linen was in the place. Their beds of dirty straw had only a filthy rug, or a scrap of blanket, for covering. In a cell lighted by a grating, where the stench was so offensive that it was scarcely possible to remain, was a woman, fastened to a chair, and entirely naked. No place for exercise, no attempt at employment or amusement, prayers never read, no visits from the ministers of religion. Devonshire rivalled Wales in horrors. At the Asylum at Plympton, seventeen patients were found in a room seventeen feet by twelve, with seats for ten only, and no table. In a day-room was found a young woman, who had been delivered only six weeks, in a state of furious mania, wearing a strait-waistcoat, and chained by the arm and leg to a bench. Another woman, in a similar vest, was lying in a hole in the middle of the yard, with her head exposed to a hot sun. Twenty-one male patients were chained to their beds at night. The night cells damp and as dark as cellars; windows unglazed; floors soaked and reeking with urine, and partly covered with straw and excrement; filthy straw for beds; and in nine (containing women) there were no windows, but the light was conducted by a grating over the door opening into a passage; and so little of it, that the Commissioners, in the day-time, were obliged to use a lantern to view this sickening and shocking sight. At Kingesland, near Shrewsbury, nearly all the lunatics in the House of Industry, amounting to between eighty and ninety, were chained by their wrists to their beds at night.

On the continent matters were not dissimilar. It is only about fifteen years since we ourselves saw, at Vienna, lunatics confined in cages, and exhibited for public amusement, like wild beasts. Like wild beasts, they never left their cages, by night or by day. The poor wretch is still in our mind's eye who sat crouched up in a corner of his cage, with matted beard and unkempt hair, munch-

ing a crust that had been thrust through the bars by a curious visitor; his bed being a little heap of straw; his sole furniture, a box for his excrements, which was passed in and out through a narrow opening in the strong wooden partition that constituted one side of his den. The history of the struggles of Professor Guislain (whose Clinical Lectures are before us) to ameliorate the condition of the insane in Belgium, reveals similar atrocities in the treatment of the insane in that country. The admirable institution over which he presides, is a sufficient proof of the vast improvement in the condition of the lunatic which has been effected of late years.

Now, although there are no such atrocities now practiced in Asylums, illustrations of the working of the same principle which gave rise to them, are revealed from time to time, to remind us of what the man 'reft of reason has escaped from. Two such are presented in the last Report of the Commissioners. Evan Roberts was the eldest son of a farmer near Bangor, and, soon after he arrived at manhood, became subject to periodical fits of mania. These, as he grew older, became more confirmed, until, about seven years ago, he threatened the lives of his father and younger brother. He was thereupon shut up in a small upper room, and chained by the leg to his bedstead, from which he was never released, during the three remaining years of his father's life. At the death of the latter, the brother took charge of him, and constructed an outhouse for his residence, nine feet by four, lighted by a small skylight in the roof and a window eighteen inches square. Here he was imprisoned three years; and, when discovered, was found lying on a wooden bedstead, to which both his legs were chained by loose fetters, riveted on just above the ankles. In a recess in the wall, at the bottom of the bedstead, covered by a lid on hinges, was a sort of privy, emptying itself into a hole in the adjoining garden, and which the chain was just long enough to enable him to reach. The poor man conversed calmly and intelligibly; and his brother and sister admitted that he was often sane for weeks and months together. When removed, subsequently, to the North Wales Asylum, he was uniformly orderly and tranquil, and, for considerable periods, coherent and comparatively rational.

A very similar case was brought to light in Devonshire in 1851. Charles Luxmere was the son of a small farmer, and was himself brought up to be a blacksmith. Twenty years ago, he became insane, and was there-

upon confined by his father in a sort of wooden cell, seven feet long, four feet wide, and six feet high, constructed for the purpose, and in which he continued chained to a beam in the floor. In this place he was kept a close prisoner for upwards of nine years, generally in a state of complete nudity; when, the father having become bedridden, and going to live with a son-in-law, the lunatic and his den were removed to the same place, where the latter was re-constructed, and he was kept chained in the same condition as before. His cell had no fire place, was only lighted by a small hole with iron bars across it; and, with the exception of a low wooden bedstead with a little loose straw upon it, it was wholly destitute of furniture, was close and dirty, and had a most disgusting smell. This poor sufferer was removed to the Devon County Asylum, where he proved to be an amiable, inoffensive, and well-conducted man, quite cleanly in his habits, and taking a pride in being neat and well-dressed.

There is nothing more certain, we believe, than that the nearest relations of a lunatic grow weary of him, sooner or later feel disgust towards him, and, in instances not a few, hate the sight of him. The causes of this are of mixed origin. Often, the sufferer is very disgusting and provoking in his language and conduct, manifests bitter hatred towards his nearest relations, is exceedingly troublesome, and not unfrequently threatens life and property. Under these circumstances, love grows gradually cold. Then, again, there is a feeling that the lunatic brings disgrace on his relations; a taint fixes on the blood, and people say there is madness in the family. Madness, too, inspires fear, horror, and aversion in many persons. A maniac is a hateful person, because he is a maniac: he is abhorred instinctively.

That there is a large amount of popular prejudice in regard to the insane, is very true; but we doubt much whether the metropolis is so much superior to "the provinces" as the Commissioners assert: we doubt it as a fact, and we question it as a theory. In these days of general information and rapid intercommunication, there is no reason why "the provinces" should be more deplorably ignorant than the metropolis. It is a fact, that there is the most lamentable ignorance, in the very highest quarters of the metropolis, as to the nature and consequences of mental derangement, and that to the common sense of a middle-class jury a criminal lunatic is often more deeply

indebted, than to the enlightened judge on the bench.

It is amongst those who are practically acquainted with insanity in every phase and form, that the lunatic finds his kindest friends. These endure his provocations with equanimity, smile at his threats and insults, pity his delusions, and kindly minister to his diseased mind. They do all this because they know that the WILL is partially or wholly in abeyance, and that his acts and language proceed from a disordered brain, over which he has little or no control. To the experienced manager of the insane, they are but children of larger growth, to be ruled by a happy mixture of love, firmness, and severity. The medical superintendent of an Asylum is *in loco parentis* to the unfortunate persons under his care. Perhaps in no department of medical practice have the benevolence and enlightened judgment of the profession shone more brightly forth, than in the management of the insane; from the time of Pinel to the present, that profession has been the consistent and persevering friend of the lunatic.

Amongst the most energetic and able of the continental Superintendents, Professor Guislain takes a high rank, both as a reformer of abuses and as a teacher. He lectures, every week, alternately, in the men's and women's department of the Asylum at Ghent, of which he is the superior officer. Each lecture continues two hours, and is illustrated by cases. The students have the following simple rules for the guidance of their conduct while in the wards: "Ask no imprudent questions. Wait until you are invited to speak to the patients. Do not annoy them by conversation, by looks, or by making them feel your presence." No bad result has followed from these practical studies; and yet every form of insanity is illustrated.

"Look at that woman," Guislain remarks; "her expression, attitudes, crouching position, all show that excessive fear is the predominant passion. She is sixty-six years old. Till she was sixty, she was a house servant; dismissed, she had to gain a livelihood by making lace and doing needle-work. A year ago she began to lose her sight; then the entire loss destroyed all her means of existence. Six months ago she was in hospital for typhus; when she recovered, she was insane, and suffered from intense melancholy and terror."

This is no uncommon case:—poverty, anxiety, a terrible struggle to keep up appearances, but in vain, ending in a work-house; then the idiot wards in a County Asylum.

Such an instance we remember of a feeble young woman, the educated daughter of a professional man, sent by the Union to an Asylum for receiving paupers. Her iron-gray hair was cut short, her face was deeply stamped with care and melancholy, her clothes neglected; she rarely spoke, never smiled. Our first care was to recruit her shattered strength, and to awaken the dormant cerebral powers, by appeals to her feminine taste for personal adornment. It was a hopeful sign when she decked her head with an incongruous medley of flowers and scraps of colored calico, and took pleasure in a ring of yellow worsted; but, when she began to brush and part her hair, clean her shoes, and keep her clothes neat, we felt no doubt of her approaching convalescence.

The monomania for thieving is a curious form of mental aberration. Its existence is hardly credited; it is not thought possible that a man can pilfer as senselessly as a raven or a magpie. But so it is.

"The young man you see there," observes Guislain, "remarkable for his clear complexion, pleasant expression of countenance, intelligent look, and good manners, has this mania; he is employed here as under-attendant. The disease occurs every two or three years, and is manifested by an excessive tendency to desire other people's property. This lunatic, so remarkable for his good qualities of both head and heart—amongst others, a great desire for instruction—is a gardener by trade, and steals the plants of the garden, money, the clothes of his fellow-workmen. He deceives most experienced attendants, and often escapes from them. He spends the money he has stolen, and steals from the people with whom he lodges. He barter and exchanges, and cheats every one he has to do with. He gives himself up to every kind of roguery, commits depredations every where, spends his money foolishly, and winds up by coming to the gates of the Asylum to be admitted. The paroxysms continue for some months, and are followed by long lucid intervals, during which he conscientiously makes restitution, out of savings, to those whom he has plundered. During these intervals, he is wholly free from disease."

Such is Guislain's description of the case; the moral he points is, that it would be difficult to convince a court of law that, when in a paroxysm, the young man is insane.

Drunkenness is another vice which appears in the form of insanity. Guislain mentions the example of a music-master, who every one or two years, would suddenly cease teaching, and give himself up to incessant intoxication. This would continue for three months; then, he would become sober as suddenly as he became drunken, and abstain

wholly from alcoholic drinks. Feeling, in one of his lucid intervals, the premonitory indications of his disorder, he destroyed his own life. Sometimes this paroxysm of *oinomania*, (as the disease is designated,) is accompanied by an inclination for a vagabond life in the lowest company; or else, there is just the latter without the former. The two sons of a professional man of some standing, in whose family there was hereditary insanity, were thus affected. They were both well educated, gentlemanly men, accustomed to excellent society, and remarkable for their elegant dress. The eldest abandoned practice, to wander about the country,—now sleeping under a hedge, now lodging in a union-house, now in jail for acts of vagrancy, begging from house to house, ragged and filthy as the filthiest mendicant. This he did for several years in succession, until, the paroxysm abating, he returned to his ordinary habits of life. The other got his living by selling matches at fairs, playing at thimbliger, &c., and was last seen, in the society of a low prostitute, in a miserable lodging in London, the only furniture of which was a three-legged stool and a heap of straw. Both these young men had a home to return to, replete with every comfort. A character of this kind, Thomas H—, a surgeon by profession, and connected, we are assured, with a dignitary of the church, has begged through the United Kingdom as a common mendicant and impostor for more than twenty years past. We have ourselves had him calling upon us thrice within eighteen years, the last occasion being within the last six months. This man is never so happy as when he has imposed upon the benevolence of his victim by a plausible tale of distress and misery, for which his gentlemanly manner and style of feature give him great facilities.

Murderous malice and cunning are sometimes the chief characteristics of the insane. "Look at that young person," said the Medical Superintendent of an Asylum, and we observed a modest, gentle, amiable-looking girl, seated sewing, remarkable only for the furtive, cunning glances she gave us from time to time. That girl had attempted suicide repeatedly,—her throat bore the scars of two attempts to cut it,—and had committed murder once if not twice. She seemed to have, every now and then, an irresistible impulse to take life from the feeble and imbecile. She would inveigle them into a corner, or to some remote place, and, watching her opportunity, attempt to strangle them. Or she would whisper to them the most horrid threats, if

they did not deny their Saviour; and having frightened her victim into repeating some foolish formula, would then dance about her, exclaiming, "Now you'll go to hell!"

The society of an asylum is relieved, however, by those whose delusions are a source of enjoyment to themselves and of amusement to others. Mr. B—— is a drivelling, snivelling imbecile, who usually stands the day long leaning over the fire, "his nose," as Shakspeare says, "distilling plum-tree juice." But he sometimes brightens up, in which case he does one of two things:—he either sets off into a brisk walk, holding a witty, well-sustained conversation with himself, in which he applies some not inappropriate epithets to himself; or else he starts away up and down the passages,—stamp! stamp! stamp! to a very merry tune that he hums as he goes along. His step is heard from afar, as well as the vocal accompaniment; and nothing is more inspiring than the air, or more perfect than the time. Every body laughs at his vagaries, but he is happily unconscious of the fun he makes, and enjoys his doings heartily to himself, caring for no one unless they attempt to restrain him. That measure he resents.

Professor Guislain has an analogous case:

"That man there below," he remarks, "who appears so delighted to see us, is a military musician, attached to one of our regiments. When he first came to us, he was nothing like what he is now; he was just like the generality of lunatics, very tractable. By degrees, however, his character changed, and he showed an habitual expression of mirthfulness. All the impressions received seemed to be agreeable, all his reminiscences were of the pleasant kind. It was his delight to recall the pleasure-parties at which he had been engaged professionally, before his attack; on the slightest hint he would begin to dance. His expression is always gay, his conduct always benevolent; he is most affable to every body. He it is who beats the time at our musical entertainments."

Pride is an amusing characteristic of some of the inmates of Asylums. Mr. F——, a professional man, when he first lost his reason, entertained the conviction that he ruled the elements; then, that he was Jesus Christ. It is only when he is unusually unwell that he entertains these delusions now; his mind is occupied with things more earthly, for he is in imagination a millionaire. He has a bank, large estates, &c., and yet, by some perverse and wicked arrangement, he cannot get away to his estates, and "people won't take" his paper—why, he "don't know."

He has been very liberal to us, and lately presented us with the sum of £1,000, as *per* bank-note below, written in a good commercial hand:

"The All-well Banking Company.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
Pay the Bearer on Demand,
One thousand pounds for value received.

"Praise ye the Lord.

"Amen."

"£1,000."

— — — [Signature.]

He varies his form of note a little. We have one before us (written on the back of a tobacco-paper), setting forth, "We *promise* to pay the bearer one hundred pounds, for value received." Often has he held a currency argument, to convince us of the value of these bank-notes; he assuring us that they are as good as those of the Bank of England; we lamenting that we cannot get cash for them. Yet, when we said that we would just pay them away to somebody, and then somebody would just hand them to him in payment for the produce from the "All-well" estate and farms, he has stoutly declared that he would only accept of "the current coin of the realm." Happy man! His pocket-book is stuffed full of notes, besides memoranda of gifts to his friends, to the amount of (say) £60,000. Hopeful visions of estates, bought and cultivated, constantly glow before his mind's eye; and though every day brings its disappointments, every day brings a renewal of his hopes, and so the balance is struck.

The follies of the insane are infinitely varied. Guislain tells us of those who obstinately refuse to do any thing they are requested—refuse to change their linen, to sleep in their beds, to wash, to speak,—in which they will persist for months,—or to eat at all. There are *daubing* madmen, who, if allowed, would do nothing but daub the walls with grotesque figures; *hiding* madmen, who conceal every thing that comes in their way; *digging* madmen, who continually grub in the earth like moles; lunatics addicted to *oratory*, *declamation*, &c. Some affect to speak foreign languages which they do not understand; some gesticulate continually; others imitate the song of birds, the mewing of cats, or the barking of dogs; others howl or shriek. Some will always sit in the same attitude; it is in vain that a chair, stool, or bench is offered to them. Guislain states that there is in his Asylum a young girl who has never opened her eyelids for eight months. There is what Guis-

lain terms "a fantastic automatism;" that is, a constant impulse to do the most absurd, foolish, or mischievous things—a class of the insane that gives infinite trouble to the attendants.

There is a *literature* of Asylums; and there are even printing-presses, worked by the inmates, for the printing of their literary lucubrations. At the Royal Asylum, Edinburgh, under the management of Dr. Skae, a periodical is printed and published monthly, termed the "Morningside Mirror." It has been in existence since 1846.

Nothing is more curious, in the history of insanity, than the attempts which the bewildered representative faculty makes to shape itself into form, whether by words or pictorial means. We know a contractor for works, whose inventive genius has overbalanced his reason, and he is now hopelessly imbecile. His occupation still is about his inventions or his contracts; so that specifications of the former, or orders about the latter, are numerous. One of his orders before us is as follows: 1. "TAKE NOTICE, that some workers go up the line soon enough to bring all the people on property, that can come and will come, on Monday, the thirty-first day of May. 2. And hearken all the people on property that cannot come, and see if they are safe to leave. 3. And ask and grind all the people on property that is not safe to leave, and all the people on property that refuses or neglects to come, that can come and ought to come. 4. Shoot all that is not soldiers, either people on property, or workers, and grind them. 5. Flog and grind the devil that has stole my flies, and is keeping them," &c., &c. Some of the more lucid productions of the insane are really interesting. Their *letters* are amongst these, and especially those left by suicides, written just before the fatal error was committed. They relate to all kinds of subjects, Dr. A. Brierie de Boismont remarks, but most usually to sources of sorrow or grief, or to depressing delusions and errors:

"When I started in life," says one, "I was alone, without fortune, without friends, but filled with youthful ardor; I manfully engaged in the struggle, and, for a time, success crowned my efforts; but with increasing years, and the charge of a family, misfortune and ruin came upon me. I had grown aged, and I found out what a useless encumbrance an old man is to all about him. Of no good to my family, a burden to myself, wounded in my dearest affections, nothing remained for me but to die; so I have made up my mind to do it."

This letter is clearly written, without ex-

aggeration or aim at effect. "For some time past," writes a French suicide, one, certainly, of the most miserable of men, "I have longed to sleep a profound sleep. After so much suffering and fatigue, I shall at last find repose." Another of the same infidel class writes:

"Having never possessed either wit or talent, I do not see any necessity for me to vegetate thirty or forty years here below: besides, what matter twenty years sooner or later, since it comes to the same thing at last? I prefer finishing the business at present. If I had any sentiment of love in my heart, I should, perhaps, have resisted. And, after all, what is death, since all ends with our life?"

In several letters of French suicides, the following couplet occurs:

*"Quand on a tout perdu, et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir."*

a couplet which has its antagonism and antidote in a sound, manly English one:

*"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave live on."*

In the "Morningside Mirror" we have the literary labors of the insane brought into working order. It is a monthly journal, printed at the Edinburgh Royal Asylum Press, by such of the inmates and attendants as are competent, and has the insane for its editorial staff and correspondents. The price is 3s. *per annum*, or, by post, 4s.; and the profits are devoted to the reading-room of the Asylum. It is a very amusing and interesting periodical, containing miscellaneous articles, in both prose and poetry, of considerable merit, besides strictly local news,—that is, accounts of the doings in the Asylum. We shall present a few *excerpts* to our readers, feeling assured that the labors of the *litterati* of Morningside, and of their correspondents in the Asylums at Aberdeen, Hanwell, and elsewhere, cannot fail to interest. First let us see what the prime inspirer of magic and poesy—love—produces. The following, by J. C. (vol. vi., p. 38), are pleasing and sweet. We presume they were written when the author was convalescent from an attack of melancholy:

"NO MORE I COURT THE SILENT SHADE.

In melancholy mood,
Nor seek the grove, where I may nurse
My woe in solitude.

My fingers may no more refuse
To wake the slumbering lyre,
Nor longer shall, subdued by grief,
My lute restrain its fire.

"Inspired by thee, the idle shell
Resumes its joyous strain;
For love of thee, the muse shall weave
Its canzonette again.
If silent groves I court, 'twill be
To woo sweet melody,
Or, if I seek the lonesome vale,
'Twill be to muse of thee.

"My heart, to grief a prey, had ceased
The sweets of love to know,
Until thy charms within its core
Revived the latent glow.
The sweetest spots in nature's field
No longer pleased my sight,
Till love of thee around them threw
A halo of delight.

"The heart thy kindness wooed from grief,
Is henceforth all thine own;
The flowers I cull, and lays I string,
Shall be for thee alone.
If, with the coronal I weave,
Thorns haply should combine,
The thorns, my love, shall be for me,
The flowers shall all be thine!

"J. C."

The following, from vol. v., p. 230, entitled, "A Poetical Consoler," had, it is to be devoutly hoped, the desired effect; for the ideas, as to the disposal of the poet's "remains," are not the most pleasing;

"A POETICAL CONSOLER.

"I know 'tis a sin to,
But I'm bent on the notion—
I'll throw myself into
The deep briny ocean,
Where mud-eels and cat-fish
On my body shall riot,
And flounders and flat-fish
Select me for diet.

"There soundly I'll slumber
Beneath the rough billow,
While crabs without number
Will crawl o'er my pillow;
But my spirit shall wander
Through gay coral bowers,
And frisk with the mermaids,—
It shall, by the powers!"

First catch your mermaids, Mr. Poet!

Lyrical poesy is much cultivated; and it would appear, from the contents of the "Mirror," that, at Morningside, there is a wide field for this branch of the art divine. In a humorous article, entitled "Punch on a Visit to Morningside" (vol. iv., p. 111), we find

that that ubiquitous gentleman was persuaded to favor the company in the saloons with the following

"SONG.

"'TWAS ABOUT THE TIME O' LAMMAS' TIDE.

"AIR—*The Barrin' o' the Door.*

"'Twas about the time o' Lammas tide,
In the month of August it fell,
That a man was brought to Morningside,
Wha cou'd na' tak' care o' his sel'.
Oh the barrin' o' the door,
Weel, weel, weel:
The barrin' o' that big door weel!

"'Noo, tell me,' says he, 'is this a rich place,
Or tell me if it is a poor?'
But a' that they did was to laugh in his face,
And to steek and to bar the door!
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'It is a place that 'll make ye to think,
What ye dinna seem noo to ken,
When you ought to tak' a drap o' gude drink,
And when you ought to refrain.
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'Then tell me,' says he, 'sin' I maunna' hae
beer,
An' frae brandy and whiskey maun keep,
What is 't that ye gie to the bodies here
To eat, and whare do they sleep?'
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'Ye needna' be fear'd that ye'll want for meat,
Gude flesh an' parrich, and broo'.
An' a bed to yoursel', baith clean and sweet,
Where in single bliss ye may lay.
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'I see plenty bonnie faces afoot,
An' I hope they winna refuse
To let me whiles put my arms about
Their waists, an' pree their moon'.
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'T' faith, my fine chap, if you speak o' sic things,
And put our maids in confusion,
The doctors will very soon clip your wings,
And send you into seclusion.
Oh the barrin' o' the door, &c.

"'But this ye may dae in a moderate way,—
You may just keek under a bonnet,
An' if ye're accustomed to string a lay,
You may sily send them a sonnet!
Oh the barrin' o' the door,
Weel, weel, weel:
The barrin' o' that big door weel!"

"The Song of the Cricket, made to order on the shortest notice," by "Iram," who seems to be the literary genius and Poet Laureate of the institution, and sung after the dinner held to celebrate a grand match at cricket, is not bad for a hasty impromptu.

How lately it has been "made" may be inferred from the following verse:—

"This day a famous match was play'd
With some running quite as good,
As when the Allies made a rush
At the Russians through the wood.
Like six-pound shot the ball did fly,
When hit by Dr. Skae;
Then all had need to mind their eye,
As if on a battle-day."

The press at Morningside is not wholly occupied with periodical literature: the Royal Asylum has its authors, as well as magazine-writers. Take the following advertisement of a work "in the press":—

"ACROSTICAL NOTICE.

"N ow in the Press, and soon will be,
O n payment of a SIXPENCE, free
T o all—a Book of forty pages,
I RAM'S ALL SORTS, to suit all ages;
C omprising themes in varied rhyme,
E ven from the Comic to Sublime."

And this, we venture to say, is a true description; for the Editors and correspondents of the "Morningside Mirror" shrink from no topic whatever, not even the most profoundly metaphysical or the most epically grand. It is upon these productions of the Morningside press that the reviewers of the establishment exercise their critical acumen. We subjoin an example of their satirical style on an *imaginary* work:—

"THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE: a Blank Verse Poem in Twelve Cantos. Translated from the Spanish of Don Coy by LORD WALKER. 144mo. Punch. Morningside, 1850.

"We congratulate the public upon this acquisition to the literature of the age. It has long been a desideratum; and we hail its advent with enthusiasm. To the noble translator we owe a deep debt of gratitude for this great work. No man within the circle of our acquaintance was better fitted by nature for so important an undertaking. The amount of talent and learning he has brought to bear upon this abstruse subject is perfectly wonderful. There is a strength of feeling, a depth of research, a power of thought, a facility of expression, in parts of this magnificent poem, that we look for in vain elsewhere. We venture to say—and we put our foot boldly on the assertion—that, in the whole cycle of English literature, there is nothing that can compete, either in profundity of view, or in solidity of reasoning, with the following passage, which occurs in Canto the Fifth:—

"Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
Five times eight are forty."

Amongst titles of papers, taken at random, we find the following: "Sketches from the Life of an Adventurer," a tale; "Laying the Foundation-Stone of a New Potato-House in Morningside Asylum," a humorous travesty; "On the Reality of Human Belief," metaphysical, and very serious; "On Optical and Auricular Delusions," historical and physiological, with auto-biographical illustrations by the writer, who is also author of "Pyschomachy; or, A Sketch in Bedlam," an epic poem.

The work entitled "Madness; or, The Maniac's Hall," a goodly octavo, is an interesting example of the kind of literature we have referred to. The circumstances under which it was written, are thus stated by the author. He was in a state of despondency, when so great a transition took place to the opposite condition, that his friends became alarmed.

"Having, however, as he thought," the writer remarks, "entirely laid the evil spirits of fear and jealousy in the timid minds of his friends, he ventured to pay a day's visit to the town of B——, about forty miles distant from the scene of his official duties, and where his principal friends resided. He is quite aware that those who knew him, and judged him only by an acquaintance with his former life and character, would find ample grounds, in the occurrences of that one day, to consider him in an exalted and, *in their view*, unnaturally joyous, state of mind. To make the most of his transient visit, he had hired, for the day, an active pony; and, having then recently been in the habit of riding on business, and at full speed, one of the fleetest animals in his neighborhood, it is little to be wondered at that he was occasionally galloping his pony with unwonted glee. Suffice it to say, that the free, the cheerful, the unsuspecting being who, *the evening before*, had had assembled a dozen friends at his cottage board, consisting of several gentlemen connected with the same public work, and a few others,—this same unhappy writer was, in the evening of that same day, handed into a car, in the company of an M.D. and two friends, and driven he knew not where; till arriving, in the dusk of the evening, at a noble mansion, with a Doric portico, which at the first moment of alighting, and not noticing the architectural order of said portico, he fancied to be Lord D——'s at S——. But, alas! a few moments served to dispel the mists of illusion; and that night found him, *à la Maison de Santé*, in an unsought and unwelcome bed."

This account is an excellent illustration of the skill of the insane. The naked facts are these: Being despondent and melancholic after a period of unusual activity and ceaseless mental exertion, itself a morbid state, his friends obtain him an appointment in North-

amptonshire, with the hope that occupation will restore him to cheerfulness and health. That hope is fulfilled only to a certain extent; for the state of excitement again supervenes, and in his special characteristics in that state—namely, to get over the ground fast, and wander hither and thither in a state of restless activity, especially seeking the acquaintance of persons of eminence and rank—is strongly developed. He now begins to “ride like mad” on business, on “one of the fleetest animals in his neighborhood;” and then, the day after a convivial party, starts off to make calls, riding hard on “an active pony.” Placed in a car, and driven he knows not where, he expects he is going on a visit to a noble Lord,—he arrives at an Asylum. Our author goes on to state:—

“Finding his restless mind, as had previously been the case at York, bent, after the first week or two, upon some mental occupation, he soon found a blissful and soothing efficacy in the tones of his long-neglected harp; the first attempt at which, after a silent lapse of more than twenty years, was entirely prompted by his esteemed sister in friendship, J. E. L., the amiable niece of the proprietor. Her fostering encouragement of his experiment induced him, at her renewed request, to try again and again; and, finding that numbers came more fluently than he anticipated, the thought electrically struck him, in one of his evening meditative walks, and on taking a retrospective glance of his own life and painful experience on the subject, that the theme for a poem was not only entirely new, but fraught with interest of the deepest and most diversified character.” And so “he determined to essay a poetic and descriptive volume on the subject of insanity, and asylums generally.”

Our author sent a rough outline of his design to Southey, together with some half-dozen stanzas of the verse itself. Southey’s reply is so interesting, that we subjoin it:—

“Kewick, June 20th, 1837.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Pressed as I am with occupation, I must borrow a portion of precious time for replying to your letter with regard to the subject for poetry which you have taken up. The subject is copious and important; but is it not of too exciting a nature for you? Your object should be what I proposed to myself as the one thing needful in intellectual self-treatment, five and thirty years ago, when I borrowed from an old Spaniard, for my motto, the words, ‘*In labore quies*.’ Any employment that agitates you must be so far injurious. Can you trust yourself for proceeding with it only while you feel it beneficial, and laying it aside as soon as it affects you strongly? Long ago, I was warned by experience never to proceed continuously with any work which I had in hand after I began to dream of it;

and this is the reason why I have always several works in progress.

“The subject itself is an admirable one. The best vehicle for it would be blank verse, which, nevertheless, I do not advise you to attempt; for, though you have chosen the most difficult English stanza, (the Spenserian,) you will find it easier than to construct blank verse skilfully. If your purpose holds, I should recommend you to compose the descriptive portions first, because they must, of course, be the quietest; and to feed your ear by perusing those poets who have written best in stanzas:—Fairfax’s Tasso, Phineas Fletcher’s Purple Island, his brother, Giles Fletcher; all that Daniel and Drayton have written in the octave stanza. The diction of these poets is uniformly good, whatever their faults may be in other respects. If I have not mentioned Spenser, it is not from forgetfulness of a poet whom I look to more than any other as my master; but because, while, in all other respects, he is one of the greatest (and to me the most delightful) of all poets, his language is peculiarly his own.

“Poetry is as much an art as architecture; and, if you would practice it, you must study poets, as your brother studied cathedrals.

“Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me always,

“Yours with sincere regard,

“ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

Little did the Laureate think, when he penned this warning letter, that his “*in labore quies*” was not to be the infallible Mentor he meant it; little did he think, that in him, too, there would be that which he feared,—“the mind’s eclipse.”

The mode of life in Lunatic Asylums varies much, according as they are public or private. The public are virtually work-houses, and labor is the great means of cure, diversified by occasional amusements. In the private establishments, labor is subsidiary only to amusement, and is itself used only as a recreation. The author of “The Maniac’s Hall” describes, we believe, with tolerable truth, the daily routine of a first-class private establishment:—first, breakfast; after reading:

“At early hour we hail the social board:
Assembled there, anon the brief response
Of thanks is past; and, appetite well stored
With what it needs, recurs the latent sense
To intellectual joys, whose rays dispense
Their cheering light, and from some fame-wrought
tome
We draw a mental pleasure oft intense;
Or ‘mid Parnassian heights delighted roam,
And gather flowers to deck some listless hour to come.”

In the County Asylums, labor constitutes the more important part of the treatment, and in numerous instances is found to be highly advantageous. The original outfit of

clothing for the inmates of the Wilts County Asylum, was supplied by the Asylum for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire,—

"An institution" (we quote Dr. Thurnam, Superintendent of the former) "in which the industrial system has been developed to the fullest extent, and where it was made entirely by the patients. This is probably the first instance of an Asylum entering in a contract of such a kind. Great interest was excited among the patients, who were made aware that they were preparing clothing for another Asylum; and quite a sensation was manifested when two carts, laden with heavy bales of woollen clothes, and shoes, shirts, and dresses for the women, left the doors of the North and East Riding's Asylum. It is but justice to state, that the articles thus supplied have proved satisfactory, both as to quality and workmanship."

In the County Asylum referred to, about five-sixths of the inmates are systematically set to work at occupations suited to their age, strength, and previous habits of life. One half the men are employed in the garden and farm, the other half at their various trades. There are workshops for tailors, shoemakers, painters, carpenters, smiths, bakers, &c. The women are chiefly employed in household work and the laundry, and in making up linen and clothing. The value of the labor contributed by under two hundred patients to the farm only, estimated at a very low rate, is reported to be worth £500 *per annum*. In his Second Annual Report, the able and energetic Superintendent, Mr. Hill, mentions special examples of the curative influence of labor, of a suitable character, and resorted to at the proper stage of the mental disorder:—

"A young man, who had been apprenticed to a wheelwright, and whose father is insane, was admitted in a state of violent mania, which left him in a condition of the lowest mental capacity. When roused from his apathy, it was to commit some improper act, or to attempt to escape. He was entirely heedless of his personal comforts, and his habits would soon have degenerated into the worst description. Many trials were made to stimulate him to useful exertion in the garden. No sooner was he engaged in the carpenter's shop, than his intellects began to brighten: he made a wheelbarrow for the bricklayers, and commenced a pair of wheels for a water-cart; his recovery was very rapid; he was discharged cured, and has remained well upwards of a year. The wheels which he left unfinished, were completed by a melancholic man, who has been in confinement twenty years, and who, since building the water-cart, has been daily employed in the carpenter's shop, and has undergone very great improvement both mentally and bodily."

Patients are transformed into excellent servants:—

"One of our domestic servants," Mr. Hill states, "was first admitted as a patient from another Asylum. On her removal here, she smashed the windows of the carriage, and lacerated her forehead, arms, and hands. It was supposed by those who from time to time witnessed her violence, that she was a confirmed and mischievous idiot. . . . With much satisfaction is her history now alluded to, in consequence of her general good conduct."

The history of another female patient is referred to, who became insane after a faithful servitude of seventeen years in one family, who was very riotous at first, but was tranquillized by being appointed to fulfil the duties of under-laundry maid, and in a few months was restored to health and domestic service.

Schools constitute a part of the moral management of the insane. Patients, apparently altogether incapable of instruction, have made considerable progress in reading, writing, drawing, music, &c. The combination of industrial and scholastic training is perhaps the most efficient method possible for the development or restoration of the intellect. Its advantages have been fully tested in establishments expressly instituted for the reception of the idiotic and imbecile. This is a distinct branch, however, of our subject, and is worthy special notice and inquiry.

Amongst the *recreations* provided for the inmates of County Asylums, concerts, balls, and picnic-parties, are the most useful and available. There are few Asylums in which there is not a band of music, constituted of the inmates exclusively, with, perhaps, the exception of the leader, or one or two musical attendants. Accounts of large entertainments in English Asylums are not unfrequently found in the newspapers; we therefore subjoin an account of a first attempt of the kind made at the Asylum at Meerenberg, in Holland. To the good people in that country the thing was perfectly surprising, and considered almost rash; and, when a detailed account of it was published in the papers, it excited a general interest and sympathy throughout the whole country. We extract the following from a communication, by Dr. D. H. Tuke of York, printed in number XXVII. of the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, July, 1854, entitled, "The Asylums of Holland; their Past and Present Condition." It is part of Dr. Van Leeuwen's account:—

"As is usually every year the case in Holland, on the 15th of April, the nightingales, the messengers of spring, appeared and delighted, in hundreds, the beautiful neighborhood of Meerenberg and the village of Bloemendaal. As Easter Monday—a day on which the working-classes in Holland spent the afternoon as much as possible in family parties, walks, and country feasts—was approaching, it seemed but right to prepare on that afternoon a similar recreation for the unhappy patients, who never, since their deep affliction, had enjoyed their former customs, and some of whom had a lively recollection of the old system of treatment, by which they had been confined to dungeons, and, like brutes, fastened by chains. To make the patients acquainted with the character and order of the feast, large 'Programmes of the *Fete Champetre*, to be held in the afternoon of Easter Monday by the inhabitants of Meerenberg,' were attached to the walls of the wards a few days before; and to every one who required it a ticket was granted. The patients were filled with joy when they heard that large tents would be erected in the meadow to receive them, with a provision of Easter cakes, one thousand eggs, plenty of pickle, and bread, and bear; that Punch and Judy would play; that there would be a shop kept by an old woman, boiling, selling, and distributing fresh oil-cakes; and that all kinds of games would be performed, and matches, for which prizes would be given to the winners; and, lastly, that a little band of music would attend the whole. The very anticipation of all these good things made them forget their sorrows.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the great bell of the Asylum called all the patients up to a large corridor, where they were arranged in the order directed by the programme. Their number amounted to 140, making, with the attendants, friends, and visitors, about 250 persons. All being ready, they went out, preceded by the band of music, through a broad beautiful avenue, behind the Asylum, to the field. Here they were received and addressed by their Physician and friend, whose speech was listened to with great attention. After the address, the male and female patients went to their respective tents, where they were treated with cake, eggs, and beer, then the matches and games began, varied as much as possible, and sometimes interrupted by the distribution of prizes, and by refreshments. I will not enter into a detailed description of the feast itself; it was similar to ordinary popular recreations, such as every one has witnessed once in his life; perhaps, there was even more orderly conduct, and less extravagance, owing to the behavior of the attendants and the attention of the officers, who were masters of the ceremony. Certainly the refreshments and Punch and Judy caused the greatest delight.

"Only four out of the 140 patients required to be taken in, on account of excitement and a desire to escape; and when at half-past six o'clock the bell of the Asylum gave the signal that the feast was ending, all the patients followed the officers and attendants without any difficulty, and arranged themselves again in the order required to return

home, where a supper of chocolate and cakes awaited them. After the supper, the evening was spent in the same satisfactory manner by in-door entertainments, and the following night was as quiet as could have been wished."

This *fête* created a "sensation" in Holland; contributions were sent towards defraying the expenses, and one of the great statesmen and best national poets of the country celebrated it in a poem, in which, we doubt not, the Dutch nightingales were invoked. Dr. Van Leeuwen, an ex-official of the Asylum, responded in rhyme to the national poet.

But, after all, there is a sad congregation of frail beings in Asylums, and discipline must be enforced. Dr. Webster finds that, amongst 1,720 persons recently admitted into Bethlehem Hospital, more than one-third, or 624, were reputed to have either meditated or attempted to commit *suicide*. The ratio was much higher as to the number of inmates considered *violent*; for these amounted to 909, or more than 52 *per cent*. Such being the proportion at a time when a non-provocative treatment of the lunatic is the rule, what would it be when restraint was the rule? Doubtless, violent maniacs would be in a greater proportion. It is to be remembered, too, that the violence of the insane is but a reflexion of the violence of the sane: hence the probability that, when hanging and flogging were amongst the common punishments for crime, and bear and bull baiting, prize-fights, cock-fights, &c., were the common amusements, the conduct of the maniac would be correspondingly violent. Violence was met by violence, and so the fury of the maniac was more bitterly roused, to be medically cowed by bleeding, tartar-emetic, rotatory chairs, &c. So defectively was the treatment of the insane understood, little more than a century ago, that the first Act of Parliament which takes cognizance of lunatics, (17 Geo. II., c. 5,) enables any two Justices to cause them to be apprehended, to be locked up in some secure place, "*and there chained*:" if the pauper's settlement should prove to be in another parish, then he was to be forwarded thither, and then "*locked up and chained*" by the Justices of that district. Pinel was, undoubtedly, the first who broke through the established prejudices as to the necessity of mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane, and the protection of society from their violence. He showed experimentally that freedom of the limbs, and occupation of the body and mind, were the best composers of the perturbed spirit. For a long period after Pinel, the

doctrine was still held, that *punishment* was an effectual moral means of *cure*; and it is of importance to discriminate between the doctrine itself, and the wanton cruelties which arose out of the application of it. In the Report of the Commissioners before us, this doctrine is discussed in rather a singular manner; for they, having addressed a series of questions to the Superintendents and others connected with the Lunatic Asylums in England and Wales, as to the disuse or employment of mechanical restraint and solitary imprisonment, (*seclusion* is the euphemistic term adopted,) had returned to them statements as to the opinion and practice of a large number of those who have the management of the insane. The conclusions drawn by the Commissioners are as follow:—

"As the general result which may fairly be deduced from a careful examination and review of the whole body of information thus collected, we feel ourselves fully warranted in stating, that the disuse of instrumental restraint, as unnecessary and injurious to the patients, is practically the rule in nearly all the public institutions in the kingdom; and generally, also, in the best-conducted private Asylums, even those where the 'non-restraint system,' as an abstract principle, admitting of no deviation or exception, has not in terms been adopted.

"For ourselves, we have long been convinced and have steadily acted on the conviction, that the possibility of dispensing with mechanical coercion in the management of the insane is, in a vast majority of cases, a mere question of expense, and that its continued or systematic use in the Asylums or Licensed Houses where it still prevails, must, in a great measure, be ascribed to their want of suitable space and accommodation, their defective structural arrangements, or their not possessing an adequate staff of properly qualified attendants; and frequently to all these causes combined."

Looking at the matter from the common-sense, and not the sentimental point of view, the conclusion is inevitable, we think, that, amongst the 23,000 insane and imbecile persons in the Asylums and workhouses of England and Wales, there must be a proportion amenable to those common motives of action which operate on mankind at large. We hardly think it more practicable to regulate an Asylum without punishments, than a school, using the word *punishment* in the sense of something painful, inflicted on an individual in consequence of actions forbidden to be done, and as something to be escaped by the cessation from those actions upon which it follows. Such, we say, is the common sense inference from daily experience of

human nature; and such, we affirm, is also the *practice* in many of those Asylums, the managers of which take large credit to themselves for superior benevolence and skill. "Immersion in the cold bath," and "a continuous stream of cold water on the head," besides the shower-bath, are used in the Denbigh Asylum, where "not the slightest mechanical restraint" is used. How the attendants contrive to inflict these painful processes on their patients without very energetic restraint, is a mystery to us: indeed, we frankly avow, we do not believe it is done; for the patient is sure to offer an energetic resistance. Another Superintendent remarks: "Occasionally, it is found necessary to check acts of violence and insubordination by the shower-bath,"—a statement which might, we think, be made by several of those who are utterly silent as to the modes of punishment they adopt. Again, we find that in the Devon County Asylum, it is believed that "mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane is like the actual cautery in the treatment of wounds, a barbarous remedy, which has become obsolete." &c. Fear of the consequences of actions, Dr. Bucknill thinks, is brutalizing and degrading; it is a motive that "belongs to man and the animals!" "It was the brutalizing influence of fear, and the degrading sense of shame, which constituted the live *virus* of mechanical restraint." These are fine words; but what is Dr. Bucknill's practice? This:—that an average of four persons per week were placed in seclusion,—that is to say, in solitary confinement. If possible, the patient is induced to go to prison "before the employment of force has become requisite;" but, if not possible, well, it is "needful to enforce it by superior physical strength." Dr. Bucknill adds:—

"It cannot be denied, that insanity frequently displays itself by excitement of the malignant passions, and that some of the most depraved of mankind terminate their career in Asylums. Towards these, seclusion must occasionally be employed in its harsher form, as a coercive means to prevent the welfare of the many from being sacrificed to the passions of the few."

To restrain mischievous and malignant hands in a sleeve for a couple of hours is "barbarous" and unpardonable restraint: solitary imprisonment of the owner of the hands—"coercion" (not restraint) within four walls—is benevolence itself. Thus it is that common sense triumphs in acts over sentimentality in words. Another Superintendent, who never employs mechanical restraint,

terms solitary confinement the "placing an excited and turbulent patient in a room by himself." "It is clear," he adds, "that some mode of preventing disturbance in the wards of an Asylum, and of obviating the risk of injury to individuals there, must always be more or less necessary;" and he "can conceive nothing so simple and effectual" for the purpose, as this solitary confinement.

Dr. H. W. Diamond, of the Female Division, Surrey County Lunatic Asylum, is at least out-spoken, when he declares that "mechanical restraint is *never* necessary, *never* justifiable, and always injurious in *all* cases of lunacy *whatever!*"—and expresses his belief, "that any person who would now use personal restraint or coercion, is unfit to have the superintendence of an Asylum." Will Dr. Diamond blush when he reads the varied communications to the Commissioners, and finds how many experienced and judicious Superintendents do concede that a case may occasionally demand personal restraint? We hope he will. Or will Dr. Bucknill blush when he reads Dr. Diamond's statement?—

"Seclusion, or solitary confinement of patients in a separate room against their will, I also much object to. I have no doubt cases may occur in which this may be requisite and beneficial, but they must be of rare occurrence. *I have not had a single patient under seclusion during the past twelve months*, (out of 510 female patients,) and, during the year 1852, it was only used in two instances, for a period of nineteen hours in the whole."

Yet Dr. Bucknill, out of 460 patients, had an average of *four in seclusion per week*, for 27½ hours!

It would be difficult to reconcile these discrepancies, if it were not obvious that Dr. Diamond is stating, as facts, what are really inferences:—not having *ordered* restraint or seclusion, he infers that none of his attendants have *practiced* either. But Dr. Diamond eats and sleeps, and can only be in one place at a time, like other men; and it is probable that his attendants have the common sense to use both, in a quiet way, like the men to whom a mawkish sentimentality is disagreeable, and not to be indulged in. That many of the statements from the Superintendents of the large County Asylums, as to the absolute disuse of mechanical restraint and seclusion, are given *bonâ fide*, we make no manner of doubt: we have equally little doubt, that they are often deceived and misinformed. The veteran and experienced Conolly, in the subjoined statements, will carry

with him the assent of all who are practically conversant with the management of large establishments, and whose shrewdness has been sharpened by experience:—

"The supervision of the attendants in the large Asylums is almost always inefficient. The female attendants do not often remain long enough in them to learn their duties; and in some of them only learn to avoid trouble, by having recourse to mechanical restraints in every difficulty. The male attendants usually retain their situations longer; but, in consequence of the duties of a larger Asylum being generally too great, in proportion to the medical staff, *they know themselves to be, for a considerable portion of the day, free from observation; and they learn to baffle even the inspection to which they are subjected*, by signals and other acts of confederacy, and, in some cases, establish an organized ruffianism, which long escapes detection, and which some frightful outrage at length reveals. . . . *Attendants trained in such institutions become, in many cases, the attendants on private patients, and are the greatest obstacles to the general disuse of mechanical restraint in private practice.*"

We are sorry to have thus to dispel the illusion in which the non-restraining and non-secluding Superintendents of several large Asylums indulge; but they must excuse us from believing the latter to be the Paradises of the foolish that they think them to be. Lunatics are not angels, and attendants are, after all, but men, burdened with an irksome, often dangerous duty; and ready, as all men are, to lighten their burden by all practicable means. Too much is expected from them; so much, indeed, that it is little short of an impossibility.

There is, we think, the least of cant and false sentimentality in Mr. Hill's communications. Out of 154 cases under his care, he confesses that only 22 were of the curable class. But, if he cannot boast of cures amongst "epileptics, paralytics, and idiots," he can say this:—

"Change of habit in the dirty, the quelling of strife with the turbulent, humbling the proud, pacifying the daring and violent, reconciling the restless, exciting the drone to exertion, the apathetic to observation, the suicide to love of life, the homicide to dread of crime, the thief to an appreciation of honesty, the destructive to esteem value, the slothful to early rising, the melancholic to share in the enjoyments of the cheerful, the reserved to social communion, the mute to speak, the hypochondriac to obliviousness of the past, the dispirited and fretful to happiness, and the morose to civility, are attainments more or less to be achieved."

Thus, in his Annual Report to the Magistrates, Mr. Hill writes :—

"Upon the subject of restraint, I may remark that, in order to treat the most violent lunatics with the greatest mercy, as well as safety, personal restraint is now and then necessary. To dispense with such auxiliary and remedial measures, would be to incur risk, prolong the paroxysm, and probably reduce the patient to a state of danger, if not of hopeless exhaustion."

As a corollary to this, we add the views of Dr. Forbes Winslow, the able Editor of the "Journal of Psychological Medicine :"—

"In the management of the insane, and in the conduct of Asylums, both public and private, the principle of treatment should consist in a full and liberal recognition of the importance of extending to the insane the *maximum* amount of liberty and indulgence compatible with their safety, security, and recovery; at the same time subjecting them to the *minimum* degree of mechanical and moral restraint, isolation, seclusion, and surveillance, consistent with their actual morbid state of mind at the time."

And now we must say a few words as to the restoration of the insane to the world at large. It is not (our experience shows) an easy thing to get out of an Asylum, unless there be a complete restoration to health. Often it is the interest of the relatives, or of the parties by whose order the person has been received, and at whose instance he is dismissed, that he should remain in seclusion; often, the interest of those under whose care he is placed. If in a County Asylum, he is willingly retained, because his labor is valuable, and helps the Superintendent, or Steward, to send in a favorable balance-sheet to his employers: if in a private Asylum, the more quiet he is, the more profit is derived from the money paid for his board and lodging. Thus it may happen that an individual is immured for life in a Lunatic Asylum, who would be happy without its limits, and who only wants a little kind superintendence to do very well. This is not a mere supposition: an instance came lately under our own observation, of a gentleman who was accidentally rescued from a life-long detention of this kind. Nor is it to be supposed that the Commissioners are omnipotent. They are only six in number, and have to visit 19,000 persons annually!

We must not omit to notice the most unfortunate of all lunatics,—those laboring under the imputation of crime, having been *acquitted*, as the phrase is, on the ground of insanity. The Commissioners, "in common

with nearly all Superintendents and visitors," object to the association of criminal lunatics with the ordinary inmates of Asylums. It gives the notion that the institution is a place of detention, rather than a house for the alleviation or cure of insanity; and residence therein is associated, in the minds of the inmates, or their relatives, with the degrading idea of criminality and imprisonment. But, in the present state of the law, it is obvious that a great injustice would be done to that large class of unfortunate men who have committed crime while maniacal, simply because no one had taken the trouble or responsibility of restraining their actions. As it respects the insane generally, the Commissioners remark, that a *large number*, if they had the opportunity, would commit murder, or other heinous crimes, and that, in fact, many of them, before they are sent as insane patients to Asylums, have committed acts for which they might, but for the merciful consideration of those who dealt with them, have been brought within the provisions of the Criminal Lunatic Acts. That they are treated, not as being criminal, but merely as insane, is, in many cases, matter of accident. No real distinction, in such cases, exists between criminal lunatics, and ordinary lunatic inmates of Asylums afflicted with homicidal mania, or other dangerous or criminal propensities. The Commissioners fairly and justly argue, that persons charged before Magistrates with indictable offences, and then found, on due inquiry, to have been insane at the time of the offence, should, with certain important exceptions, be dealt with as lunatics not under proper care, and not be committed for trial. Indeed, the only criminal lunatics should be convicts who have become insane in prison, and lunatics guilty of high treason, or homicidal violence. Even persons who have been tried, and on the ground of insanity acquitted, should not be detained in an Asylum after the recovery of reason. The following history will illustrate the working of the law.

G. W., in a fit of *delirium tremens*, stabbed his wife to death in the thigh, dividing the femoral artery. He was committed to York Castle, whence he was sent to the West Riding Asylum, near Wakefield. On the recovery of reason, nothing could exceed the horror and remorse felt by him at the knowledge of his crime, (for remembrance of it he had not the least,) and he often declared, with tears, that he had "loved his wife as his own soul." In a long and touching letter addressed to his attendant at the Asylum,

after his re-committal to York, the following passages occur :—

"I am sorry to have to write to you from a prison. This I must submit to, but God prepares a worse prison for the impenitent. I am shut out, it is true, from the wide prospect of nature, I am rent from the bosom of my family; I no longer reap the gain, or mingle in the amusements of life. Sometimes I mourn in solitude, and sometimes I am distressed by my companions. To be visited by a friend is a special favor; and as for deliverance, I have no knowledge of the period when it is likely to arrive."

Let the reader place himself in this man's position, and then he will more readily understand the wrong done to him. In a fit of furious blind delirium, he has destroyed the wife of his bosom; and, as if that were not misery enough for a life, the reminiscence of which alone might excuse madness, he has to be separated from his children, and to herd with felons.

This man's mania and miseries were the consequences of habits of intemperance: to the same source may be traced much of the insanity in the pauper, and even in the better classes. In other words, it is *self-creating*. How far a self-created lunatic should be considered as a fit and proper person for punishment, may admit of considerable discussion; but there can be no doubt whatever, we think, that if it can be conclusively shown that a man is about to drink himself insane, or that he insanely wastes his time and property in *drink*, to the loss of his health, and the starvation of his family,—if such can be conclusively proved to be the career of a man, then he is a fit and proper person to be detained and taken care of. This is no new

principle. It is well known, that there are hundreds of persons who are *sane* only so long as they remain in a Lunatic Asylum; they are detained, therefore, because, if let loose, they would cease to exercise a rational control over their actions. This principle might, indeed, be extended to a large class of our criminal population, who give themselves up to the commission of crimes less venial than that of drunkenness, but not more mischievous.

"Insanity may often be traced to a criminal indulgence in depraved habits and vicious thoughts; to reckless and unprincipled conduct; to long-indulged self-will; to a censurable neglect of the cultivation of habits of self-control; to an utter disregard of all mental discipline and training; and, above all, to a repudiation of the principles of our holy and revered religion, and a total rejection of the great scheme of man's redemption."*

If it be found that, year after year, men, thus acting and thus placed, continue to outrage the laws of their country; or that, so long as they are under the salutary discipline of a prison, they are moral, orderly, industrious, but that, so soon as they are returned to society, they again relapse into their follies and crimes, and re-appear in the criminal court as "ticket-of-leave men;" does it not appear to be a prudent and rational step to place these men in a medium position between a prison and society?—a position in which they may be subjected to the humanizing influences of social discipline, regulated labor, and mental culture, and protected from those temptations which (as reiterated experience proves) they cannot resist.

* "Journal of Psychological Medicine," vol. vii. p. 624.

From the Westminster Review.

THE PRINZENRAUB; A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.*

[The following article has an interest not only as a curious episode of German history, but as the production of CARLYLE, whose pen has not been before traceable in the periodical literature for many a year. It has all his singular and attractive qualities.—Ed.]

OVER seas in Saxony, in the month of July, 1455, a notable thing befel; and this in regard to two persons who have themselves, by accident, become notable. Concerning which we are now to say something, with the reader's permission. Unluckily, few English readers ever heard of the event; and it is probable there is but one English reader or writer (the present reviewer,* for his sins) that was ever driven or led to inquire into it, so that it is quite wild soil, very rough for the ploughshare; neither can the harvest well be considerable. "English readers are so deeply ignorant of foreign history, especially of German history!" exclaims a learned professor. Alas, yes; English readers are dreadfully ignorant of many things, indeed of most things;—which is a lamentable circumstance, and ought to be amended by degrees.

But, however all this may be, there is somewhat in relation to that Saxon business, called the *Prinzenraub*, or Stealing of the Princes, and to the other "pearls of memory" (do not call them old buttons of memory!) which string themselves upon the

threads of that. Beating about in those dismal haunted wildernesses; painfully sorting and sifting in the historical lumber-rooms and their dusty fusty imbroglis, in quest of far other objects,—this is what we have picked up on that accidental matter. To which the reader, if he can make any use of it, has our welcome and our blessing.

The *Wettin* Line of Saxon Princes, the same that yet endures, known by sight to every English creature (for the high individual, Prince Albert, is of it), had been lucky enough to combine in itself, by inheritance, by good management, chiefly by inheritance, and mere force of survival, all the Three separate portions and divided dignities of that country; the Thüringen Landgraviate, the Meissen Markgraviate, and the ancient Duchy and Electorate of Saxony; and to become very great among the princes of the German empire. It was in 1423 that Elector Frederick, named *der Streitbare* (the Fencible, or Prompt-to-fight), one of the notables of this line, had got from Emperor Sigismund, for help rendered (of which poor Sigismund had always need, in all kinds), the vacant *Kur* (Electorship) and Dukedom of Saxony; after which accession, and through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, this Saxon House might fairly reckon itself the greatest in Germany, till Austria, till Brandenburg gradually rose to overshadow it. Law of primogeniture could never be accepted in that country; nothing but divisions, redvisions, coalescings, splittings, and never-ending readjustments and collisions were prevalent in consequence; to which cause, first of all, the loss of the race by Saxony may be ascribed.

To enter into all that, be far from us. Enough to say that this *Streitbare*, Frederick the Fencible, left several sons, and none of them without some snack of principality taken from the main lot: several sons, who, however, by death and bad behavior, pretty soon reduced themselves to two: 1st, the eldest, a Frederick, named the Placid, Peacable, or Pacific (*Friedrich der Sanftmüthige*), who possessed

* 1. *Schreiter's Geschichte des Prinzenraubs* (Schreiter's History of the Stealing of the Princes). Leipzig: 1804.

2. *Johann Hübner's, Rectoris der Schule zu S. Johannis in Hamburg, Genealogische Tabellen* (Genealogical Tables: by Johann Hübner, Rector of St. John's School in Hamburg) 3 vols. oblong 4to. Leipzig. 1725—1728.

3. *Genealogische Tafeln zur Staatsgeschichte der Germanischen und Slawischen Völker im 19ten Jahrhundert* (Genealogical Tables for the State History of the Germanic and Slavic Nations in the 19th century). By Dr. Friedrich Maximilian Oertel. 1 vol. oblong 12mo. Leipzig. 1846.

† The writer of this article heretically disregards the editorial plural. Our discerning readers will understand, even without the aid of his initial at the end, why we choose to let him have his way.—Ed.

the electorate and indivisible, inalienable land thereto pertaining (Wittenberg, Torgau, &c.; a certain "circle," or province in the Wittenberg region; of which, as Prussia has now got all or most of it, the exact boundaries are not known to me); and 2d, a Wilhelm, who in all the other territories "ruled conjointly" with Frederick.

Conjointly: were not such lands likely to be beautifully "ruled"? Like a carriage-team with two drivers on the box! Frederick, however, was Pacific; probably an excellent good-natured man; for I do not find that he wanted fire either, and conclude that the friendly elements abounded in him. Frederick was a man that could be lived with; and the conjoint government went on, without visible outbreak, between his brother Wilhelm and him, for a series of years. For twelve years, better or worse;—much better than our own red and white *Roses* here at home, which were fast budding into battles of St. Albans, battles of Towton, and other sad outcomes about that time! Of which twelve years we accordingly say nothing.

But now, in the twelfth year, a foolish second-cousin, a Friedrich the Silly (*Einfältige*), at Weimar, died childless, A.D. 1440; by which event extensive Thuringian possessions fell into the main lot again; whereupon the question arose, How to divide them? A question difficult to solve; which by-and-by declared itself to be insoluble; and gave rise to open war between the brothers Frederick Pacific and Wilhelm of Meissen. Frederick proving stronger, Wilhelm called in the Bohemians,—confused Hussite, Ziska-Podiebrad populations, bitter enemies of orthodox Germany; against whom Frederick sent celebrated fighting captains, Kunz von Kaufungen and others; who did no good on the Bohemians, but showed all men how dangerous a conflagration had arisen here in the heart of the country, and how needful to be quenched without delay. Accordingly, the neighbors all ran up, Kaiser Frederick III. at the head of them (a cunning old Kaiser, Max's father); and quenched it was, after four or five years' ruinous confusion, by the "treaty of Naumburg" in 1450—most obscure treaty, not necessary to be laid before the reader;—whereby, if not joint government, peaceable division and separation could ensue.

The conflagration was thus put out; but various coals of it continued hot for a long time—Kunz von Kaufungen above mentioned the hottest of all. Kunz or Conrad, born squire or ritter of a certain territory and old

tower called Kaufungen; the *site* of which old tower, if now no ruins of it, can be seen near Penig, on the Mulde river, some two hours' ride southeast of Altenburg, in those Thuringian or Upper Saxon regions—Kunz had made himself a name in the world, though unluckily he was short of property otherwise at present. For one thing, Kunz had gained great renown by beating Albert of Brandenburg, the Albert named *Achilles*, third Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg, and the fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man, ancestor of Frederick the Great); Kunz, I say, had beaten this potentate, being hired by the town of Nürnberg, Albert's rebellious town, to do it; or if not beaten him (for Albert prevailed in the end), had at least taken him captive in some fight, and made him pay a huge ransom. He had also been in the Hussite wars, this Kunz, fighting up and down: a German *condottiere*, I find, or Dugald Dalgetty of the epoch; his last stroke of work had been this late engagement, under Frederick the Peaceable, to fight against brother Wilhelm and his Bohemian allies.

In this last enterprise Kunz had prospered but indifferently. He had, indeed, gained something they called the "victory of Gera"—loud honor, I doubt not, and temporary possession of that little town of Gera; but, in return, had seen his own old tower of Kaufungen, and all his properties, wasted by ravages of war. Nay, he had at length been taken captive by the Bohemians, and been obliged to ransom himself by huge outlay of money—4,000 *goldguldens*, or about £2,000 sterling; a crushing sum! With all which losses, why did not Kunz lose his life too, as he might easily have done? It would have been better for him. Not having lost his life, he did of course, at the end of the war, claim and expect indemnity; but he could get none, or not any that was satisfactory to him.

Elector Frederick had had losses of his own; was disposed to stick to the letter of his contracts in reference to Kunz: not even the 4,000 *goldguldens* of Bohemian ransom would he consent to repay. Elector Frederick alleged that Kunz was not his liegeman, whom he was bound to protect; but only his soldier, hired to fight at so much per day, and stand the risks himself. In fine, he exasperated Kunz very much; and could be brought to nothing, except to agree that arbitrators should be named, to settle what was really due from one to the other;—a

course of little promise to indigent, indignant Kunz. The arbitrators did accordingly meet, and Kunz being summoned, made his appearance; but not liking the figure of the court, went away again without waiting for the verdict; which, accordingly, did fall out infinitely short of his wishes or expectations, and made the indigent man still more indignant. Violent speeches were heard from him in consequence, and were officiously reported; nay, some say, were heard by the Elector himself: for example, That a man might have vengeance, if he could get nothing else; that an indigent, indignant fighting man, driven utterly desperate, would harry and destroy; would do this and also that, of a direful and dreadful nature. To which the Elector answered: "Don't burn the fishes in their ponds, at any rate!"—still further angering Kunz. Kunz was then heard growling about "vengeance not on this unjust Elector's land and people, but on his flesh and blood;" in short, growing ever more intemperate, grim of humor, and violent of speech, Kunz was at last banished the country; ordered flatly to go about his business, and growl elsewhere. He went, with certain indigent followers of his, across into Bohemia; where, after groping about, he purchased an old castle, Isenburg, the name of it; castle hanging somewhere on the western slopes of the *Erzgebirge* (Metal Mountains, so-called), convenient for the Saxon frontier, and to be had cheap: this empty, damp old castle of Isenburg, Kunz bought; and lived there in such humor as may be conceived. Revenge on this unjust Elector, and "not on his land and people, but on his flesh and blood," was now the one thought of Kunz.

Two Misnian squires, Mosen and Schönberg, former subalterns of his, I suppose, and equally disaffected as himself, were with him at Isenburg; besides these, whose connexions and followers could assist with head or hand, there was in correspondence with him one Schwalbe, a Bohemian by birth, officiating now as cook (cook or scullion, I am uncertain which) in the electoral Castle itself at Altenburg; this Schwalbe, in the way of intelligence and help for plotting, was of course the most important of all. Intelligence enough from Schwalbe and his consorts; and schemes grounded thereon; first one scheme and then another, in that hungry castle of Isenburg, we need not doubt. At length word came from Schwalbe, that on the 7th of July (1455), the Elector was to take a journey to Leipzig; Electress and two Princes (there were but two, still boys) to be

left behind at Altenburg: whether any thing could follow out of that? Most of the servants, Schwalbe added, were invited to a supper in the town, and would be absent drinking. Absent drinking; princes left unguarded? Much can follow out of that! Wait for an opportunity till doomsday, will there ever come a better? Let this, in brief, be the basis of our grand scheme; and let all hands be busy upon it. Isenburg expects every man to do his duty!—Nor was Isenburg disappointed.

The venerable little Saxon town of Altenburg lies, among intricate woods and Metal-Mountain wildernesses, a good day's riding west from Isenburg: nevertheless, at the fit date, Isenburg has done its duty; and in spite of the intricacies and the hot weather, Kunz is on the ground in full readiness. Towards midnight, namely, on the 7th of July, 1455, Kunz, with a party of thirty men, his two Misnian squires among them, well-mounted and armed, silently approaches the rendezvous under the Castle of Altenburg; softly announces himself, by whew of whistling, or some concerted signal, audible in the stillness of the ambrosial night. Cook Schwalbe is awake; Cook Schwalbe answers signal; flings him down a line, fixes his rope-ladders: Kunz, with his Misnian squires and a select few more, mounts aloft; leaving the rest below, to be vigilant, to seize the doors especially, when once we are masters of them from within.

Kunz, who had once been head chamberlain here, knows every room and passage of this royal castle; probably his Misnians also know it, or a good deal of it, from of old. They first lock all the servants' doors; lock the Electress's door; walk then into the room where the two Princes sleep, in charge of their ancient governess, a feeble old lady, who can give no hinderance;—they seize the two Princes, boys of twelve and fourteen; descend with them, by the great staircase, into the court of the Castle; successfully so far; or rather, not quite successfully, but with a mistake to mend. They find, when in the court of the Castle, that here, indeed, is Prince Ernst, the eldest boy; but that instead of Prince Albert we have brought his bedfellow, a young count Barby, of use to us. This was Mosen the Misnian's mistake; stupid Mosen! Kunz himself runs aloft again; finds now the real Albert, who had hid himself below the bed; descends with the real Albert. "To horse now, to horse, my men, without delay!" These noises had awakened the Electress; to what terrors and

emotions we can fancy. Finding her door bolted, but learning gradually what is toward, she speaks or shrieks, from the window, a passionate prayer, in the name of earth and heaven, Not to take her children from her. "Whatsoever your demands are, I will see them granted, only leave my children!" "Sorry we cannot, high Lady!" thought Kunz, and rode rapidly away; for all the Castle is now getting awake, and locks will not long keep every one imprisoned in his room.

Kunz, forth again into the ambrosial night, divides his party into two, one Prince with each; Kunz himself leading the one, Mosen to lead the other. They are to ride by two different roads towards Bohemia, that if one misluck, there may still be another to make terms. Kunz himself, with the little Albert he has got on hand (no time to *change* princes at present), takes the more northerly road; and both dive into the woods. Not a moment to be lost; for already the alarm-bell is out at Altenburg—some servant having burst his door, and got clutch of it; the results of which will be manifold! Result *first* could not fail: The half-drunk servants, who are out at supper, come tumbling home; listen open-mouthed, then go tumbling back into the little town, and awaken *its* alarm-bell; which awakens, in the usual progression, all others whatsoever; so that Saxony at large, to the remotest village, from all its belfries, big and little, is ringing madly; and all day Kunz, at every thin place of the forest, hears a ding-dong of doom pronounced against him, and plunges deviously forward all the more intently.

A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm-bell, and the shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now, within an hour of the Bohemian border;—cheerily, my men, through these wild hills! The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on; all but himself and two squires shall ride on, get every thing ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince; dismounts, he and his squires, to gather him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers in upon the scene; a grimy *köhler*, namely, (collier, charcoal-burner,) with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schürbaum*) in his hand: grimy collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap; somewhat astonished to find company in these

solitudes. "How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased to be doing here?" inquired the collier. "Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations; who has fallen thirsty: do you know where bilberries are? No. Then why not walk on your way my grim one?" The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go: Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by the spurs, and falls flat on his face: the young Prince whispers eagerly, "I am Prince Albert, and am stolen!" Whew-wew! One of the squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said; perhaps it was at the collier only: the collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the squire, belabors Kunz himself. And, behold, the collier's wife comes running on the scene, and, with her shrieks, brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done! He surrenders, with his squires and Prince; is led, by this black bodyguard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighboring monastery of Grünhain (Green Grove,) and is there safe warded under lock and key. The afternoon of July 8th, 1455; what a day for him and for others! I remark, with certainty, that dusty riders, in rather unusual numbers, and of miscellaneous equipment, are also entering London City, far away, this very evening; a constitutional parliament having to take seat at Westminster, tomorrow, 9th July, 1455, of all days and years,* to settle what the battle of St. Albans, lately fought, will come to. For the rest, that the King of England has fallen imbecile, and his she-wolf of France is on flight; that probably York will be Protector again (till he lose his head),—and that the troubles of mankind are not limited to Saxony and its Metal Mountains, but that the Devil every where is busy, as usual! This consideration will serve at least to date the affair of Kunz for us, and shall therefore stand unerased.

From Grünhain Monastery the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other: praised be heaven for ever for it. "And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish, what is your want: How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz, you with your simple poking-pole, you Collier sent of heaven!" "Madam, I drilled him soundly with my poking-pole (*hab ihn weidlich get-*

* Henry's History of Britain, vi. 108.

rillt);" at which they all laughed, and called the collier *der Triller*, the *Driller*.

Meanwhile, Mosen the Misnian is also faring ill; with the alarm-bells all awake about him, and the country risen in hot chase. Six of his men have been caught; the rest are diving ever deeper into the thickets. In the end, they seek shelter in a cavern, stay there perdue for three days, not far from the castle of Steina, still within the Saxon border. Three days,—while the debate of Westminster is prosperously proceeding, and imbecile Henry the Sixth takes his ease at Windsor,—these poor fellows lie quaking, hungry, in their cave; and dare not debate, except in whispers; very uncertain what the issue will be. The third day they hear from colliers or wandering woodmen, accidentally talking together in their neighborhood, that Kunz is taken, tried, and most probably beheaded. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Hereupon they open a correspondence with the nearest Amtmann, him of Zwickau: to the effect, That if free pardon is granted, they will at once restore Prince Ernst; if not, they will at once kill him. The Amtmann of Zwickau is thrown into excitement, it may well be supposed; but what can the Amtmann or any other official person do? Accede to their terms, since, as desperate men, they have the power of enforcing them. It is thought, had they even demanded Kunz's pardon, it must have been granted; but they fancied Kunz already ended, and did not insist on this. Enough, on the 11th of the month, fourth day since the flight, third day in this hunger-cave of Steina, Prince Ernst was given up; and Mosen, Schönfels, and Co., refreshed with food, fled swiftly unharmed, and "were never heard of more," say my authorities.

Prince Ernst was received by his glad father at Chemnitz; soon carried to his glad mother and brother at Altenburg: upon which the whole court, with trembling joy, made a pilgrimage to Ebersdorf, a monastery and a shrine in those parts. They gave pious thanks there, one and all: the mother giving suitable donation furthermore; and, what is notable, hanging up among her other votive gifts two coats: the coat of Kunz, leather buff, I suppose, and the coat of The Driller, Triller, as we call that heaven-sent collier, coat grimy black, and made of what stuff I know not. Which coats were still shown in the present generation; nay, perhaps are still to be shown to this day, if a judicious tourist made inquiry for them.

On the 14th, and not till then, Kuns of Kaufungen, tried and doomed before, laid

his head on the block at Freyberg: some say, pardon had been got for him from the joyful Serene Highnesses, but came an hour too late. This seems uncertain, seems improbable: at least poor Dietrich of Kaufungen, his younger brother, was done to death at Altenburg itself some time after, for "inconsiderate words" uttered by him,—feelings not sufficiently under one's control. That Schwalbe, the Bohemian Cook, was torn with "red-hot pincers," and otherwise mercilessly mangled and strangled, need not be stated. He and one or two others, supposed to be concerned in his peculiar treason, were treated so; and with this the gallows part of the transaction ended.

As to the Driller himself, when asked what his wish was, it turned out to be modest in the extreme: Only liberty to cut of scrags and waste wood, what would suffice for his charming purposes, in those wild forests. This was granted to the man and his posterity: made sure to him and them by legal deed, and to this was added, So many yearly bushels of corn from the electoral stockbarns, and a handsome little farm of land, to grow cole and *sauerkraut*, and support what cows and sheep, for domestic milk and wool, were necessary to the good man and his successors. "Which properties," I am vaguely told, but would go to see it with my eyes, were I touring in those parts, "they enjoy to this day." Perhaps it was a bit of learned jocularly on the part of the old conveyancers, perhaps in their high chancery at Altenburg they did not know the man's real name, or perhaps he had no very fixed one; at any rate, they called him merely *Triller* (Driller), in these important documents; which courtly nickname he or his sons adopted as a surname that would do very well; surname born by them accordingly ever since, and concerning which there have been treatises written.*

This is the tale of Kunz of Kaufungen: this is that adventure of the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes), much wondered at, and talked of, by all princes and all courtiers in its own day, and never quite forgotten since; being indeed apt for remembrance, and worthy of it, more or less. For it actually occurred in God's Creation, and was

* Groseupf's *Oratio de gentis Trillerianae ortu* (cited in Michaelis *Geschichte der Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland*, i. 459) is one. See, for the rest, Schurzfleisch, *Dissertatio de Conrado Kaufungo* (Wittenberg, 1720); Tenzel (Gotha, 1700); Rechenberg, *De Ruptu Ernesti et Alberti*; Sagittarius, Fabricius, &c., &c.

a fact, four hundred years ago; and also is, and will for ever continue one,—ever-enduring part and parcel of the Sum of Things, whether remembered or not. In virtue of which peculiarity it is much distinguished from innumerable other tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's Creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the Sum of No-things: which, nevertheless, obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers. In comparison, I thought this business worth a few words to the ingenuous English reader, who may still have rooms to let, in that sense. Not only so; but it seemed to deserve a little nook in modern memory for other peculiar reasons,—which shall now be stated with extreme brevity.

The two boys, Ernst and Albert, who, at the time of their being stolen, were fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and had *Frederick the Peaceable, the Placid or Pacific*, for father, came safe to manhood. They got, by lucky survivorship, all these inextricable Saxon territories combined into two round lots;—did not, unfortunately, keep them so; but split them again into new divisions,—for new despair of the historical student, among others!—and have at this day, extensive posterity, of thrice-complex relationship, of unintelligible names, still extant in the high places of the world. Unintelligible names, we may well say; each person having probably from ten to twenty names: not John or Tom; but Joachim John Ferdinand Ernst Albrecht; Theodor Tom Carl Friedrich Kunz:—as if we should say, Bill Walter Kit, all as one name; every one of which is good, could you but omit the others! Posterity of unintelligible names, thrice-complex relationship;—and in fine, of titles, qualities, and territories, that will remain for ever unknown to man. Most singular princely nomenclature, which has often filled me with amazement. Designations *worse* than those of the Naples Lazzaroni; who indeed “have no names,” but are, I conclude, distinguished by numbers, No. 1, No. 2, and can be *known* when mentioned in human speech! Names, designations, which are too much for the human mind:—which are intricate, long-winded; abstruse as the Sybil's oracles; and flying about, too, like her leaves, with every new accident, every new puff of wind. Ever fluctuating, ever splitting, coalescing, re-splitting, re-combin-

ing insignificant little territories, names, relationships and titles; inextricably indecipherable, and not worth deciphering; which only the eye of the Old Serpent could or would decipher! Let us leave them there; and remark that they are all divided, after our little stolen Ernst and Albert, into two main streams or lines, the Ernst, or *Ernestine Line*, and the Albert or *Albertine Line*; in which two grand divisions they flow on, each of them many-branched, through the wilderness of Time ever since. Many-branched each of the two, but conspicuously separate each from the other, they flow on; and give us the comfort of their company, in great numbers, at this very day. We will note a few of the main phenomena in these two Saxon lines,—higher trees that have caught our eye, in that sad wilderness of princely shrubbery unsurveyable otherwise.

ERNESTINE LINE.

Ernst, the elder of those two stolen boys, became *Kurfürst* (Elector); and got for inheritance, besides the “inalienable properties” which lie round Wittenberg, as we have said, the better or Thuringian side of the Saxon country—that is, the Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, &c., Principalities:—while the other youth, Albert, had to take the “*Osternland* (Easternland), with part of Meissen,” what we may in general imagine to be, (for no German Dryasdust will do you the kindness to say precisely) the eastern region of what is Saxony in our day. These Albertines, with an inferior territory, had, as their main towns, Leipzig and Dresden; a *Residenz-Schloss* (or sublime enough Ducal Palace) in each city, Leipzig as yet the grander and more common one. There, at Leipzig chiefly, I say, lived the august younger or Albertine line; especially there lived Prince Albert himself, a wealthy and potent man, though younger. But it is with Ernst that we are at present concerned.

As for Ernst, the elder, he and his lived chiefly at Wittenberg, as I perceive; there and in the neighborhood, was their high Schloss; distinguished among palaces. But they had Weimar, they had Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg—above all, they had the *Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn. Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sung there, St. Elizabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles,

Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto, — the most interesting *Residenz*, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels, — standing in Luther's room, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken ink-holder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten, — as if here once more, with mere heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of "One man *versus* the Devil and all men" was fought, and the latest prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances, and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over it: speaking sad, and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honor of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him; *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimest men now living; and looked like lightning and rain all morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his line are not at a loss for residences, whatever else he and they may want.

Ernst's son was *Frederick the Wise*, successor in the *Kur* (Electorship) and paternal lands; which, as Frederick did not marry, and there was only one other brother, were not further divided on this occasion. Frederick the Wise, born in 1463, was that ever-memorable *Kurfürst*, who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms in 1521. A pious Catholic, with due horror of heresy up to that time, he listened with all his faculties to the poor Monk's earnest speech of four hours; knew not entirely what to think of it; thought at least, "We will hear this man further, we will not burn this man just yet!" — and snatched him up accordingly, and stuck him safe into the Wartburg for a year. Honor to such a *Kurfürst*: — and what a luck to him and us that he was there to do so ever-memorable a thing, just in the nick of time! A *Kurfürst* really memorable and honorable, by that and by many other acts of wisdom, piety, and prudent magnanimity; in which *qualificas* history testifies that he shone. He could have had the Kaisership, on Max's death, some years before, but preferred to

have young Charles V., Max's grandson, elected to it. Whereby it came that the grand Reformation Cause, at once the grandest blessing and the grandest difficulty, fell to the guidance, not of noble German veracity and pious wisdom, but of longheaded obstinate Flemish cunning; and Elector Frederick indeed had an easier life, but Germany has ever since had a much harder one! Two portraits of this wise Frederick, one by Albert Dürer, and another of inferior quality by Lucas Kranach, which represented to us an excellent rather corpulent elderly gentleman, looking out from under his electoral cap, with a fine placid, honest, and yet vigilant and sagacious aspect, are well known to print-collectors; but his history, the practical physiognomy of his life and procedure in this world, is less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than it ought to be, — if there were any chance of their taking pattern by him! He was twenty years Luther's senior; they never met personally, much as they corresponded together, during the next four years, both living oftenest in the same town. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his brother, John the Steadfast, (*Johann der Beständige*.)

This brother, *Johann der Beständige*, was four years younger; he also was a wise and eminently Protestant man. He struggled very faithfully for the good cause, during his term of sovereignty; died in 1532 (fourteen years before Luther), having held the Electorate only seven years. Excellent man, though dreadfully *fat*; so that they had to screw him up by machinery when he wished to mount on horseback, in his old days. His son was Johann Friedrich, the Magnanimous by epithet (*der Grossmüthige*), under whom the Line underwent sad destinies; *lost* the Electorship, lost much; and split itself after him, into innumerable branches, who are all of a small type ever since; and whom we shall leave for a little, till we have brought forward the Albertine Line.

ALBERTINE LINE.

Albert the Courageous (*der Beherzte*) was the name this little stolen boy attained among mankind, when he grew to maturity and came to his properties in Meissen and the Osterland. What he did to merit such high title might, at this date, in this place, be difficult to say. I find he was useful in the Netherlands, assisting Kaiser Max (or rather young Prince Max, Kaiser indeed, and Charles V.'s grandfather, in time coming) when the said young Max wedded the beautiful young Mary

of Burgundy, the great heiress in those parts. Max got the Netherlands by this fine match, and came into properties enough; and soon into endless troubles and sorrows thereby; in all which, and in others that superadded themselves, Albert the Courageous was helpful according to ability; distinguishing himself indeed throughout by loyalty to his Kaiser; and in general, I think, being rather of a conservative turn. The rest of his merit in History—we conclude, it was work that had mainly a Saxon, or at most a German fame, and did not reach the ear of the general world. However, sure enough it all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German Life to this hour, Saxony reaping the full benefit of it (if any); and it shall not concern us here. Only on three figures of the posterity begotten by him shall we pause a little, then leave him to his fate. Elector Moritz, Duke George, August the Strong: on these three we will glance for one moment; the rest, in mute endless procession, shall rustle past unseen by us.

Albert's eldest son, then, and successor in the eastern properties and residences, was Duke George of Saxony—called "of Saxony," as all those Dukes, big and little, were and still are,—*Herzog Georg von Sachsen*: of whom, to make him memorable, it is enough to say that he was Luther's Duke George! Yes, this is he with whom Luther had such wrangling and jangling. Here, for the first time, English country gentlemen may discern "Duke George" as a fact, though a dark one, in this world; see dimly who begat him, where he lived, how he actually was (presumably) a human creature, and not a mere rumor of a name. "Fear of Duke George?" said Luther: "No, not that. I have seen the King of Chaos in my time, Sathanas himself, and thrown my inkbottle at him. Duke George! Had I had business in Leipzig, I should have gone thither, if it had rained Duke Georges for three days running!" Well, reader, this is he: George the Rich, called also the *Barbatus* (Beardy), likewise the Learned: a very magnificent Herr; learned, bearded, gilded, to a notable degree; and much revered by many, though Luther thought so little of him.

He was strong for the old religion, while his cousins went so valiantly ahead for the new. He attended at Diets, argued, negotiated; offered to risk life and fortune, in some diplomatic degree, but was happily never called to do it. His brother, and most of his people, gradually became Protestants, which much grieved him. Pack, unfortunate Herr

Pack, whose "revelations" gave rise to the Schmalkaldic League, and to the first Protestant War, had been his secretary. Pack ran off from him; made said "revelations," That there was a private bargain, between Duke George and others, headed by the Kaiser, to cut off and forfeit Philipp of Hesse, the chief Protestant, that &c., &c.: whereby, in the first place, poor Pack lost his head; and in the second place, poor Duke George's troubles were increased fourfold and tenfold.

Poor soul, he had lost most of his ten children, some of them in infancy, others in maturity and middle age, by death; was now himself getting old, within a year or two of seventy: and his troubles not in the least diminishing. At length he lost his wife; the good old dame, a princess of Bohemia, who had been his stay in all sorrows, she too was called away from him. Protestantism spreading, the Devil broken loose, all was against Duke George; and he felt that his own time must now be nigh. His very brother, now heir apparent, by the death of all the young men, was of declared Protestant tendencies. George wrote to his brother, who, for the present, was very poor, offering to give him up the government and territories at once, on condition that the Catholic religion should be maintained intact: Brother respectfully refused. Duke George then made a will, to the like effect; summoned his Estates to sanction it; Estates would not sanction: Duke George was seized with dreadful bowel disorders, and lay down to die. Sorrow on it! Alas, alas!

There is one memorability of his sad last moments: A reverend Pater was endeavoring to strengthen him by assurances about his own good works, about the favor of the Saints and such like, when Dr. Rothe, the Crypto-Protestant medical gentleman, ventured to suggest in the extreme moment, "*Gnädiger Herr*, you were often wont to say, Straightforward is the best runner! Do that yourself; go straight to the blessed Saviour and eternal Son of God, who bore our sins; and leave the dead Saints alone!" "Ey, then—help me, then," George groaned out in low sad murmur, "true Saviour, Jesus Christ; take pity on me, and save me by thy bitter sorrows and death!" and yielded up his soul in this manner. A much afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. He was so learned, that he had written his father Albert's exploits in Latin; of which respectable "Monograph," Fabricius, in his *Chronicle*, has made use. Fabricius; not that big Hamburg Fabricius of the *Bib-*

liotheas; but an earlier minor one, *Georg Goldschmied* his vernacular name, who was "crowned poet by Kaiser Max," became head schoolmaster in Meissen, and wrote meritorious chronicles, indifferently exact, *Rerum Misnicarum*, and such like; he is the Fabricius to whom the respectable Monograph fell. Of this poor Duke's palaces and riches, at Leipzig and elsewhere, I say nothing, except that they were very grand. He wore a magnificent beard, too, dagger-shaped and very long; was of heroic stature and carriage; truly a respectable looking man. I will remember nothing more of him, except that he was withal an ancestor of Frederick the Great; no doubt of that small interesting fact. One of his daughters was married to Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse; wife insufficient for magnanimous Philip, wherefore he was obliged to marry a second, or supplement to her, which is a known story! But another of Duke George's daughters, who alone concerns us here, was spouse to Joachim II., sixth *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg, who bore him Johann George, seventh ditto, in lawful wedlock; and so was Frederick the Unique's great-grandfather's great-grandmother, that is to say, lineal ancestress in the seventh generation. If it rained Duke Georges for eight days running, I would say no more about them.

We come now to *Elector Moritz*, our second figure. George's brother, Henry, succeeded; lived only for two years; in which time all went to Protestantism in the eastern parts of Saxony, as in the western. This Henry's eldest son, and first successor, was *Moritz*, the "Maurice" known in English Protestant books; who, in the Schmalkaldic League and War, played such a questionable game with his Protestant cousin, of the elder or Ernestine Line—quite ousting said cousin, by superior jockeyship, and reducing his line and him to the second rank ever since. This cousin was Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, of the Ernestine Line; whom we left above waiting for that catastrophe; and it came about in this manner.

Duke Moritz, refused, namely, to join his poor cousin and other fellow Protestants in the Schmalkaldic League or War, in spite of Secretary Pack's denunciations, and the evidence of facts. Duke Moritz waited till the Kaiser (Charles V., year 1547), and their own ill-guidance, had beaten to pieces and ruined said League and War; till the Kaiser had captured Johann Frederick the Magnanimous in person, and was about to kill him. And then, at this point of the game, by dex-

terous management, Duke Moritz got the Electorship transferred to himself; Electorship, with Wittenberg and the "inalienable lands and dignities;" his poor cousin sitting prisoner the while, in imminent danger of his life; not getting loose for five years, but following the Kaiser like condemned luggage, up and down, in a very perilous and uncomfortable manner! This from Moritz, who was himself a Protestant, only better skilled in jockeyship, was not thought handsome conduct—nor could it be.

However, he made it good; succeeded in it—what is called succeeding. Neither is the game yet played out, nor Moritz publicly declared (what he fully surely is, and can by discerning eyes be seen to be) the *loser*. Moritz kept his Electorship, and, by cunning jockeying, his Protestantism too; got his Albertine or junior Line pushed into the place of the Ernestine or first; in which dishonorably-acquired position it continues to this day; performing ever since the chief part in Saxony, as Electors, and now as Kings of Saxony—which seems to make him out rather as winner in the game. For the Ernestine, or honorable Protestant Line is ever since in a secondary, diminished, and as it were *disintegrated* state, a *Line broken small*; nothing now but a series of small Dukes, Weimar, Gotha, Coburg, and the like, in the Thuringian region, who, on mere genealogical grounds, put Sachsen to their name; Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Weimar, &c.; and do not look like winners. Nor perhaps are they—if they also have played too ill! Perhaps neither of the two is winner; for there are many other hands in the game withal; sure I am only that Moritz has *lost*, and never *could* win! As perhaps may appear yet, by-and-by.

But however that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got *disintegrated*, broken small, and is not in a culminating condition. These, I say, are the Dukes who in the present day put Sachsen to their names: sons of Ernst, sons of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, all now in a reduced condition: while the sons of Albert, nephews of George the dagger-bearded ("if it rained Duke Georges"), are Kings of Saxony, so called Kings. No matter: nay, who knows whether it is not perhaps even *less* than nothing to them, this grand dignity of theirs? Whether, in very truth, if we look at substance and not semblance, the Albertine Line has *risen* since Moritz's time; or in spite of all these crowns and appearances, sublime to the valet judgment, has fallen and is still falling?

I do not find, in fact, that it has ever *done* anything considerable since; which is the one sure symptom of rising. My probable conjecture rather is, that it has done (if Nature's Register, if the *Eternal Daybook*, were consulted) very little indeed, except dwindle into more and more contemptibility, and impotence to *do* anything considerable whatever! Which is a very melancholy issue of Moritz's great efforts; and might give rise to unspeakable considerations, in many a high man and many a low—for which there is not room in this place.

Johann Frederick, it is well known, sat magnanimously playing chess, while the Kaiser's sentence of death was brought into him; he listened to the reading of the sentence; said a polite word or two; then turning round, with "*Pergamus*, let us proceed!" quietly played on till the checkmate had been settled.* Johann Frederick magnanimously waited out his five years of captivity, excellent old Lucas Kranach, his painter and humble friend, refusing to quit him, but steadfastly sharing the same; then quietly returned (old Lucas still with him) to his true loving-hearted wife, to the glad friends whose faith had been tried in the fire. With such a wife waiting him, and such a Lucas attending him, a man had still something left, had his lands been all gone; which in Johann Frederick's case, they were still far from being. He settled at Weimar, having lost electoral Wittenburg and the inalienable properties; he continued to do here, as formerly, whatever wise and noble thing he could, through the short remainder of his life: one wishes he had not founded all that imbroglio of little dukes! But perhaps he could not help it: law of primogeniture, except among the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns, always a wise, decisive, thrifty and growing race, who had the fine talent of "annihilating rubbish," was not yet known in those countries. Johann Frederick felt, most likely, that he, for one, in this aspect of the stars, was not founding kingdoms! But indeed it was not he, it was his successors, his grandson and great-grandson chiefly, that made these multiplex divisions and confusions on the face of the German mother-earth, and perplexed the human soul with this inextricable wilderness of little dukes. From him, however, they do all descend; this let the reader know, and let it be some slight satisfaction to him to have got a historical double-girth tied round them in

that manner, and see two compact bundles made of them, in the meanwhile.

Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long. Shortly after Johann Frederick got home to Weimar, Moritz had already found his death, in prosecution of that game begun by him. It is well known he had no sooner made the Electorate sure to himself than he too drew sword against the Kaiser; beat the Kaiser; chased him into the Tyrol mountains; could have taken him there, but—"I have no cage big enough to hold such a bird," said Moritz, so he let the Kaiser run; and made the Treaty of Passau with him instead. Treaty of Passau (A.D. 1552), by which Johann Frederick's liberty was brought about, for one thing, and many liberties were stipulated for the Protestants; upon which Treaty indeed Germany rested from its religious battles, of the blood-shedding sort, and fought only by ink thenceforth, till the Thirty years' War came, and a new Treaty, that of Munster or Westphalia, (1648,) had to succeed.

Shortly after Passau, Moritz, now on the Kaiser's side, and clear for peace and submission to said treaty, drew out against his oldest comrade, Albert Hohenzollern of Anspach. "*Albert Alcibiades*," as they call him, that far-shining, too-impetuous failure of a Frederick the Great, drew out, I say, against this Alcibiades, who would not accept the Treaty of Passau; beat Alcibiades in the battle of Sievershausen, but lost his own life withal in it; no more, either of fighting or diplomatizing, needed from him; and thus, after only some six years of Electorship, slept with his fathers, no Elector, but a clod of the valley.

His younger brother succeeded: from whom, in a direct line, come all the subsequent Saxon potentates; and the present King of Saxony, with whom one has no acquaintance, nor much want of any. All of them are *nephews*, so to speak, of Elector Moritz, grand-nephews of Duke George the dagger-bearded ("if it rained Duke Georges"). Duke George is, as it were, the grand-uncle of them all; as Albert, our little stolen boy, for whom Kunz von Kaufungen once gathered bilberries, is father of him and of them all. A goodly progeny, in point of numbers; and handsomely equipped and decorated by a liberal world: most expensive people—in general not admirable otherwise. Of which multifarious progeny I will remember further only one, or at most two: having no esteem for them myself, nor wish to encumber anybody's innocent memory with what perhaps deserves oblivion better, and at all events is

* De Wette: *Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), i. 39.

rapidly on the way to get it, with or without my sanction. Here, however, is our third figure *August the Strong*.

Frederick August, the big King of Poland, called by some of his contemporaries August the Great, which epithet they had to change for *August der Starke*, August the Physically Strong: this August, of the three hundred and fifty-two bastards, who was able to break a horse shoe with his hands, and who lived in this world regardless of expense,—he is the individual of this junior-senior Albertine Line, whom I wish to pause one moment upon: merely with the remark, that if Moritz had any hand in making him the phenomenon he was, Moritz may well be ashamed of his work. More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom trod this lower earth. A miracle to his own century,—to certain of the flunkie species a quasi-celestial miracle, bright with diamonds, with endless mistresses, regardless of expense,—to other men a prodigy, portent and quasi-infernal miracle, awakening insoluble inquiries: Whence this, ye righteous gods, and above all, whither! Poor devil, he was full of good humor, too, and had the best of stomachs. A man that had his own troubles withal. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all, would have driven most men mad. You may discern dimly in the flunkie histories, in babbling *Pölnitz* and others, what a set they were; what a time he must have had with their jealousies, their sick vapors, megrims, angers, and infatuations;—springing, on occasion, out of bed in their shift, like wild cats, at the throat of him, fixing their mad claws in him, when he merely enters to ask, “How do you do, *mon chou*?”* Some of them, it is confidently said, were his own children. The unspeakably unexemplary mortal!

He got his skin well beaten,—cow-hided, as we may say,—by Charles XII., the rough Swede, clad mostly in leather. He was coaxed and driven about by Peter the Great, as Irish post-horses are,—long miles, with a bundle of hay, never to be attained, stuck upon the pole of the coach. He reduced himself to utter bankruptcy. He had got the crown of Poland by pretending to adopt Papistry,—the apostate, and even pseudo-apostate; and we may say he has made Protestant Saxony, and his own House first of all, spiritually bankrupt ever since. He died

at last, at Warsaw (year 1733), of an “old man’s foot;” highly composed, eupeptic to the last; busy in scheming out a partition of Poland,—a thing more than once in men’s heads, but not to be completed just yet. Adieu to him for ever and a day.

One of his bastards was Rutowsky, long conspicuous in poor Saxony as their chief military man; whom the Prussians beat at Kesselsdorf,—who was often beaten; whom Frederick the Great at last shut up in Pirna. Another was the *Chevalier de Saxe*, also a kind of general, good for very little. But by far the notablest was he of Aurora von Königsmark’s producing, whom they called *Comte de Saxe* in his own country, and who afterwards in France became *Maréchal de Saxe*; a man who made much noise in the world for a time. Of him also let us say an anecdotic word. Baron d’Espagnac and the biographers had long been uncertain about the date of his birth,—date and place alike dubious. For whose sake, here at length, after a century of searching, is the extract from the baptismal register, found by an inquiring man. Poor Aurora, it appears, had been sent to the Harz Mountains, in the still autumn, in her interesting situation; lodges in the ancient highland town of Goslar, anonymously, very privately; and this is what the books of the old *marktkirche* (market-church) in that remote little place still bear:

“*Den acht-und-zwanzigsten October.*”—But we must translate: “The twenty-eighth of October, in the year Sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in the evening, between seven and eight o’clock, there was born, by the high Lady (*von der vornehmen Frau*) who lodges in R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel’s house, a Son; which-Son, on the 30th *ejusdem*, was in the evening baptized, in M. S. Alb’s house, and, by the name *Mauritius*, incorporated to the Lord Jesus (*dem Herrn Jesu einverleibt*). Godfathers were Herr Dr. Triumph, R. N. Dusinge, and R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel.”* Which ought to settle that small matter, at least.

On the authority of Baron d’Espagnac, I mention one other thing of this *Mauritius*, or Moritz, *Maréchal de Saxe*; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a dustman, had words with the dustman, who perhaps had splashed him with his mud-shovel, or the like. Dust-

* *Pölnitz*: La Saxe Galante; Memoires et Lettres &c.

* Cramer: Aurora von Königsmark (Leipzig, 1836) I. 126.

man would make no apology; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of the breeches; whirls him aloft, in horizontal position; pitches him into his own mud-cart, and walks on.* A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

He was tall of stature, had black circular eyebrows, black bright eyes,—brightness partly intellectual, partly animal,—oftenest with a smile in them. Undoubtedly a man of unbounded dissoluteness; of much energy, loose native ingenuity; and the worst *speller* probably ever known. Take this one specimen, the shortest I have, not otherwise the best; specimen achieved, when there had a proposal risen in the obsequious Académie Française to elect this Maréchal a member. The Maréchal had the sense to decline. *Il se veut me fere de la Cadémie*, writes he; *sela miret com une bage a un chas*; meaning probably, *Il se veut me faire de l'Académie*; *cela m'iroit comme une bague à un chat*: "They would have me in the Academy; it would suit me as a ring would a cat,"—or say, a pair of breeches a cock. Probably he had much skill in war; I cannot judge; his victories were very pretty; but it is to be remembered, he gained them all over the Duke of Cumberland; who was beaten by everybody that tried, and never beat anything, except once some starved Highland peasants at Culloden.

To resume and conclude. August the Physically Strong, be it known in brief then, is great grandson of an Elector called Johann George I., who behaved very ill in the Thirty-years' War; now joining with the great Gustavus, now deserting him; and seeking merely, in a poor tortuous way, little to the honor of German Protestantism in that epoch, to save his own goods and skin; wherein, too, he did not even succeed: August the Physically Strong, and Pseudo-Papist apostate, is great grandson of that poor man; who again is grand nephew of the worldly-wise Elector Moritz, Passau-Treaty Moritz, questionable Protestant, questionable friend and enemy of Charles V., with "No cage fit to hold so big a bird,"—and is therefore also great-grand-nephew of Luther's friend, "If it rained duke Georges." To his generation there are six from duke George's, five from elector Moritz's: that is genealogy. And if I add that the son of August the Physically Strong was he who

got to be August III., King of Poland; spent his time in smoking tobacco; and had Brühl for minister,—Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, who brought Frederick of Prussia and the Seven years' War into his country, and thereby, so to speak, quite broke the back of Saxony,—I think we may close our excerpts from the Albertine Line. Of the elder or Ernestine Line, in its *disintegrated* state, I will hastily subjoin yet a word, with the reader's leave, and then end.

ERNESTINE LINE (*in the disintegrated state, or broken small*).

Noble Johann Frederick, who lost the Electorate, and retired to Weimer, nobler for his losses, is not to be particularly blamed for splitting his territory into pieces, and founding that imbroglia of little dukedoms, which run about, ever shifting, like a mass of quicksilver cut into little separate pools and drops; distractive to the human mind, in a geographical and in far deeper senses. The case was not peculiar to Johann Frederick of the Ernestine Line; but was common to all German dukes and lines. The pious German mind grudges to lop anything away; holds by the palpably superfluous; and in general "cannot annihilate rubbish;"—that is its inborn fault. Law of primogeniture, for such small sovereignties and dukedoms, is hardly yet, as the general rule, above a century old in that country; which, for sovereigns and for citizens, much more than for geographers, was certainly a strange state of matters!

The Albertine Line, Electoral though it now was, made apanages, subdivisions, unintelligible little dukes and dukeries of a similar kind, though perhaps a little more charily; almost within a century we can remember little sovereign dukes of that line. A Duke of Weissenfels, for instance, who had built the biggest bassoon ever heard of; thirty feet high, or so; and was seen playing on it from a trap-ladder;*—poor soul, denied an employment in this world, and obliged to fly to bassoons!

Then, too, a Duke of Merseburg, who was dining solemnly, when the "Old Dessauer" (conqueror at Kesselsdorf afterwards, and a great rough Prussian son of Mars) broke in upon him, in a friendly manner, half drunk, with half-drunk grenadiers whom he had been reviewing; and reviewed and paraded them again *there* within the sublime ducal

* Espagnae: Vie du Maréchal de Saxe (ii. 274, of the German Translation).

* Pollnitz: Memoires et Lettres.

dining-room itself, and fired volleys there (to the ruin of mirrors and cut-glass); and danced with the princesses, his officers and he,—a princess in your left hand, a drawn sword in your right;—and drank and uproared, in a Titanic manner, for about eight hours; making a sorcerer's sabbath of the poor duke's solemn dinner.* Sachsen-Weissenfels, Sachsen-Merseburg, Sachsen-Zeitz:—there were many little dukes of the Albertine Line, too, but happily they are now all dead, childless; and their apanages have fallen home to the general mass, which does not henceforth make subdivisions of itself. The Ernestine Line was but like the Albertine, and like all its neighbors, in that respect.

So, too, it would be cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes that they have no history; though it must be owned, in the modern state of the world, they are ever more, and have long been, almost in the impossibility of having any. To build big bassoons, and play on them from trap-ladders; to do hunting, build opera-houses, give court-shows; what else, if they do not care to serve in foreign armies, is well possible for them? It is a fatal position; and they really ought to be delivered from it. Perhaps then they might do better. Nay, perhaps already here and there they have more history than we are all aware of. The late Duke of Weimar was beneficent to men of letters; had the altogether essential merit, too, which is a very singular one, of finding out, for that object, the real men of letters instead of the counterfeit. A Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, of earlier date, went into the *Grumbach'sche Hamdel* (sad "Grumbach Brabble," consisting of wild justice in high quarters, by assassination or sudden homicide in the street, with consequences; of all which the English reader happily knows nothing), went into it bravely, if rashly, in generous pity for Grumbach, in high hope for himself withal; and got thrown into jail for life, poor Duke! On the whole, I rather think they would still gladly have histories if they could; and am willing to regret that brave men and princes, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand inert in the whirling arena of the world in that manner, awathed in old wrappages and pack-thread meshes, into inability to move; watch-

ing sadly the centuries with their stormful opulences rush past you, century after century in vain!

But it is better we should close. Of the Ernestine Line, in its disintegrated state, let us mention only two names, in the briefest manner, who are not quite without significance to men and Englishmen, and therewith really end. The first is Bernhard of Weimar; champion of Elizabeth Stuart, Ex-queen of Bohemia; famed captain in the Thirty-years' War; a really notable man. Whose *Life* Goethe once thought of writing; but prudently (right prudently, as I can now see) drew out of it, and wrote nothing. Not so easy to dig out a Hero from the mountainous owl-droppings, deadening to the human nostril, which moulder in Record Offices and Public Libraries; patrolled over by mere irrational monsters, of the gryphon and vulture and chimaera species! Easier, a good deal, to versify the Ideal a little, and stick by ballads and the legitimate drama. Bernhard was Johann Frederick the Magnanimous's great-grandson: that is his genealogy; great grandson of little stolen Ernst's grandson. He began in those Bohemian Campaigns (1621), a young lad of seventeen; *Rittmeister* to one of his elder Brothers; some three of whom, in various capacities, fought in the Protestant wars of their time. Very ardent Protestants, they and he; men of devout mind withal; as generally their whole Line, from Johann Frederick the Magnanimous downwards, were distinguished by being. He had risen to be a famed captain, while still young; and, under and after the great Gustavus, he did exploits to make the whole world know him. He "was in two-and-thirty battles;" gained, or helped to gain, almost all of them; but unfortunately lost that of Nördlingen, which, next to Lützen, was the most important of all. He had taken Breisach (in the Upper-Rhine country), thought to be inexpugnable; and was just in sight of immense ulterior achievements and advancements, when he died suddenly (1639), still only in his 35th year. The Richelieu French poisoned him (so ran and runs the rumor); at least he died conveniently for Richelieu, for Germany most inconveniently; and was in truth a mighty kind of man; distinguished much from the imbroglia of little Dukes: "grandson's great-grandson," as I said, "of"—— Or, alas, is it hopeless to charge a modern reader's memory even with Bernhard!

Another individual of the Ernestine Line, surely notable to Englishmen, and much to be

* Des Weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Deßau Leben, &c., (Leipzig, 1742.) Pp. 108—112.

distinguished amid that imbroglio of little Dukes, is the "*Prinz ALBRECHT Franz August Karl Emanuel von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha*;" whom we call, in briefer English, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg; actual Prince Consort of these happy realms. He also is a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst. Concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something,—but not conveniently in this place. By the generality of thinking Englishmen he is regarded as a man of solid sense and worth, seemingly of superior talent, placed in circumstances beyond measure singular. Very complicated circumstances; and which do not promise to grow less so, but the contrary. For the Horologe of Time goes inexorably on; and the Sick Ages ripen (with terrible rapidity at present) towards—Who will tell us what! The human wisdom of this Prince, whatever share of it he has, may one day be unspeakably important to mankind!—But enough, enough. We will here subjoin his Pedigree at least; which is a very innocent Document, riddled from the big Historical cinderheaps, and may be comfortable to some persons:

"Ernst the Pious, Duke of Sachsen-Gotha (1601—1675), was one of Bernhard of Weimar's elder brothers; great-grandson of Johann Frederick the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate. Had been a soldier in his youth; succeeded to Gotha and the main part of the Territories; and much distinguished himself there. A patron of learning, among other good things; set Seckendorf on compiling the *History of the Reformation*. To all appearance, an excellent, prudent and really pious Governor of men. He left seven sons; who at first lived together at Gotha, and 'governed conjointly'; but at length divided the Territories; Frederick the eldest taking Gotha, where various other Fredericks succeeded him, and the line did not die out till 1824. The other six brothers likewise all founded 'Lines,' Coburg, Meinungen, Hildburghausen, &c., most of which soon died out; but it is only the youngest brother, he of *Saalfeld* with his Line, that concerns us here.

"1° JOHANN ERNST (1658—1729), youngest son of Ernst the Pious; got *Saalfeld* for his portion. The then Coburg Line died out in 1678, upon which arose great arguings as to who should inherit; arguings, bargainings; and, between Meinungen and Saalfeld especially, a lawsuit in the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council, as we call it), which seemed as if it would never end. At length, in 1735, Saalfeld, 'after two hundred and six *Conclusa* (Decrees),' in its favor, carried the point over Meinungen; got possession of 'Coburg Town, and nearly all the Territory,' and holds it ever since. Johann Ernst was dead in the interim; but had left his son,

"2° FRANZ JOSIAS (born, 1697) Duke of *Sachsen-Saalfeld*,—who, as we see, in 1735, after these '206 *Conclusa*,' got Coburg too, and adopted that town as his *Residenz*; Duke of Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld thenceforth. His son and successor

was

"3° ERNST FRIEDRICH 1724—1800;—and his

"4° FRANZ FRIEDRICH ANTON (1750—1806). He left three daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Kent, and Mother of Queen Victoria; likewise three sons; the youngest of whom is Leopold, now King of the Belgians; and the eldest of whom was

"5° ERNST ANTON KARL LUDWIG (1784—1844); to whom *Sachsen-Gotha* fell in 1824;—whose elder son is now reigning Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha* (chief Residence Gotha); and whose younger is

"6° PRINCE ALBERT, whom we know."*

So that the young gentleman who will one day (it is hoped, but not till after many years) be King of England, is visibly, as we count, Thirteenth in direct descent from that little boy Ernst whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole. Ernst's generation and Twelve others have blossomed out and grown big, and have faded and been blown away; and in these 400 years, since Kunz did his feat, we have arrived so far. And that is the last "pearl, or odd button," we will string on that Trans-action.

* Hübner, Tab. 163; Oertel, Tab. 74; Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland*, i 511—25

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE OLD CIVILIANS.*

"We were very pleasant," says David Copperfield, "going down, and Mr. Spenlow gave me some hints in reference to my profession. He said 'it was the genteelst profession in the world, and must on no account be confounded with the profession of a solicitor: being quite another sort of thing, infinitely more exclusive, less mechanical, and more profitable. We took things much more easily in the Commons than they could be taken anywhere else,' he observed, 'and that, sir, as a privileged class, apart Discontented people might talk of corruption in the Commons, closeness in the Commons, and the necessity of reforming the Commons,' said Mr. Spenlow, solemnly, in conclusion, 'but when the price of wheat per bushel had been highest, the Commons had been busiest; and a man might lay his hand upon his heart and say this to the whole world—Touch the Commons and down comes the country.'"

This genteel and indispensable business, which Mr. Spenlow describes with such unction, is among the residues of a large and thriving concern which at one time employed the talents and the midnight oil of the students and Universities of half Europe. The Roman or Civil Law, as it is exhibited in the system of Justinian, was for centuries wholly, and still is partially, the rule of all tribunals in Italy, Spain, and the South of France. It forms the acknowledged basis of decision in all the German courts of justice, and enters deeply into the principles of Scottish jurisprudence. In England indeed its reception has been limited, and always watched with jealousy, for its maxims were incompatible with the system earlier established in our courts of law. But even here, in connexion with the canon law, it has niched itself securely; and although marriage and inheritance, death and birth—and consequently mankind in general—are affected by

its operations, yet Doctors' Commons has hitherto proved itself, in spite of open assault, or secret murmurs, as irremovable as *infelix Theseus* himself, and survives alike the envy of common lawyers and the besoms of reforming Parliaments.

We have no intention however of arguing either for or against the practice or doctrines of civilians. We side neither with the Capulets of the Temple, nor the Montagues of the Court of Arches. We have no objection to the thriving business of Spenlow, Jorkins and Co. Our purpose is to take occasion, from Mr. Sandars's careful edition of *Justinian's Institutes*, to survey briefly the origin, progress, and fortunes of a system of laws which were once imposed upon the whole civilized world, and have proved of more perdurable stuff than the Empire of Rome itself.

The Romans were essentially a litigious people, both in a good and a bad sense of the word. On the one hand, they were deeply impressed with the majesty of law, as a controlling idea; on the other, they were childishly prone to dabble with its quibbles and formularies. Next to his landlord, Dandie Dinmont revered a great lawyer; and next to his general, the Roman held in honor the gentlemen of the gown. It must be admitted indeed that the military and legal professions were not kept apart in those days. The peace-loving Cicero donned a cuirass; Cæsar was hardly less celebrated as a pleader than as a captain; and even families in which, like that of the Mucii, legal knowledge was an heirloom, added ovations and triumphs to their forensic laurels. It may be questioned, however, whether the Scipios were a more popular house than the Scævolæ. The farmer who brought an action of trespass against his neighbor, or Caius of the Vicus Tuscas, who lodged an appeal against Titius for obstructing his watercourse, might hear with indifference of the blockade of Carthage; but both of them would anxiously await the hour when Scævola took his seat in the portico ready to adjudicate or advise. Even if the

* *The Institutes of Justinian*, with English Introduction. Translation and Notes by Thomas Collet Sandars, M.A. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1853.

Roman commoner could read, he had no *Cabinet Lawyer* or Archbold's *Practice* to refer to. He depended upon the oral counsel of the professor for the minutest formulary or symbol of his case. The return he gave for gratuitous advice was his vote; and as every Roman of family aspired to the honors of the commonwealth, most Romans, not utterly obscure, acquainted themselves with the common rules and practice of the law. Our own civil and criminal processes are sufficiently mysterious to the uninitiated. An attorney may be an evil, but there is a worse evil under the sun than an attorney—the law itself interpreted by the client. But at Rome the peril of managing your own cause was infinitely greater. To attempt it was proclaiming yourself fit for a gaol or Bedlam—it was so shrouded by symbols, so fenced by indispensable forms. Hence Rome, if the Gehenna of debtors, was the Paradise of lawyers. Every juriconsult was, in respect of his client, an absolute king. He required their votes once in a year; but they needed his wisdom every market-day. At such seasons the masters of the art were seen walking in the forum, ready to impart their advice to the meanest of their fellow-citizens; and thus indirectly canvassing them for the next election. As their years and honors increased, they seated themselves at home, at the entrance of their houses, to expect with patient gravity the visits of their clients, who at the dawn of day, from the town and country, began to thunder at their door. The duties of social life, and the incidents of judicial proceeding, were the ordinary subjects of these consultations, and the verbal or written opinions of the *juriconsults* were framed according to the rules of ethics or law. The groups in the porch partook of the character of a school. The youths of their own order and family were permitted to listen, and the knowledge of the elders was transmitted and inculcated with oracular precision and authority. The professors were enthusiasts in their way. Our devotees to Coke and Lyttleton seldom affect to regard their writings as graceful or attractive. An English lawyer seeks intellectual relaxation, not in the Statutes at Large, but in ancient or modern literature. But the Romans affirmed the study of the law to be in itself pleasant and attractive. The twelve tables were committed to the memory of the young and the meditations of the old. They were studied both for immediate objects and as archæological curiosities. "They amuse the mind," says Cicero, who, however, was by

no means disinclined to a joke at the cloth, "by the remembrance of old words and the portraits of ancient manners; they inculcate the soundest principles of government and morals; and I am not afraid to affirm, that the brief composition of the Decemvirs surpasses in genuine value the libraries of Grecian philosophy."

When such were the rewards of legal proficiency, and such the litigious character of the people, it may be readily conceived that there was actually but one civil profession at Rome. Over the clergy a tight hand was kept. The pontiffs were nearly as much secular as sacerdotal personages; the chiefs of the sacred colleges alone were subjected to spiritual restraints. They were rarely allowed to be absent from their dioceses; and one especially, the Flamen Dialis, or Bishop of Rome, in respect of Jupiter Maximus, its presiding deity, was forbidden to sleep three nights together out of his own house in the Via Sacra. The soothsayers and augurs commanded as little respect as the French abbés in the year 1790. Politically, indeed, they were useful. They were employed in breaking up an assembly, as soon as the brickbats began to fly about the rostrum, or when a decision unfavorable to the senate seemed inevitable. But both ethically and theologically these reverend gentlemen were regarded as little better than priests of Mumbo-jumbo; and a Roman *paterfamilias* would have been less surprised by a speech from an ox, than by word of admonition from a clergyman. With the medical profession it fared even worse. Considering their incessant wars, and their nearly as frequent rows in the forum, the Quirites must have stood often in need of surgery; yet surgeons are rarely named, and never with honor, either in Latin writings or inscriptions. Antonius Musa had probably in his day the most extensive practice in Rome, yet had he not luckily cured Augustus of a tertian ague by the application of a cold shower-bath, he would have shared the oblivion of all his other patients. As for physicians generally, their civil status was below that of the meanest free inhabitant of the Saburra. He was sometimes a freedman, but mostly a slave; and he was employed in offices which none but a slave would have undertaken. The most innocent of his duties, was the preparation of perfumes; but he was often called upon by his patron, or his patron's lady, to concoct a dose of poison, either for the purpose of suicide, or for the removal of an objectionable neighbor or rival. The profession of the law was

indeed in all respects paramount, both under the Commonwealth and the Empire. The lawyer entered into a profitable partnership with the orator, and in their combined character they found plenty of business, both in the civil and criminal courts.

When law was so much in demand, and its professors "so loved and honored," it is not surprising that the Roman statutes at large attained, even at an early period, a most inconvenient bulk. The national genius was unimaginative in art and literature. It was led in triumph by the Greeks. It had even condescended to borrow from the less inventive Etruscans. But in matters of the law, whether the weightier or the merely formal, it was quick, apprehensive, and "forgetive." To devise a new law was almost as essential to the reputation of a candidate for civil honors at Rome, as a speech in Parliament to that of an English or American representative. But the *lex scripta* was not the only addition to the statute-book. The prætors inaugurated their administration with a programme of the rules which they intended to observe in the exercise of their office; and the prætorian decisions—or oral law of the home and foreign magistrates—were as various as the characters of their authors, and yearly added to the inextricable maze of laws. To abridge and codify this heterogeneous mass of ordinances was a favorite project with all the reformers of Rome, from the Gracchi to Julius Cæsar. More than one of the emperors, whose rescripts augmented the evil, attempted to remedy it; but it was reserved for the indefatigable and ubiquitous Hadrian to accomplish the design. His Perpetual Edict is sufficient alone, if other memorials were wanting, to immortalize his reign. This well-digested code at once put an end to the vague and arbitrary jurisdiction of the provincial governors. It supplanted the twelve tables as the standard of jurisprudence; and if it did not materially improve the theory of law, it at least conferred upon suitors the invaluable boon of uniform and invariable practice.

The precepts of philosophy seldom if ever affect the forms or principles of jurisprudence in this country. A barrister who should profess to be guided by the doctrines of Hegel or Schelling would probably in a single term find himself briefless. Judges occasionally cite Latin in their charges to the grand jury; but a chief or puisné avowing himself to be a disciple of Kant or Reid, would be regarded by the bar as "*fatuus ac furiosus*." But the maxims of the Grecian

schools were not merely familiar to the Roman magistrates, but liberally employed as the ground work of their laws by the most celebrated legislators. The collections of Justinian bear manifold traces of the influence of the Stoics; and prætors and proconsuls modified their decisions by their respective predilections for the Academic and Epicurean sects. We do not know whether their metaphysical tastes improved their legal acumen; but they certainly imparted to the body of the Roman law a dignity, coherence, and an ethical tone which we shall vainly seek in more recent codes. The Stoical philosophy, which steeled its professors against the tyranny of the emperors, by instructing them to view life and death, evil report and good report, exile and the rack, as accidents of mortality, particularly affected the legislation of Rome after the accession of Tiberius; nor until Christianity had supplied a higher rule of action, do the traces of the Porch vanish from the laws of Rome. When in the twelfth century the study of civil law revived in Europe, its professors naturally imbibed many of its philosophical doctrines; and the Christian schools of Bologna and Montpellier often afforded the singular spectacle of a fierce dispute between the followers of Epicurus and Zeno.

The Christianized empire of Rome continued to be governed by the principles of its pagan legislators; and though the institutions of marriage, slavery, and public worship were modified by the new creed, the laws which awarded the penalties of crime or regulated the succession and distribution of property, still reflected the age of the Decemvirs and the Scævola. But the new wine was visibly impairing the old vessels; the inconsistency between the religion and jurisprudence of the state was with each generation becoming more apparent, and the rent was made wider by the growing pretensions of the church to control the decisions of the secular courts. In the reign of Theodosius, the first attempt was made on a large scale to reconcile the inconsistencies, diminish the bulk, and define the rules of the Roman law. The emperor sought to lighten the duties of the judge by an edict which established five civilians as the oracles of legal decision. Caius, Paul, Ulpian and Modestinus were regarded as equal authorities; but the distinction was reserved for Papinian of deciding in all cases where they disagreed. The task however was still incompletely performed: the oracles not only often differed irreconcilably with one another, but had ex-

pressed their opinions so voluminously, as to impede materially the course of justice and impose intolerable burdens upon the skill or conscience of the judges. Justinian, on his accession to the throne, was compelled either to bridge over and consolidate the chaos of laws and legal opinions which had accumulated in the space of ten centuries, or to submit to all the evils of a virtual anarchy. Though himself an Illyrian soldier, he was no mean adept in the science of jurisprudence; and if he confided to others the labor of selection and condensation, yet for his choice of the most able civilians, he deserves to be applauded as the founder of a new era in the Roman law. His "*Corpus Juris Civilis*" lacks indeed the harmony and precision of the code. It was not the reflection of one great mind, but the converging rays of the legal experience of nearly a thousand years. It was impossible to cancel the legislation of centuries without shaking to their centre the foundations of his empire. It might have been practical still further to reduce the mass of materials, or to arrange them on more scientific principles. But the work was to be done quickly; the number and weight of discordant rules were enormous, and we may rather marvel at the comparative harmony of Justinian's statute-book, than cavil at the incoherences of its structure.

But we should earn little gratitude from our readers were we to conduct them into the labyrinth of obscure and tedious records which contain the history of Justinian's laws—their reception at the time, their fortunes afterwards. The names, or at least the writings of its sages and commentators, are rapidly passing into oblivion. The stream of literature has nearly deserted a channel into which at one time both philosophy and learning poured their choicest and most copious stores. Even in Spain, where improvement moves tardily, the influence of Accursius, Baldus and Cujacius is on the decline, while in the rest of Europe the studies which once absorbed the favors of monarchs, and conferred the most brilliant of reputations, have fallen into neglect, or lurk in obscure or remote corners.

Yet there are some salient points in the history of the civilians which, as characteristic of the feelings or the manners of the past, we shall now briefly survey. The quarrels of lawyers have not been treated of even by Mr. Disraeli.

The civil lawyers, it must be owned, from the earliest ages belied their name. Under

the Commonwealth they were active political partisans; under the Empire, when politics were nearly extinct, they created schisms of their own. There was indeed fair ground for fighting; laws and language are ambiguous and arbitrary: positive institutions are often the result of custom and prejudice; the voice of reason is less frequently audible in court than the clamor of argument, and the love of argument is inflamed by the envy of rivals, the vanity of masters, and the partial reverence of disciples. The quarrels of the long robe were sometimes also the mask of political sentiments. The Augustan age produced two luminaries of the law, one of whom, Ateius Capito, was a high Tory, and the other, Antistius Labeo, a sturdy Whig. Labeo was attached to the form of the old republic, and indulged, in common with a large minority of the senate, in dreams of its restoration. Capito, possibly from conviction that monarchy was essential to the security of the empire, was the advocate of innovation and of the Cæsar. Yet both were rigid conservators of the formularies of their profession; and although Labeo indulged in opposition to the government, he adhered strictly to the letter of the statute book, and was less accessible than his rival to the appeals of equity. The founders of these opposite schools however did not give their own names to their respective sects. The schools were denominated from two of their later leaders, Sabinus and Proculus, until these two were supplanted by the yet more recent influence of Pegasus and Cassius. The Pegasians and Cassians exhibited a strange anomaly: for the liberal lawyers were represented by Pegasus, a supple courtier of Domitian, while Cassius, who gloried in his descent from Cæsar's assassin, was the chief of the imperial party. The conflict between the Proculians and Sabinians endured from the age of Augustus to that of Hadrian, when the publication of the Perpetual Edict modified or removed many of the causes of this long controversy. The vestiges of these schisms however remain deeply imbedded in the laws of Justinian, where, like the impressions of the strange plants and animals which preceded man on this earth, they still record the legal revolutions of the Roman bar.

The Perpetual Edict, although it silenced the parties, did not remove the discrepancies of the law. The Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian Codes which succeeded it, are replete with contradictions, and the mass of obsolete and superfluous legislation which had accumulated in the course of ten centu-

ries, might have reconciled Lord Eldon himself to a revision of the statute-book. But although Justinian may be justly applauded as having in a great measure brought back the law to a uniform standard, practical at the tribunals and intelligible to the professors, his codification by no means escaped the censure either of his own time or of posterity. His position was not favorable for the task. The despotism of the early Cæsars, which was more frequently the result of individual caprice or crime than of any regular system, had become in the seventh century of our era, and at the Byzantine court, an organized absolutism. The Cæsar stood in awe of the church alone, and the church was more zealous for the orthodoxy than for the civil liberty of its subjects. It bitterly and powerfully resented every attempt to relax the fetters of its Arian or Athanasian creeds, but it looked without emotion upon the exactions and oppressions of the civil or military power. The Byzantine Cæsar could ill afford to revive in his laws even the echoes of republican freedom; it was dangerous to repeat the language of Scævola and Sulpicius; and in his selection of ancient laws, he went no further back than the reign of Hadrian. It was urged, and with reason, against the new Code, that its compilers, and Tribonian especially, condemned to silence the genuine and native wisdom of the sages of the republic: the civilians who lived under the first Cæsars were seldom permitted to speak, while the Syrian, Greek, and African foreigners, who made law a trade, and regarded servility as a duty, were admitted as the authentic exponents of the science which they disgraced. It was perhaps as fairly urged in reply, that the maxims of elder and better ages were useless to a corrupt court and a degraded people, that the theories of the philosophers were superseded by the gospel, and that Justinian conferred upon his subjects the only boon within his power—uniformity of practice in their civil and criminal affairs. The boon indeed was incomplete: either from haste or carelessness the code and pandects abound in contradictions; and their *antinomies*, or opposite laws, still exercise the ingenuity, and increase the profits of modern civilians.

There is perhaps no period in the annals of mankind so melancholy and confused as that of the four centuries which succeeded Justinian's death. That emperor, although a timid and superstitious bigot in whatever related to the church, was a vigilant, active, and efficient statesman. His own abilities were

seconded or even surpassed by those of some of his ministers; and the last triumphs of the Roman arms were achieved by his generals, Narses and Belisarius. But he could only temporarily revive the dormant and decayed forces of his empire. Within another century its fairest provinces were swept away from it by the Saracens on the one side, and the Teutonic tribes on the other; and the dominions of the Byzantine Cæsars were reduced to a third of the territory which Trajan ruled and Diocletian partitioned. The laws of Rome however survived its arms. The Arabian conquerors indeed introduced a system of religion and jurisprudence which was irreconcilable with the creed or the code of the vanquished. But the more generous barbarians of the north, brought with them the rudiments of a liberal civil policy, which, though irregular, like their freedom, was yet capable of organization, and amalgamated readily with the nobler and worthier elements of the Roman law. The Franks, Burgundians, and Ostrogoths were sufficiently civilized to embrace with zeal all that was available to them in the legal system of Rome; and while they rejected the emasculate vices of the conquered, acknowledged their proficiency in the arts of administration and jurisprudence.

It was greatly to the advantage of the freedom and civilization of Europe that the unwieldy mass of the empire was broken up into smaller kingdoms, and in some instances into petty states. A horde of barbarians, like the followers of Genghis Khan, would have reacted the despotism without correcting the vices of Byzantine Rome. The aged and withered trunk of the Empire demanded for its restoration many independent grafts; and its servile uniformity could be remedied alone by the separate resuscitation of its fragments. We may deplore the mingled violence and feebleness of the feudal system—its capricious laws—its essential anarchy—yet its very vices were effective remedies to the more cumbrous evil which they superseded. From the chaos of despotism arose once more living communities, as instinct with life, if less attractive in form, than the Greek and Italian republics, which Macedon and Rome respectively absorbed. The divisions of the feudal system were, in great measure, healed by the unity of the church; and at periods when war was the normal condition of mankind, and the strong hand was almost the only arbiter of right and wrong in secular matters, the progress of crime and cruelty was arrested by tribunals, which professing

to derive their authority from heaven, effectually curbed the powers of earth.

The feudal system was however controlled by institutions which it despised, tolerated, or overlooked. Man can no more live by war alone than by bread alone; and the systematic rapine and precarious agriculture of the great fiefs rendered them the more dependent upon the industrial population of the towns. Into the cities and towns had retired the last remnants of the life of the empire, its manual arts, its municipal institutions, the forms of its law, and the practice of its courts. But the townsmen had not carried with them, or at least did not long retain, its despotic usages and uniformity. By the very isolation of their position the necessity for self-government was imposed upon them; and with it revived the embers of civil freedom. The fiscal oppressions of the empire no longer existed; for gangs of handicraft slaves were substituted active and emulous artisans; and the ports which had been generally closed by the exactions of the imperial excise, were again opened to the commerce of the world. The growth of the municipalities was fostered in the silence and confusion of the dark ages; it is recorded sometimes distinctly, and sometimes obscurely, in the charters of the ninth and tenth centuries. But their progress was unimpeded; their rivalry was active and incessant; their affairs were managed by thrifty and intelligent stewards; and, by the close of the eleventh century, we behold, in comparison with the decrepitude of the Roman empire, "a new earth." At the opposite extremities of Europe, on the shores of the Baltic and the Mediterranean, we are afforded the spectacle of civil regeneration; for the same causes produced similar effects among the nations most oppressed by Rome, and those who eluded or scarcely felt its yoke.

The laws of Rome were not the least valuable portion of the inheritance of the municipalities. The possession of them either in their integrity, or in portions, saved them from the hazard of theoretical experiments in legislation. It encouraged in them the salutary prejudice that they were still the members of a united empire: their fancied connection with the Cæsars preserved them from unconditional subserviency to the opposite centre of union—the church. It imparted to them a certain uniformity of structure, without shackling their civic development; and if in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Italian republics reflect the image of a family circle of communities, the

resemblance may be ascribed to their retention of ancient laws, and the activity of their commercial enterprise. The latter circumstance connected them with progress, the former with permanence; and the result of this union of opposing forces was, in either case, the conservation of an intelligent though turbulent freedom during that dark period when the rest of society was torn by anarchy or vexed by superstition. It is not pretended that any of these communities possessed the whole of Justinian's laws. His Pandects and Institutes were as incommensurate with their limited necessities, as the extent of their territories was disproportioned to that of the empire. But that the laws of the empire fragmentarily survived in the cities is no longer doubted. The popular story that the copy of the Pandects, now in the Laurentian Library at Florence, was brought to Pisa from Amalfi, after the capture of that city by Roger, king of Sicily, in 1135, is now discredited; and Muratori, in the last century, and Savigny, in the present, have proved satisfactorily that not only an abridgment of the Theodosian code, but that of Justinian also, and even of the Pandects, were known in different parts of Europe long before the date of their supposed discovery at Amalfi. The possession of an entire copy of these laws, and the high reputation of its text, undoubtedly stimulated the study of Roman jurisprudence, and led to the formation of schools, universities, and studies, which, next to the writings of the schoolmen, affected the general texture of European learning.

Irnerius, by universal testimony, was the founder of modern investigation into the laws of Justinian. The Germans have put in a claim to his birth; but he was unquestionably a native of Bologna, and lectured upon the Codex not long after the commencement of the twelfth century. His oral instructions were the least important portion of his learned labors. With him began the practice of making glosses, or short marginal explanations on the law books, and into such high reputation did these notes arrive, that it was commonly said—"No one can go wrong who follows a gloss, and that a gloss was worth a hundred texts." The reverence of the Rabbis for the letter of the Scriptures, the homage which the Latinists of the fifteenth century paid to the authority of Cicero, the devotion with which the Ulemas and the Sunnites respectively study the precepts of the Koran, afford the only parallel to the zeal of the early jurists for these notes on the laws of Justinian. The fanaticism of the

teachers led to bitter feuds among their disciples: the streets of Padua and Bologna, seldom exempt from civil broils, were rendered yet more turbulent by the pugnacity of the law-students. Scenes which had been rehearsed centuries earlier at the Universities of Athens and Berytus, were repeated with increased acrimony in such of the Italian cities as were fortunate enough to possess a professor of law. Nor was the number of the combatants inconsiderable. To take a degree at Bologna was considered essential to any ambitious youth who aspired to practice jurisprudence at Paris or Augsburg. The population of students was nearly a third of the whole population of the town. They were banded into French and German factions; and there was generally a pretty quarrel going on between these *tramontani* and the native students. As soon as a novice had entered his name in the university register he was assailed by these opposite parties, each eager to enlist him under its favorite professor. He was fortunate if he escaped from their rough handling with only the loss of half his raiment. More generally he found that bruises and broken bones were the first fruits of his matriculation. Learned Tybalt and learned Benvolio tilted at each other in the streets; and when the new-comer had chosen, or been forced to choose his "mess," he found himself unexpectedly enlisted in a service which demanded hard fighting no less than hard study.

The cities of Italy rivalled one another in the homage which they paid to the sages of the law. The standard of the people or the banners of the guilds were not held in higher reverence, or guarded with more jealousy, than the possession of a lecturer on jurisprudence. The articles of agreement between the professors and the universities were subscribed by the Podestà and the principal magistrates, and deposited among the public archives. A public residence was assigned to them: a liberal stipend was secured; and the gratitude of their pupils expressed itself in the substantial form of regular fees and occasional donations. Every means were exerted, both by the state and by individuals, to monopolize the services of the lecturer, and to induce him to bind himself for the term of his natural life to be their instructor and guide. The church and the professors of the canon law viewed with much jealousy this legal enthusiasm: more than one interdict was levelled against the study and the sages of the Roman law; the one was declared to be a remnant of paganism, and the

others servants of the unclean spirit. These cordial advances from the Italian cities were not uniformly met with gratitude on the part of the recipients. Irnerius and the elder Accursius were constant to Bologna; but Francis Accursius abandoned his university-chair, and took service with our English Justinian, Edward I.; and Roffredo da Benevento transferred his learning from Bologna to Arezzo, from Arezzo to Frederick II., from that emperor to his enemy, Pope Gregory IX., and finally tired of both the Ghibeline and the Guelf factions, retired to his native city of Benevento. The arrival of an illustrious lawyer was observed as a festival by the community which had engaged him. The guilds with their banners, the students arranged according to their several nations, the civic guard in polished armor, the populace in holiday attire, the magistrates in their robes of office, met him at the city gates, and followed him to his lodgings with every demonstration of respect and applause. The streets were spanned by triumphal arches, and strewn with flowers; nor did the reception of a distinguished civilian differ in any particular, except in the absence of a military escort, from that which was accorded to the envoys of princes, or even to the Cæsars of Augsburg. The departure of a popular professor, on the other hand, was often effected in silence and by stratagem. He withdrew in the night, for hundreds were waiting to arrest his person, and forcibly to retain him within the walls. Even the anger of faction yielded to the desire for securing his services. Special decrees were passed, permitting the professor to remain neutral, and exempting himself and his property from the sentences of banishment and confiscation which the rival parties were perpetually issuing against each other. A pleasing example of national gratitude and veneration—the more pleasing indeed from its rarity in the turbulent republics of Italy—occurs in the instance of the elder Accursius. He himself indeed was beyond the reach of the fickleness or ingratitude of mankind; but his descendants were benefited by his renown. In the year 1306, the city of Bologna was divided between the factions of Lambertazzi and Gieremei. The former, who were Ghibelines, had been wholly overthrown, and, according to the usage of Italy, were excluded from all political power. But a single exception was made in favor of his family. They had been on the vanquished side, but they were permitted to enjoy all the privileges of the victorious Guelf party; and it

was expressly stated, in the decree of exemption, that it was accorded to them "out of respect to the memory of one by whose means the city had been frequented by students, and its fame had been spread through the world."

A strict neutrality indeed in political questions, was not always observed by those who were thus exempted. The man was occasionally paramount to the professor, and the occupier of a chair which pertained to a civil science would excite disaffection by his eloquence, or even take part in the broils in the marketplace. In such cases the personal privileges of the lecturer were abolished, and the sons and grandsons of Accursius appear to have lost the benefit of the edict of 1300, since a few years later their goods were confiscated, and their persons expelled from Bologna. It was permitted, however, to the lawyer to share in *national* feuds; and the rivalries of Pisa and Florence, of Verona and Vicenza, were frequently represented and aggravated by their respective professors. Even lectures on the Pandects were sometimes made a vehicle of biting satire. Ferrara and Bologna were on bad terms with each other at the time when Odofredo da Benevento filled the chair of law. He differed from his professional brethren in the discharge of his office, inasmuch as he was wont to strew the hard and thorny ground of legal disquisition with historical illustrations and shrewd or pleasant anecdotes. In reference to the pending quarrel between the cities, he quaintly remarked—*à propos* of some maxim of Ulpian or Paulus—"Hence, gentlemen, we may infer that every man, who comes into the presence of a magistrate, is bound to treat him with respect; whereas, the Ferrarese, so far from obeying this sound and wholesome rule, even if they were in God's presence, would neither bend their knees nor doff their bonnets."

The private jealousies of these learned men were as alert as their public predilections. Accursius having learned that his rival Odofredo had been diligently collecting, with a view to prompt publication, his *glosses* on the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and having himself long been occupied with a similar work, gave his lectures to the winds, bolted out his pupils, announced that he was at death's door, and employed his stolen leisure in anticipating his rival's work. We shall not open an account of the private lives and conversation of the old civilians; it would lead us too far into the region of questionable anecdotes. We find some of them branded with

the charge of avarice as regarded their scholars, and others with that of profusion or personal ostentation. The most serious imputation upon Accursius is insinuated by Dante;* yet it must be added, that if he leaves one civilian in Hell, he has sent another on the high road to Paradise.

Amid all the improvements of our metropolis the common lawyers are still indifferently lodged; and the civilians have little to boast of as regards their accommodation. Trade builds itself palaces in this country, but the dispensers of Justice are imprisoned during two-thirds of the year in apartments which exclude the light and defy ventilation. Even the Hall of Rufus, where Themis has been enthroned for centuries, is shorn of its proportions, and its detached courts present little that is either venerable or picturesque. But the Italian civilians were not only handsomely housed at the public charge, but presided in halls where the genius of the artist was employed for the convenience and dignity of the law. At Florence, Pisa, and Bologna, the courts of justice were the ornaments of their respective cities; and though inferior in size and grandeur to the town halls of the Netherlands, they were neither crowded into alleys, nor obscure and sordid in their interior. Brescia was by no means distinguished among the Lombard towns either by its enterprise or the character of its structures, but it provided handsomely for the accommodation of its magistrates and professors. In the annals of Jacopo Malvezzi, who wrote at the beginning of the fifteenth century, we find the following description of the new palace of justice, which was erected in the year 1223: "In that year the citizens built a fair palace, and annexed to it a tower of rare device. And this they did so that the townsmen might have one building where the counsels and sages of the law might dwell, and whence they might issue their decrees and awards; for before that time each quarter of the town had its own judge and law-court. And I shall tell you a wonderful matter, yet one well attested both by ancient men and writings. Brescia was then so populous that even that spacious hall seemed narrow: for thither flocked on the days when the court held its sittings the most worshipful and wealthy citizens, and troops of knights, attended by their esquires, so that the beholder saw no faint image of the old Roman pomp. The college of the lawyers, when these grave men were all assembled,

* *Inferno*, xv. 106; *Purgator.* vi.

showed like Plato's or Aristotle's school, even in those brave days when Europe and Asia sent their young men to hear their wise lore; and in the midst of that goodly company of men of various conditions sat on lofty chairs the luminaries of the law, insomuch that a man might deem them no other than the senators and the people of Rome." But this stateliness was brief. The glory of Brescia departed; and the annalist comparing its former with its latter estate, laments over the empty courts and the deserted streets of the declining city. "Where is now that fair college of venerable sages—where the crowds of grave citizens, the just consuls, the wise assessors, and their attendant pomp and chivalry? The Brescian Hall of Justice now contains a single Podestà and a few hungry pleaders." A foreign king ruled in Lombardy, and the honor of the civilians was among the things that had been.

We shall not attempt with our narrow limits a task which even the minute diligence of Tiraboschi declined—an account of the order and succession of the civilians in the Italian schools. They did not indeed, even at their most prosperous epochs, attain to the universal fame and sounding titles of the theologians of the dark ages; they were not designated as the irrefragable, the seraphic, or the angelic doctors of their profession. For the influence of the church pervaded Europe, while that of the civil law was confined to certain portions of it. It is enough to know that the reputation of Azzo and Accursius, of Bartolus and Baldus, of Aecoli, Fulgosius, and Panormitanus, were once as celebrated as that of Arago, Faraday, and Owen at the present day. But the names of the modern sages are inseparably connected with the laws of nature, whereas the honors of the civilians depended on the precarious tenure of the learning which they professed.

But although the credit of the old civilians has nearly declined to the level of that of the ancient alchemists, the fruits of their studies have not entirely perished with them, and their labors upon the text and elucidation of Justinian's Laws paved the way for the researches of Heineccius in the last century, and Savigny in the present. The study of the Roman law is still both an essential adjunct to classical literature and an admira-

ble discipline of the intellectual powers. The severe logic, the minute distinctions and the scrupulous language of the Jurists demand and exercise, in a degree scarcely inferior to science itself, the faculties of reason and observation, nor can we furnish a better recommendation to Mr. Sandars' edition of the *Institutes* than the following remarks of a distinguished living scholar, which, while they deplore the neglect of the Roman law by the English Universities, assert its value as an object of study—"That in this country, where we profess to cultivate ancient learning, we should so long have neglected the study of the Roman law, the best and only original part of their literature, and should have gone on in the dark, admiring and thinking that we understood the writings of Cicero, our model of Latinity, is a proof the strongest possible, of the degradation into which classical studies have sunk in our higher places of education. In one University, lectures on the civil law have ceased to be given, though there is still a professor, and in the other, though lectures are given and degrees are taken in civil law, it is well known in how little estimation both the subject itself and the degrees are held by those who follow what may be called the regular studies of the University. Instead of the lectures on civil law being considered as auxiliary and part of the Latin studies of the University, an attendance on the course of civil law and a residence in the Hall where the lectures are delivered, are generally viewed rather as a convenient means of obtaining a degree. Such being the case, it would not be an easy matter for the professor to restore the study of the civil law to its proper dignity, and to make it an integral part of the University course."

Mr. Sandars may have reason to complain that we have treated him like the extinct John Doe and Richard Roe of the common law, and ignored his personality while we made use of his name. In seeking, however, to direct attention to the object of his studies, we have not been forgetful of his editorial cares. Should the civil law reassert its dignity as a branch of University learning, Mr. Sandars' edition of Justinian's *Institutes* deserves to become the text-book of the law-schools.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE OLD POET WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER in swaddling clothes, mewling and and puking in his nurse's arms, and Edmund Waller in the rôle of lean and slipped pantaloon,—between these twain how long, changeful, eventful an interval of time! They may be taken as two symbols, representing the one the positive pole and the other the negative pole—that is to say the right and the wrong end of the electrically-charged seventeenth century.

There are eighty odd seasons of fair and foul weather *
Between them.

When Edmund was born, the first of the Stuarts was beginning to settle himself on his newly-acquired throne, as snugly as gunpowder plots beneath it would allow. When Edmund died, the last of the male Stuarts was slipping from *his* as fast as fastest Orangeman could wish. The poet came into the world when our literature was in its rich and rare Shaksperian prime; when he left the world, our literature was degrading into French foppery, frippery, frivolity,—verging on that anti-Shaksperian epoch, the worshipful Augustan age. Between Waller's baptism and his funeral occurred the Great Rebellion and the Glorious Restoration. Another year to his long lease of life, and he had seen the Revolution of '88. In his young days were being celebrated those "lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun," whereat the Herricks, Fletchers, Jonsons, quaffed the mighty bowl, charged

with such clusters "as made them nobly wild, not mad." In his old days, the theatres and taverns were haunted by people with whom Shakspeare was out of date, out of mind, and Milton insufferable unless served up with Dryden's *tag-rag* and *bobtail*. Milton himself, within Waller's career, was born, wrote himself among the immortals, and, as far as could be, deceased. Within the same term of years, Cowley struggled for preferment—labored to become "for ever known, and make the age to come his own"—retired in disappointment, pined in seclusion, and died despondent. Before half that term was over, Suckling, Waller's junior by some three summers, had carolled his last gay lyric. Waller was at man's estate when Isaac Barrow and Robert South were born, but he wrote verses at leisure and made speeches at St. Stephen's after they were both housed in earth. Older than Fuller and Marvell, than the astute Clarendon, and the Platonic More, than John Bunyan the poetic and John Owen the ponderous, than Otway who expressed the woes of Belvidera, than Roscommon who alone of Charles's satellites could "boast unspotted bays," than Rochester whom nothing in his life became so well as the leaving it, than Butler who lashed that stubborn crew of errant saints "whose chief devotion lies in odd perverse antipathies," than Denham who sang of Cooper's Hill in verse "though gentle yet not dull," than Davenant who took his stand so doubtfully by the "legitimate drama" in general and Shakspeare in particular, though himself, by his spectacular successes, a main cause of Shakspeare's eclipse and the legitimate drama's decline, than Sir Thomas Browne who enshrined the flies of vulgar errors in the amber of imposing rhetoric, than Jeremy Taylor whose buoyant imagination and whose chastened devotion together soared to and expatiated among things above—older than these, and many more than these, of our seventeenth century British classics, real or reputed, Edmund Waller survived them all, and some of them by many a long year.

* A line parodied from one of Wordsworth's least known but not least noticeable poems—noticeable not only for its picturesque interest, but as one of his most successful (but wisely rare) attempts at the humorous—viz., "The Two Thieves; or, the Last Stage of Avarice:"

"The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,
His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather,
Between them, and both go a-pilfering together."

Before he was eighteen, Waller had made his *début* in poetry and parliament both. At eighty-two he still courted the Muses, and still wrote himself M. P. In the interval, chances and changes there were too decisive not to put the veriest trimmer on his mettle; convulsions of a sufficiently sub-surface kind; revolutions not at all of the rose-water hue and strength. But, with one unfortunate exception, Edmund Waller kept his political barque, as he did his versification, in smooth water, and was as little obliged *ab extra* as he was disposed *ab intra*, to rough it. He was on good terms with himself, and sought to maintain the same happy understanding with all sorts and degrees of men, in an age certainly diversified by men of all sorts and every degree. He was a man of the world, and like Macklin's *the Man of the World*, he kept bowing. Was the British Solomon on the throne? Waller bowed—made a leg as he spouted his verses or his speeches—was dazzled by the blaze of that peerless royalty, and blessed himself above the Queen of Sheba. Was it Charles the Martyr who wore the crown? Waller bowed, and hymned his praises in lofty strokes of hyperbole and liberal compliments from the Pantheon. Did Cromwell sway his country's destinies? Waller bowed as low as ever—was it not his own "cousin" and his country's Protector?—and sang and lauded his name in better voice and more swelling numbers than he had done the two Stuarts that had been, or would do the two that were to come. When these latter came, he still bowed; his spinal column was as flexible under old Rowley as under old Noll, his courtiership was equally graceful whether practiced among the regicides of his middle age, or the high church-and-king men of his octogenarian days. He would not, we may be sure, have been a non-juror, had he lived a year or two longer, but would have made his best bow to great Nassau, and would have paid him some more graceful flattery than did Dryden in designing the nose of the pious *Æneas*.

If time and tide could not wait for Waller, Waller at the least could wait upon them. The time was out of joint; the tide was high and boisterous, the spring-tide of a sea of troubles. But if the time was out of joint, our gentle Edmund was not born to set it right; nor was it for him to take arms against that sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. He was not of the same mould with his cousin Hampden, and his cousin Cromwell. He could admire them very much when their star was in the ascendant,

and could chant their virtues in the most mellifluous strains; but do not demand from the complaisant poet the practical earnestness of his kinsmen, any more than you would from grim Oliver the saraband lines on Chloris and Hylas, or the gallant addresses to Amoret and Saceharissa. And after all, if Waller was not a strong-minded man, let us not regard him as altogether an unprincipled one, or as one devoid of heart and content to have it so. Convictions he had, but they were mild, and shrunk from the rude handling of robust objectors. Principles he had, but of no aggressive or stubborn sort. He could speak out on occasion, but then he hated a noise, and as a man of taste was shocked at, and speedily checked himself, when his voice was heightening its key and swelling its tone. So that when he played the lion, he only so far aggravated his voice as to roar you as gently as any sucking dove—he would roar you and 'twere any nightingale. In the agitating session of 1640, when the Commons refused supplies until their catalogue of grievances had been dealt with, Waller's "intimate connection with Hampden," in the words of Mr. Bell,* "encouraged the expectation that he would take the popular side," and inveigh with a will against ship-money, monopolies, innovations in religion, breaches of privilege, and "star-chamber business." And be it fairly recorded that Waller did, on this occasion, speak up for his order, and defend the postponement of supplies to discussion of grievances. At the same time he sought to abate the strife of tongues, and to infuse or restore an element of respect towards the king, by the respectful moderation with which he referred to Charles himself—dexterously shifting the blame of arbitrary practices from most excellent majesty to most reverend episcopacy, from the crowned head of the prince to the lawny shoulders of the bishops. Dr. Johnson calls this oration of Waller's "one of those noisy speeches which disaffection and discontent regularly dictate; a speech filled with hyperbolic complaints of imaginary grievances.... His topic is such as will always serve its purpose: an accusation [against the clergy] of acting and preaching only for preferment; and he ex-

* Poetical Works of Edmund Waller. Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1854. Forming a volume of the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets," and very able are the annotations, and very praiseworthy the editing of this monthly series, as the reader, let us hope, is by purchase and perusal monthly convinced.

horts the Commons carefully to provide for their 'protection against pulpit law.'* Yet there is nothing, Mr. Bell contends, in the speech more palpable than its freedom from exaggeration, and its loyal desire to reconcile the king and the parliament, just as there is nothing in history more certain than that the grievances complained of were real. Johnson elsewhere allows that Waller was above compliance in all things with the popular side, and that in the debate as to the abolition of episcopacy, he, so lately the assailant of the church party, spoke with exemplary coolness, reason, and firmness, against the abolitionists. Clarendon testifies to the great "sharpness and freedom" with which Waller opposed the majority, in subsequent proceedings, and says that "all men knew what liberty Mr. Waller took, and spoke every day with impunity against the sense and proceedings of the House." But he seems to have been believed all the while, by the House itself, to be acting a part—at least to be, in effect, radically at one with the Parliamentarians—as was signified by his being appointed one of the commissioners to treat for peace with the king, after the battle of Edgehill. At the royal interview, a civil remark from Charles "so deeply affected" the poet, that, according to Whitelock, he then and there formed the resolve to engage in what is celebrated as "Waller's Plot;" while Fenton's story is,† that he had already so committed himself, and that the king's words were meant to intimate his acquaintance with, and gratitude for, the design.

As Lord William Russell's "plot" became involved in its results with one of a very different kind, so Waller's "plot," the object of which was to reinstate Charles by moral, not physical force, became entangled with one by Crispe, whose purpose was to use physical force as soon and as liberally as ever he could command it. Parallel straight lines in geometry never meet. But parallel crooked plots in politics very commonly meet, and that to their mutual discomfiture. The public are not scrupulous to discriminate in such cases between the physical force party and the moral force.‡ It is easier to identify than to dissect; and thus the mild congress of confederates is confounded with the perilous nest of conspirators. Waller was not a conspirator; he was only a quiet confederate. Happily, in the sequel, he was treated accord-

ingly; others of the confederacy were executed in front of their own houses, but Waller, first by getting his trial put off, then by appealing from the military tribunal to the House of Commons, and lastly by the artful style of his defence, or rather submission, (not forgetting a "matter" of thirty thousand pounds in bribes,) managed to save his head, and was let off with a fine of ten thousand pounds and banishment for life. This affair, however, it is, on account of which those who scorn Edmund Waller claim their right to scorn him. He and his brother-in-law, Tomkyns, his right-handed man in the plot, when the plot was discovered, with abject haste protested their forwardness to confess not only whatever they knew, but whatever they suspected in the case of others. In the hope of thereby securing their own immunity, they sowed broadcast on this side and that, charges of conspiracy and imputations of bad faith. Waller was ready to play the informer *ad libitum*. He named the Earl of Portland, and that peer was put in custody of the mayor. He named Lord Conway, and his lordship was handed over to the sheriff. Against neither was there any evidence but Waller's, and after durance vile and long, they were both admitted to bail. He named the Earl of Northumberland, but him the parliament was afraid to meddle with. Then he offered to give to parliament a full and particular account of the private conversation of titled ladies, to whose confidence he had won his way by the prestige of poetry and wit; to tell how they corresponded with malignants, through what channels, to what extent, with what ulterior designs. "In plain terms," says his latest biographer, "he offered to turn informer against all those who had imposed implicit trust in his integrity, expecting thereby his own safety, which is said to have been promised him by Pym." And this treachery, Mr. Bell justly adds, was all the more despicable, because it was gratuitous and unnecessary; for the parliament knew little or nothing definite of the plot, except the information acquired from these voluntary confessions. As for his own narrow escape, royalists and republicans agree to record it with contempt. "Waller, though confessedly," says Clarendon, "the most guilty, with incredible dissimulation acted such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding." "Waller, for being more knave than the rest," says Lucy Hutchinson, "and impeaching his accomplices, was permitted to buy his life for

* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, edited by Peter Cunningham, (John Murray, 1854,) vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

† See Bell's *Memoir of Waller*, p. 29.

ten thousand pounds." Broken and battered in mind, body, and estate, Waller betook himself to foreign parts; residing for some time at Rouen, and thence removing to Paris, where he seems to have speedily recruited his strength and spirits, and kept up a table the profusion of which involved him in some pecuniary straits. He now obtained leave from Cromwell to return to England, and spent his remaining years* in poesy and parasitism, peace and plenty. His courtiership, chameleon-like, took its hue and cry from whatever power it fastened on for the time being; in its essence there was an absolute sameness, in its accidents a signal variety; with constancy the most admirable it glorified Oliver, and Charles, and James; with inconstancy the most exquisite it transferred its passion from the one to the other. A courtier was Edmund Waller to the backbone; the *facile princeps* of his day in polite adulation and elegant complimentary verses,—bubble-like, sparkling and very hollow. Kings, dukes, duchesses, countesses,—all were treated with similar grace and thin superficial polish. Rightly says old Samuel Johnson, that neither Cromwell nor Charles could value Waller's panegyric as the effect of conviction, or receive his praises as effusions of reverence: "he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue." Clarendon imputes to our supple minstrel a habit of "insinuation and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with." The extent of that flattery, and its utter hollowness, were memorably shown when Waller declared, after inspecting the Duchess of Newcastle's verses on the Death of a Stag, that he would have given all his own compositions to have written them; then, in reply to a remonstrance on the exaggeration of this compliment, assuring the remonstrant, that "nothing was too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the

disgrace of such a vile performance." There needed not, however, any such illustration of the poet's insincerity in glossing eulogies. We feel as we read that he could not feel as he wrote. One touch of nature, one outbreak of the heart, one sigh from the depths,—how many dozen pages of his you may turn over, how many score of verses of his you may examine, before you meet with *that*!

Despite his shallow-heartedness, however, despite his proved readiness to turn informer against coroneted Chloris and Galatea, after their ladyships had admitted him into their boudoirs, as freely as they admitted their own espoused, duly coroneted, and dearly beloved Sylvanders and Damons,—Waller was yet, and continued to the end of the chapter, a general favorite, uncommonly well "received" in society. There were attractive social qualities about the man. He loved to have around his table gatherings of the gay world, and cheerily discussed his glass of water, while the rest of the company were pretty far advanced in what the late Dr. Maginn used to call "civilization."* Pottle-deep roisterers delighted in the radiant fancies and conversational spirits of the urbane water-drinker, whose sallies came forth as fast, and told as well, as if they had been inspired by the best of frolic wine. If not a boon companion himself, he was the best of company for boon companions. Mr. Savill, a well-soaked wine bibber of the day, with a profound distaste for water drinkers in general, had a mighty kindness for Ned Waller in particular; no man in England, he swore, should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller. There he sat, the ambrosial-wigged old gentleman—keeping the table, not in a roar, but in the sprightliest humor—his "full eye," as gossip Aubry says, "popping out and working" restlessly, as a pleasurable flush tinted his "fair thin skin," and animated anew that pensive "oval face, somewhat of an olivaster," while pleasant complacency smoothed for a space the teeming wrinkles of his high forehead. Clarendon, who had no kindness for him,—and there was no love lost between them,—declares that the excellence and power of his wit, and pleasantness of his conversation, quite availed to cover a world of very great faults—that these winning qualities preserved his life (at the time of the Tomkyns and Crispe plots) from those who were most resolved to take it, and then preserved him again from the reproach and

* It was believed that at the very close of his career, when already his eightieth year was come and gone, Waller had the independence and the spirit to make a determined stand in parliament against James's absolutism. That belief has been dispelled, unwillingly, by Mr. Macaulay. The speech on the occasion referred to, which had been ascribed to Waller, turns out to have been really made by a Mr. Windham. "It was with some concern," says the historian, "that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honorable to him."—*Macaulay: Hist. of Eng.* ii. 24, note, 9th edition.

* *Civilization*—by syncope, i. e., says De Quincey, by hicough, for "civilisation."

contempt due to him for the means and manner of his escape—and that they “continued to his age, with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied where he was most detested.” Some of his *mots* and repartees are to this day as well known, as in his they were highly relished. For example, the answer to Charles II., when his Majesty twitted Waller with the inferiority of his “Congratulation” to his “Panegyric” on Cromwell: “Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.” Or his reply when told that James II. “wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling Church”—the lady being betrothed to Dr. Birch, a clergyman of the establishment: “The king does me great honor in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling church has got a trick of rising again.” The fatal policy of James was commented on by Waller with the remark, that “he would be left like a whale upon the strand.” In a conversation with James himself, when Waller incidentally named Queen Elizabeth as “the greatest woman in the world,” “I wonder,” said the king, “you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council.” “And, sir,” said Waller, “did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?” His pointed sayings in parliament were eagerly caught at within doors, and sure of an extraordinary run without. Honorable members, when they saw the venerable Father of the House on his legs, counted as expectantly on something piquant as, in the present day, their successors do, when the Speaker has called on Mr. Henry Drummond or (not to be one-sided) Mr. Bernal Osborne. Bishop Burnet assures us Waller was the “delight of the house, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.” Touching Duke James’s influence in his brother’s lifetime, “Waller, the celebrated wit,” observed, that the House of Commons had resolved the duke should not reign after the king’s death; but the king, in opposition to them, had resolved he should reign even in his life. An earlier parliamentary *mot* of his, respecting a motion that recruits in the parliament troops should, as a *sine quâ non*, be “faithfull and skilfull riders,” is quoted by Mr. Cunningham from L’Estrange: “It is most necessary,” said the poet, when pressed to speak to the motion, “that riders be faithfull least they runne away with their horses, and skilfull least their horses runne away with them.” Burnet was probably right, however, when he alleged

that Waller, in his performances on the Westminster stage, was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded; and that “he never laid the business of the house to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty man.” Vanity and emptiness underlie the wit of his verses, as well as of his life and conversation.

For Johnson has done him no wrong in saying that Waller, as a poet, is never pathetic and very rarely sublime; that the general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety; and that he seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature nor amplified by learning. His behavior in the *Saccharissa affaire de cœur* testifies to the qualities of his *cœur*—to its want of depth, warmth, and healthy action. The reproaches he heaps on her, in the lines “At Penshurst,” when about to become the bride of another, must have strengthened Saccharissa’s aversion from the idea of mating with a man of *his* disposition.* Mr. Bell remarks that he resigned himself to his fate, on this occasion, much in the manner of a man of easy gallantry in one of Etherege’s comedies—writing a letter stuffed with coarse railery to Saccharissa’s sister, which “strikingly illustrates the elasticity of spirit with which the vicissitudes of love were endured in those days.”† Adulation conveyed in fluent metre and easy rhymes, this Waller could do *con amore*, and to the satisfaction of princes, peers, potentates and patrons in general. He weighs the first Charles’s good deeds against King David’s—Charles being then but a giddy juvenile, just returned from his Spanish adventures,—and of course King David kicks the beam. He compares with Solomon’s the “ships and buildings” perfected by Charles, and almost pities the Queen of Sheba. He is thankful that Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love, moves in a sphere high enough to save the world from conflagration by the glance of her peerless eye. He is most thankful that Heaven sent, in the person of Cromwell, the “only cure” for England’s disasters, “so much power and piety in one”—Cromwell, whose “private life did a just pattern give, how fathers, husbands, pious sons should live,”—whose “flaming courage,” and whose “matchless worth” dazzled all eyes; and upon whose

* But she could hardly have been prepared at any time for the bitterness and cold malice of the reply ascribed to him, on her asking him, in her old age, when he would again write such verses upon her as those of long ago.

† See the Letter in Bell’s “Waller,” p. 80.

bosom England "toil-oppressed" now gratefully reposed "her weary head." He is thankful to turn from the "matchless worth" of Cromwell to the incomparable virtues of the second Charles: true, that when Cromwell died,* the poet had sung how

Nature herself took notice of his death,
And sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows rolled,
The approaching fate of their great rulers told:

but what of that? what so easy as to "suffer a sea-change"? the sea was in agony at Oliver's decease, but Charles comes back, king, and to enjoy his own again, and *then*, sings Waller,

——— the revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.

To Cromwell, Waller had said,

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you—

and he had assured him of the reverent fear of surrounding and envious realms, and would bring bays and olives

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbor-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

But when another king arose who knew not "Joseph," Waller was of opinion that "Joseph" had brought the country to degradation, to become a very scorn of men, and a byword among the nations:

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbors, who began to think
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
The giant isle has got her eye again.

Charles is the Alexander who has cut distracted England's Gordian knot; the Archimedes whose "power and skill make the

* That Waller should be at the trouble to sing any good of Cromwell, after Cromwell was dead, has been charitably urged as a proof of his superiority to the mere flatterer's arts. But the Cromwell influence was not dead, and one of Cromwell's name and blood, if not of Cromwell's spirit and after his own heart, was his successor in the Protectorate. Waller himself, indeed, refutes the charitable construction, when he says that his panegyric on Oliver was all fiction.

world's motion wait upon his will;" the Job, "patience-crowned," whose "trouble ends" in multiplied joy. James, again, is a "bolder hero" than "great Achilles," another Mars "sent down by Jove to scourge perfidious men." Waller is, indeed, ever profuse of mythological illustrations: there was a craze for them among the poets and poetasters of the time; Milton indulged it, as where he is reminded by Eden of the vale of Enna, and by Satan's struggle through opposing ranks, of Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Odysseus between Scylla and Charybdis. But Waller is a very prodigal of his classical stores. He thinks he can never give us too much of his gods and demigods, that his nymphs and goddesses can never be *de trop*. And so we have perpetual *entrées* and *rentrees* of cloud-compelling Jove, and rosy Bacchus, and divine Arion, and bright Aurora, and ruffled Thetis, and fair Leucothoe, and Phœbus with the silver bow and the golden tresses, Venus emerging from the sea, and Hebe from the celestial wine-stores, and Vulcan from his smoky cave. When Charles II. plants young trees "in even ranks" in St. James's Park, he is certified that "the voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand, in better order could not make them stand." Lady Sophia Murray—presuming her ladyship to be Waller's *Amoret*,—is complimented on having, among other good points, a "waist as straight and clean as Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod, and powerful too, as either god." The first Charles's escape from shipwreck (1623) is recorded in verse replete with allusions to "Neptune's smooth face," "Bacchus, the seed of cloud-compelling Jove," "Titan's car," Phaeton, "great Maro," "angry Juno," "bold Æneas," "angry Thetis," "Cupid's string of many shafts," Jason, Theseus, old Musæus, Priam, and Hero and Leander.

The "conceits" of Waller are not uncommonly more free than welcome. His thoughts, says Johnson, are sometimes hyperbolic, and his images unnatural. A Lady Dancing suggests to the poet that "the sun in figures such as these, joys with the moon to play." "Upon his Majesty Repairing of St. Paul's" we are told that

He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confused heap;
For in his art of regiment is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.

"The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning" is
"A Venus rising from a sea of jet." The

Parcæ have cut off by untimely death the Duchess of Hamilton (1638), but the poet will ensure her life in his verse :

But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.

Saccharissa is addressed in some lines on "The Lady who can sleep when she pleases" (by the way, Saccharissa's portrait at Penshurst, according to Mr. Bell, is curiously suggestive of this power of sleeping at pleasure*), which begin :

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Saccharissa's eyes,
As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven
By strife and loud impiety was driven ;
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs.

Anon Waller's "Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies, to light her torch at Gloriana's eyes ;" Henrietta Maria is Gloriana, and it seems

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopped limb away.

"My Lady Isabella" enchants a select coterie by her performances on the lute, *plus* the bye-play of her *beaux yeux*, and we are told how

The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud—

and then that

So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed
His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.

The "iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn," for purposes of war, force from our bard the lament—

How high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !

The Princess (afterwards Queen Mary) is complimented after this Samsonian sort :

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came ;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

* "The languishing softness of her large dreamy eyes, notwithstanding the latent fire they conceal, betrays the luxurious sense of deep repose indicated in the poem."—*Bell's "Waller,"* p. 78.

But enough of Waller's *conceits*—a line of things in which, after all, he enjoys the repute of being a sweeping reformer.

Were we to cite instances of rough and unmusical verses in Waller, it might but serve to make exceptions prove the rule: the rule being, in his metrical composition, a peculiar smoothness and evenness of structure. It is rarely, then, that one meets with lines so "all unsweet" and shambling as *ex. gr.*,

So seemed her youthful soul not easily forced,
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorced.
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow ;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.*

Or this couplet :

So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.†

Or this line :

Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
shields.‡

Or this stanza :

Great goddess! give this thy sacred island rest ;
Make heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.‡

Smoothness is too established a claim of Waller's to be disproved by a few rough-shod jog-trot specimens of this kind. Mr. Hallam ascribes to him a more uniform elegance, a more sure facility and happiness of expression, as well as a greater exemption from glaring faults, such as pedantry, extravagance, conceit, quaintness, obscurity, ungrammatical and unmeaning constructions, than any of the Caroline era with whom he would naturally be compared. His principal merit, says Mr. Bell, is that of having been the first who uniformly observed the obligations of a strict metrical system. Elijah Fenton dubs him the very

Maker and model of melodious verse.

"Waller's sweetness" has come down to us in conjunction with "Denham's strength," bracketed together like downright Shippen and old Montaigne. But the sweetness is faintly perceptible to some organs of taste ; it is in Saccharissa's poet saccharine, sugary—

* *Thyris, Galatea.*

‡ *Of the Queen.*

† *To my Lord Admiral.*

§ *Puerperium.*

not the sweetness of poets who sing an "angel's song that bids the heavens be mute," or a lullaby soothing as the *susurrus* of hidden brook in the leafy month of June. Finished, elaborate, and correct he is, above his fellows, exemplifying at some expense of time and toil his own monition to polish like marble the lines you would have last like marble, to "reform" them, and not "compose in haste." He seems always, as Johnson said, to do his best, however unworthy of his care be the subject of his strains. There are ten lines of his "writ in the *Tasso* of Her Royal Highness," which are said to have cost him the best part of a summer to finish off. His very earliest poem he seems to have lingered over with all the fastidiousness and caution of mature taste. In reference to certain stanzas of Roscoe's, which, drawing a parallel between the poets and the painters (e. g. Michael Angelo with Milton, Romano with Dryden, Correggio with Pope, &c.), suggest that,

Opposed to WALLER's amorous song
His art let wanton TITIAN try,—

it was justly objected by Hartley Coleridge that there can be no fair comparison between Titian as a painter, and Waller as a poet, if established fame be a criterion of merit. "Titian did not paint epigrams. If a pictorial correlative must be found for Waller, let him pair off with Monsieur Petitot, the famous miniaturist in enamel, who compressed the charms of many a court beauty into the dimension of a bracelet, which the fair original might wear unobtrusively upon her slender wrist. But besides the egregious inquality of the mighty Venetian and the

English courtier, Waller's real merit consisted in certain elegances of thought and light turns of phrase, for which the pencil offers no equivalent." Apart from these, what becomes of his pretensions to an entry in the Book of the Poets—unless his *Panegyric* on Cromwell, and the poem to "The War with Spain" retain their hold on the public? It is by such graceful *morceaux* as the lines "On a girdle," and the song, "Go, lovely rose," that Waller is still known to us, and almost by them alone.

Writing when he did, and what he did,—love poems, and poems to tickle the fancy, to amuse idle dignities, to flatter courtly rakes,—it is most note-worthy that Edmund Waller shunned what his fellow-choristers for the most part affected, a vile prurience of thought and imagery, foul from the core of the sentiment to the rind of the phrase. All honor to his abstinence from the common pandering to vice and all uncleanness. And happy is it that the last impression he leaves us is the best. He dictated "Divine Poems" when he was old, very old, and his eyes were dim, so that he could not see. He tells us there, in solemn and revering verse, his thoughts and aspirations, his regrets for the past, his hopes for the future. It is in an awful attitude that we leave him—*moriturus nos salutat*. His latest lines, if not quite sublime or pathetic, are all but both. *Miratur limen Olympi*:

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

ANECDOTE OF MR. MACAULAY.—An amusing—and absurd—anecdote of Mr. Macaulay is making a tour of the country papers. According to an unknown storyteller, Mr. Macaulay, being desirous of obtaining information respecting eighteenth-century poetry, as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads of a singing boy. Happening to turn round, as he reached his home, he perceived the boy with a circle of young friends, keeping close at his heels. "Have I not given you your price, sir?" asks the historian.

"All right, guv'ner," was the response, "we're only waiting till you begin to sing." Of course the story is apocryphal.

It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir David Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard, in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions, and other smaller sculptures, are so delicately cut, and so minute, as to be "almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A STORY OF EMS.

Ems is a charming place. It lies about twelve miles to the south-east of Coblenz, in the valley of the Lahu,—that miniature Rhine, all bordered with orchards and vineyards, and steep wooded hills. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of the town, which consists of one long irregular line of hotels and lodging-houses, with the mountains at the back, the river in front, and long double rows of accacias and lindens planted at each side of the carriage-way. Swarms of donkeys with gay saddles, attended by drivers in blue blouses and scarlet-trimmed caps, loiter beneath the trees, soliciting hire. The Duke of Nassau's band plays alternate selections of German, Italian, and French music in the pavilion in the public garden. Fashionable invalids are promenading. Gaming is going forward busily in the Conversation-Haus alike daily and nightly. Ladies are reading novels and eating ices within hearing of the band; or go by, with colored-glass tumblers in their hands, towards the Kurhaus, where the hot springs come bubbling up from their nauseous sources down in the low vaulted galleries filled with bazaar-like shops, loungers, touters, and health-seekers. All is pleasure, indolence, and flirtation.

To Ems, therefore, came the Herr Graff von Steinberg—or, as we should say, the Count Von Steinberg—to drink the waters, and to while away a few weeks of the summer season. He was a tall, fair, handsome young man; an excellent specimen of the German dragoon. You would never suppose, to look at him, that anything of illness could be his inducement for visiting Ems; and yet he suffered from two very serious maladies, both of which, it was to be feared, were incurable by any springs, medicinal or otherwise. In a word, he was hopelessly in love, and desperately poor. The case was this:—His grandfather had left a large property, which his father, an irreclaimable

gambler, had spent to the uttermost farthing. The youth had been placed in the army, chiefly through the interest of a friend. His father was now dead; the inheritance for ever gone; and he had absolutely nothing beyond his pay as a captain of dragoons, and the distant prospect of one day retiring with the title and half-pay of major. A sorry future for one who was disinterestedly and deeply in love with one of the richest heiresses in Germany!

"Who marries my daughter will receive with her a dowry of 200,000 florins, and I shall expect her husband to possess, at the least, an equal fortune."

So said the Baron of Hohendorf, in cold reply, to the lover's timid declaration; and with these words still sounding in his ears, weighing on his spirits, and lying, by day and night, heavily upon his heart, came the Count von Steinberg, to seek forgetfulness, or, at least, temporary amusement, at the Brunnen of Ems. But in vain. Pale and silent, he roamed restlessly to and fro upon the public promenades, or wandered away to hide his wretchedness in the forests and lonely valleys around the neighborhood of the town. Sometimes he would mingle with the gay crowd in the Kurhaus, and taste the bitter waters; sometimes linger mournfully round the tables of the gaming company, gazing enviously, yet with a kind of virtuous horror, at the glittering heaps of gold and at the packets of crisp yellow notes which there changed hands so swiftly and in such profusion. But Albert von Steinberg was no gambler. He had seen and experienced the evil of that terrible vice too keenly already in his own father, to fall a prey to it himself. Years ago he had vowed never to play; and he had kept his oath, for no card had ever been touched by his hand. Even now, when he found himself, as it might happen now and then, looking on with some little interest at the gains and losses of others, he would

shudder, turn suddenly away, and not return again for days. Nothing could be more regular than his mode of life. In the morning he took the waters; at noon he walked, or read, or wrote; in the evening he strolled out again and heard the band, and by the time that all the society of the place was assembled in the ball-room or at the tables, he had returned to his quiet lodgings, and, perhaps, already gone to bed, in order that he might rise early the next morning to study some scientific work, or to take a pedestrian excursion to the ruins of some old castle within the limits of a long walk.

It was a dull life for a young man—especially with that sweet, sad recollection of Emma von Hohendorf pervading every thought, and every moment of the day. And all because he was poor! Was poverty a crime, he asked himself, that he should be punished for it thus? He had a great mind to throw himself off the rock where he was standing—or to throw himself into the river, if it were deep enough—or to go to the baron's own castle-gate, and shoot himself—or—or, in short, to do any thing desperate, if it were only sufficiently romantic; for his hot young German head, full of sentiment and Schiller, could be content with nothing less than an imposing tragedy.

He thought all this, sitting in a little fantastic summer-house perched high up on a ledge of steep rock just in front of the gardens and public buildings. He looked down at the gay company far beneath, and he heard the faint music of the royal band. The sun was just setting—the landscape was lovely—life was still sweet, and he thought that he would not commit suicide that evening, at all events. So he went moodily down the winding path-way, across the bridge, and, quite by chance, wandered once more into the Conversation Haus. The gaming was going on, the glittering gold pieces changing hands, the earnest players sitting round as usual. The sight only made him more unhappy.

"Two hundred thousand florins!" he thought to himself. "Two hundred thousand florins would make me the happiest man on earth, and I cannot get them. These men win and lose two hundred thousand florins ten times over in a week, and think nothing of the good, the happiness, the wealth they would be to numbers of their fellow-creatures. What a miserable dog I am!"

And he pulled his hat on fiercely, folded his arms, and strode out of the rooms, taking the road to his own lodging with so dismal an air that the people in the streets turned

and looked after him, saying, "He has lost money—we saw him come out of the gaming-rooms."

"Lost money!" muttered he to himself, as he went into his garret and locked the door; "lost money, indeed! I wish I had any to lose."

And poor Albert Von Steinberg fell asleep, lamenting that the age of fairies and gnomes had passed away.

His sleep was long, sound, and dreamless—for young men, in spite of love and poverty, can sleep pleasantly. He woke somewhat later than he had intended, rubbed his eyes, yawned, looked lazily at his watch, laid down again, once more opened his eyes, and at last sprang valiantly out of bed.

Was he still dreaming? Is it an hallucination? Can he be mad? No, it is real, true, wonderful! There upon the table lies a brilliant heap of golden pieces—hard, ringing, real golden pieces, and he turns them over, weighs them in his hands, lets them drop through his fingers to test the evidence of his senses.

How did it come there? That is the important question. He rings the bell violently once—twice—thrice. The servant runs up, thinking some dreadful accident has occurred.

"Some one has been here to call upon me this morning?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Indeed! Somebody, then, has been upstairs since I have been asleep."

"No, Monsieur."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Monsieur."

"Now speak the truth, Bertha; some one has been here; you are paid to deny it. Only tell me who it was, and I will give you double for your information."

The servant looks both alarmed and astonished.

"Indeed, there has not been a soul. Does Monsieur miss anything from his apartment? Shall I send for the *gens-d'armes*?"

The count looked searchingly in the girl's face. She looked wholly sincere and truthful. He tried every means yet left—adroit questions, insinuations, bribes, sudden accusations, but in vain. She had seen no one—heard no one; the door of the house was closed, and had not been left open. No one—absolutely no one had been there.

Puzzled, troubled, bewildered, our young friend dismissed her, believing, in spite of his surprise, the truth of what she stated. He locked the door and counted the money. Ten thousand florins! not a groschen more or less!

Well, it was there, but whence it came remained a mystery. "All mysteries clear themselves up in time," said he, as he locked the money up in his bureau. "I dare say I shall find it all out by-and-by. In the meantime I will not touch a single florin of it."

He tried not to think of it, but it was so strange a thing that he could not prevent it from running in his head. It even kept him awake at night, and took away his appetite by day. At last he began to forget it; at all events, he became used to it, and at the end of a week it had ceased to trouble him.

About eight days from the date of its occurrence, he woke, as before, thinking of Emma, and not at all of the money, when on looking round, lo! there it was again. The table was once more covered with glittering gold!

His first impulse was to run to the bureau in which the first ten thousand florins were stored away. Surely he must have taken them out the night before, and forgot to replace them. No, there they lay in the drawer where he had hidden them, and there upon the table was a second supply, larger, if any thing, than the first!

Pale and trembling he turned them over. This time there were some notes—Prussian and French—mingled with the gold—in all, twelve thousand florins.

He had locked his door—could it be opened from without by a skeleton key? He had a bolt fixed within that very day. Honest Albert von Steinberg! he took as much pains against fortune as others do against robbery!

Two days later, however, his invisible benefactor came again, notwithstanding all his precautions; and this time he found himself fourteen thousand florins the richer. It was an inexplicable prodigy! No one could have entered by the bolted door, or from the window, for he lived in a garret on the fourth story—or by the chimney, for the room was heated by a stove, the funnel of which was no thicker than his arm! Was it a plot to ruin him? or was he tempted by the powers of evil? He had a great mind to apply to the police, or to a priest (for he was a good Catholic),—still he thought he would wait a little longer. After all, there might be more unpleasant visitations!

He went out, greatly agitated, and walked about the entire day, pondering this strange problem. Then he resolved, if ever it recurred, to state his case to the *chef de police*, and to set a watch upon the house by night.

Full of this determination, he came home

and went to bed. In the morning, when he woke, he found that Fortune had again visited him. The first wonder of the thing had now worn off, and he rose, dressed himself, and sat down leisurely to count the money over before lodging his declaration at the *bureau de police*. While he was engaged in making up little rouleaux of gold, twenty in each rouleau, there came a sudden knocking at his door.

He had no visitors, no friends in Ems; he started like a guilty man, and threw an overcoat hastily upon the table, so as to conceal the gold. Could it be that this summons had any thing to do with the money? Was he suspected of something that—? The knock was repeated, this time more loudly, more imperatively. He opened the door. It was the Baron von Hohendorf!

"How! The Baron von Hohendorf in Ems! I am rejoiced—this honor—I—pray, be seated."

The poor young dragoon's heart beat so fast, and he trembled so with pleasure, and hope, and astonishment, that he could scarcely speak.

The baron looked at him steadily, but sternly, thrust back the proffered chair, and did not deign to take the slightest notice of the extended hand.

"Yes, Herr Count," he said drily. "I arrived yesterday at this place. You did not expect to see me."

"Indeed, no. It is a pleasure—a—delight—a——." He was so agitated that he forgot his visitor was standing, and sat down; but he rose up again directly.

"And yet I saw you, Herr Count, yesterday evening, as you came out of the Conversation-rooms."

"Me? Indeed, sir, I never visited the Conversation-rooms at all yesterday; but I am very sorry that I was not there, since I should have had the honor of meeting you."

"Pardon me, Herr Count, I saw you. It is useless to argue the point with me, for I stood close behind your chair for the greater part of an hour. Do you know why I am here this morning in your apartment?"

The young man blushed, faltered, turned pale. He knew but one reason that could have brought him a visit from the baron. Had he relented? Could it be his generous design to make two lovers' hearts happy by granting that consent which he formerly refused? There were things more impossible. The baron was capable of such goodness! Something to this effect he stammered in broken sentences, his eyes fixed upon the

ground, and his hands playing nervously with a pen.

The baron drew himself up to his full height. If he had looked stern before, he looked furious now. For a few moments he could hardly speak for rage. At last his wrath broke forth.

"Impertinence such as this, Herr Count, I did not expect! I came here, sir, to give some words of advice to your father's son—to warn—to interpose, if possible, between you and your destruction. I did not come to be insulted!"

"Insulted, baron?" repeated the young man, somewhat haughtily; "I have said nothing to call for such a phrase at your lips, unless, indeed, my poverty insults you. The richest man in this land could do no more than love your daughter, and were she a queen, the homage of the poorest would not disgrace her. Explain yourself, I beg."

"Permit me first to ask you one question. What brings you to Ems?"

The young man hesitated, and the baron smiled ironically.

"I came, sir," he said at length, "in search of—I will confess it—in search of peace, of forgetfulness, of consolation. I was not happy, sir—I—"

His voice broke: he looked down, and remained silent.

The baron laughed aloud—a harsh mocking laugh that caused Albert to raise his head with a movement of sudden indignation.

"I have not deserved this treatment at your hands, Baron Hohendorf," he said, turning away towards the window. "Your position as the father of one whom I dearly love protects you from the satisfaction I might demand; but I trust the time will come when you will recognize and acknowledge your injustice to me."

"What effrontery! You forget, then, that it is in my power to confront you with the proof of your vice; nay, at this instant to confound and convict you. What gold is this?"

And the old gentleman, whose eyes had already detected the glimmer of the coin beneath the coat, extended his hand, and lifted the garment away upon the end of his walking-stick. The lover turned pale, and could not speak.

"Der teufel! For a poor man you have, it seems, a well-filled purse for travelling! Ah! you never gamble?"

"Never, sir."

"Indeed! Pray, then, if your gold be

not the fruit of the gaming-table, whence comes it?"

"I know not. You will not believe me, I am aware, but I swear that I speak the truth. This gold comes here, I know not how. This is the fourth time I have found it upon my table. I can discover nothing of the source whence it arrives. I know not why it is here, who brings it, or how it is brought. By my honor as a gentleman and a soldier,—by all my hopes of happiness in this life or the next, I am utterly ignorant of every thing about it."

"This is too much!" cried the baron furiously. "Do you take me for an idiot or a dotard? Good morning to you, sir, and I hope I may never see your face again!"

And he slammed the door violently behind him, and went away down the stairs, leaving poor Von Steinberg utterly overwhelmed and broken-hearted. "Cursed gold!" he exclaimed, dashing it upon the floor in his anger, "what brought thee here, and why dost thou torment me!" Then the poor fellow thought of Emma, and of how his last chance was wrecked, and he was so miserable, that he actually threw himself upon his bed, and wept bitterly. All at once he remembered that the baron had a sister at Langeuschwalbach; she perhaps, would believe him, would intercede for him! He started up, resolved to go thither at once; hastily gathered together the scattered pieces of money; locked them up in the drawer with the rest; ran down straight to the neighboring carriage-stand; hired a vehicle to convey him to the railway station, and in less than half an hour he was on his way. In about three hours he arrived. He passed nearly the whole day in trying to discover the lady's address, and, when he had found it, was told that she had been for the last two months at Vienna. It was a foolish journey, with disappointment at the end of it! He came back quite late in the evening to Ems, and entered his own room, utterly broken down by anxiety and fatigue.

In the meantime, the baron, crimson with rage, had returned to his hotel, and told all the circumstances to his daughter. She could not believe in the guilt of her lover.

"He a gambler!" she exclaimed. "It is impossible!"

"But I saw the gold upon his table."

"He says he knows nothing of it, and he never told an untruth in his life. It will all be explained by-and-by."

"But I saw him playing at the tables."

"It was some other who resembles him."

"Will you believe it if you see him yourself?"

"I will, my father, and I will renounce him for ever; but not till then."

"Then you shall be convinced this evening."

The evening came, and the rooms were more than usually crowded. There was a ball in the *salon de danse*; refreshments in the ante-room; gaming, as usual, in the third apartment. The Baron von Hohendorf was there with his daughter and some friends. They made their way to the tables, but he whom they sought was not there. Eager faces enough were there around the board; faces of old women, cunning and avaricious; faces of pale dissipated boys, scarce old enough, one would have thought, to care for any games but those of the school ground; faces of hardened, cool, determined gamblers; faces of girls young and beautiful, and of men old and feeble. Strange table, around which youth, and beauty, and age, and deformity, and vice, should congregate together, and meet on equal ground!

Suddenly there was a movement at the farther end of the room; a whisper went round, the spectators made way, and the players drew aside for one who now approached and took his stand amongst them. This deference is shown only to those who play high and play frequently. Who is this noted gambler? Albert von Steinberg.

A cry of agony breaks from the pale lips of a young girl at the other end of the room, as she clings to the arm of an elderly gentleman beside her, and leans wildly forward to be sure that it is really he. Alas! it is no error—it is Albert! He neither hears nor heeds any thing around him. He does not even look towards where she stands. He seats himself very quietly, as a matter of course, takes some *rouleaux* of gold and a packet of notes from his pocket, stakes a large sum, and begins to play with all the cool audacity of one whose faith in his own luck is unshakeable, and who is perfect master of the game. Besides this, he carried his self-command to that point which is only to be attained by years of practice. It was splendid to see him so impassive. His features were fixed and inexpressive as those of a statue; the steady earnestness of his gaze was almost terrible; his very movements were scarcely those of a man liable to human frailties and human emotions; and the right hand with which he staked and swept

up the gold was stiff and mechanical as that of the commandant in *Don Giovanni*.

The baron could contain his indignation no longer. Leaving his daughter to the care of her friends, he made his way round the tables, and approached the young man's chair. He extended his hand to touch the player's arm, when his own was forcibly seized and held back. He turned, and saw one of the most celebrated physicians of Germany standing beside him.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, "do not speak to that young man, it might injure him!"

"That is exactly what I wish. I will disturb his calculations, the hypocrite."

"You will kill him."

"Pshaw! you are jesting with me."

"I am perfectly serious. Look at him," continued the physician, pointing to his pale face and set gaze; "look at him! He sleeps! A sudden shock might be his death. You can not see this, but I can. I have studied this thing narrowly, and I never beheld a more remarkable case of somnambulism."

The physician continued for some time conversing with the baron in an under tone. Presently the bank gave the signal; the players rose; the tables closed for that evening, and the Count von Steinberg, gathering up his enormous winnings, pushed back his chair and left the rooms, passing close before the baron without seeing him. They followed him down the street to his own door; he entered by means of his latch-key, and closed it behind him without a sound. There was no light in his window—no one in the house was awake—none but those two had seen him enter.

The next morning, when he awoke, he found a larger pile of gold than ever on his table. He was stupefied with amazement. He counted it, and he told over 44,000 florins.

Again there came a knock at his chamber-door. This time he did not even attempt to conceal the money; and when the baron and the physician entered he was too much troubled even to feel surprised at the sight of a stranger.

"You have come again to tell me that I am a gambler!" he exclaimed, despairingly, as he pointed to the gold, and leaned his head listlessly upon his hands.

"I say it, my young friend, because I saw it," replied the baron; "but at the same time I come to entreat your pardon for having accused you of it. You have played without knowing it; you have gambled, and yet you are no gambler."

"Yes," interrupted the physician; "for somnambulists often perform the very actions which they detest. But it is with you a mere functional derangement—not a settled habit—and I can easily cure you. But, perhaps," he added, smiling, "you do not wish to lose so profitable a malady. You may become a *millionaire*."

"Ah, doctor!" cried the count, "I place myself in your hands; cure me, I entreat you!"

"Well, well, there is time enough for that," said the baron; "first of all, shake hands, and let us be friends."

"I have a horror of play," replied the involuntary gambler, "and I shall instantly restore to the bank all that I have won. See, here is, altogether, 130,000 florins!"

"Take my advice, Albert," said the baron, "and do no such thing. Suppose that in your sleep you had lost 130,000 florins, do

you think the bank would have restored it to you? No, no; entertain no such scruples. Your father lost more than thrice that sum at those very tables,—it is but a restitution in part. Keep your florins, and return with me to my hotel, where Emma is waiting to receive your visit. You have 130,000 there, I will excuse the other 70,000 upon which I formerly insisted, and you can make it up in love. Are you content; or must you restore the money to the bank?"

History has not recorded the lover's reply; at all events, he quitted Ems that same day in company with the Baron von Hohendorf and his pretty daughter. The prescriptions of the learned physician have, it is said, already effected a cure, and the *Frankford Journal* of last week announces the approaching marriage of Mdmle. Von Hohendorf with Albert, Count of Steinberg.

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.*

THE conception of this work is extremely happy. Its object, as the title intimates, is to show that chemistry is deeply concerned in some of the commonest transactions of life. It is intended also to prove that many of the most prosaic operations we perform are fraught with romance when surveyed by the light which science affords. It is a work that brings meaning out of things where little or no meaning was supposed to exist before. Thoroughly practical in its character, it furnishes a fine illustration of the tendency which we would hope is daily increasing in strength—namely, to ransack the humblest departments of inquiry, and the most beaten walks of life, in search of the beautiful and the marvellous. How different were

the uses to which chemistry was originally applied! The laboratory was once a place where men tried experiments with "powders of projection," and sought to conjure pewter into gold. It was a place where desperate efforts were made to brew a liquid of sufficient potency to dissolve all substances, from a lump of salt to a block of granite. It was a place where lifetimes were wasted in the attempt to distil elixirs which would prevent the insidious approaches of decay, or restore battered old gentlemen to the vigor and elasticity of youth. Chemistry indeed was then a species of black art, and its professors took rank in the same class with people who pretended to raise spirits or foretell destinies from the appearance of the stars. Busied with such magnificent schemes, it could scarcely disgrace itself by stooping to inquiries which affected the "common life" of mankind. We might as well have expected the early Spanish adventurers to relinquish their researches after the Land of Gold

* *The Chemistry of Common Life*. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S., L. & E., &c., Author of "*Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*," "*A Outechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*," &c. 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1854.

and the Fountain of Youth, in order to make voyages for the mere purchase of logwood or treacle.

Here, however,—in the production before us,—chemistry addresses itself to subjects which, though little studied, are constantly influencing the health and happiness of man. It puts on its apron and goes to work to analyze the water we drink, the bread we eat, the beef we cook, the liquors we ferment. It tells us what sweets to extract, and what poisons to avoid. It explains the constitution of the narcotics in which so many indulge, and does not think its dignity impaired by discussing the smells we dislike. The result is singularly instructive. So far from leaving the regions of romance by following its steps into the kitchen, the parlor, or the brewery, wonders seem to spring up before us with a prodigality which is surprising. Some of the commonest facts are stripped in a moment of their plebeian look, and presented under an aspect of great scientific beauty and importance. The author is continually picking up what appear to be worthless or insignificant things, but when the rust is rubbed from their surface, they prove to be coins of great value and consummate finish. This circumstance alone would impart a peculiar fascination to the book. But when a man like Professor Johnston, whose works have acquired an European reputation, brings his acute intellect and his varied knowledge to bear upon matters which have rarely been submitted to philosophical treatment, the result cannot fail to be eminently satisfactory. From some of his conclusions, it is possible that readers may occasionally dissent. All, however, will concur in admiring the profound thought which has ennobled so many familiar things, and has even tinged the commonest processes of household life with the hues of novelty and surprise. The work deserves to be universally read. Written in an easy, animated style, and illustrated with facts which could only have been acquired by rifling innumerable volumes of travel and research, it is just one of those productions which best show that science may be rendered popular without becoming superficial, and that, in order to write like a philosopher, it is not necessary to inflict any damage upon a reader by compelling him to yawn incessantly, or by driving him to the last new novel to escape a state of suspended animation.

One of the main objects of the book is to throw light upon the chemical relationship of the substances employed as food or stim-

ulants to the wants of the human system. Those who may be disposed to think disparagingly of this object, will do well to study, in the first instance, the chapter entitled, "The Body we Cherish," in order to obtain a correct idea of the marvellous purposes to which our provender is applied.* Let it be remembered that, to take food, is to *make man*. Eating is the process by which the noblest of terrestrial fabrics is constantly repaired. All our limbs and organs have been picked up from our plates. We have been served up at table many times over. Every individual is literally a mass of vivified viands; he is an epitome of innumerable meals; he has dined upon himself, supped upon himself, and in fact, paradoxical as it may appear, has again and again leaped down his own throat.

There are few greater marvels, indeed, than the changes which are perpetually transpiring in the human body. It is constantly undergoing dissolution; parts of it are dying every instant. The whole fabric is probably dissipated in the course of a few weeks—certainly in the course of a few years. In the range of a long lifetime each individual wears out several suits of bodies, as he does several suits of clothes. The successive structures we have occupied may bear the same name, and exhibit the same external aspect, but, anatomically considered, our present frames are no more identical with the frames of our early youth than we are with our progenitors, who came over (as most people's ancestors are supposed to have done) with William the Conqueror. By what subtle mechanism our food is so dexterously deposited upon a certain inward and invisible form (if we may so speak,) that it shall constantly reproduce a given individuality, with all its original peculiarities, is a mystery which sci-

* Liebig states that an adult pig weighing 120 pounds will consume 5,110 pounds of potatoes in the course of a year, and yet at the expiration of that period its weight may not have increased a single ounce. What has become of all this mass of victuals? Had the whole been assimilated, the animal would have been renewed more than forty times over, that is, we should have had in effect forty pigs in the lapse of a twelvemonth, if the disintegration of its body had been perfectly uniform. Much, however, of the material imbibed is appropriated in its passage through the frame, and much is respired or otherwise employed; but after making whatever deductions may be requisite on these accounts, it will be seen that a balance remains sufficiently large to compose a little herd of swine within the year, though these may all figure under the shape of one apparently unchanging brute.

ence, perhaps, will never fathom. The houses we inhabit are pulled down, stone by stone, and yet rebuilt as fast as they are destroyed; all their furniture and fixtures are severally removed, particle by particle. The whole of each edifice is reconstructed in the course, we will say, of a single year, and yet no eye can follow the process, or detect any organic change in the architecture of the pile. Though the vital artificers are constantly at work, their operations are wholly unfelt; we are never conscious of the separation of particles, or the substitution of others. The masons and carpenters are never off our premises for an hour, and yet the chink of their chisels, or the grating of their saws, is entirely unheard. And still more striking is the fact, that the very organs which are kept in constant activity are themselves silently renewed without interrupting their functions for an instant. The heart is reproduced out of our food without losing a single beat, and without spilling a solitary drop of blood. The eye is taken to pieces, time after time, and the windows of vision reglazed, without disturbing our sight for a day; and new stomachs are repeatedly inserted in our bodies without our ever being compelled to close up the mouth of the alimentary canal, and abstain from digestion, until the apparatus can be properly replaced. That house after house should thus be rebuilt on the same site, in the same form, and with the same furniture, is surely as strange as if Saint Paul's Cathedral were renewed from top to bottom, year by year, without attracting observation; and its organ, its clock, and bells, could all be remodelled whilst kept in unremitting play.

But as the body is composed of a certain set of elements, united in certain proportions, the food we consume must contain the precise ingredients required. Here is another marvellous arrangement to be observed. How comes it that men who have been dining for thousands of years in ignorance of their own chemical constitution, as well as of the exact composition of their viands, should yet have hit upon substances which comprehend all the raw material needed for the restoration of the frame? Solomon, with all his sagacity, knew nothing of fibrin, albumen, or casein; nor was Apicius, with all his *recherché* experience in cookery, aware that his fine dishes must resolve themselves into certain undistinguished elements, if they were to prove in the slightest degree nutritious. It is only a small part of creation that the stomach will digest. A Frenchman, of the

name of Mercier, expressed an opinion that chemistry would one day be able to extract a nutritive principle from all bodies, and that then it would be as easy for people to obtain food as it is now to draw water from rivers. Dr. Armstrong, in his *Art of Preserving Health*, says, "Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind can labor into blood." But this is poetry. In prose, our bill of fare is confined to comparatively few out of the fifty or sixty terrestrial elements with which we are acquainted; and it would be just as idle to attempt to feast on the others as it was for Midas to sit down to a banquet of gold. The difficulty of the question is also enhanced by various circumstances, of which we need only mention that the ingredients required for our frames are not supplied in a separate and uncombined condition—that is to say, as so much carbon, so much lime, so much oxygen, &c.; but they are presented in our victuals in such a disguised and complicated form, that neither cook nor chemist, reasoning *a priori*, could predict what would be their destiny when subjected to analysis by the stomach, or brought under the influence of the organs of assimilation. Practically considered, therefore, the repair of the bodily house seems to be the most random work imaginable. We take pains to procure a dinner daily, but nobody ever asks whether it contains (as it were) bricks for the walls, timber for the floor, glass for the windows, metal for the grate, or marble for the mantelpiece. We must, in some way or other, contrive to procure iron for the blood, sulphur for the hair, and phosphorus for the brain; but at no table in the kingdom do we ever find these indispensable articles appearing in the salt-cellars or cruet-stands.

How then explain the fact that so many millions of human bodies have been repaired without difficulty and without mistake, though errors might so easily have been committed, and though men appear to have been perpetually banqueting in the dark? We can only ascribe this remarkable result to a kindly Providence, which has not merely spread a spendid table for man "in the wilderness," and furnished it with a varied array of viands, but has also implanted a subtle instinct in the human system which, when it is discreetly indulged, attracts us to what is chemically congenial, but repels us from what is useless or injurious.

In order, however, to exhibit this happy adaptation of food to the feeder, let us glance for awhile at the "bread we eat." It is the staff of life. It is also a key to the compo-

sition of all our vegetable fare. Now, if an ignorant miller were told that his flour would some day be converted into human blood, he would laugh at the notion just as much as if told that any part of his body could be made available—as it can—in the manufacture of lucifer matches. There is no external resemblance between the fine white powder which fills his sacks and the crimson fluid which streams from his heart. There is still less similarity between that powder and the brawny muscles that render him a terror to the whole village. Yet, if the man were to sentence himself to live exclusively on the produce of his mill—and he might do so without forfeiting his prowess, provided he retained the bran, wherein the most nutritive principle largely exists—it is plain that his flour must resolve itself into blood, and this blood must again become consolidated into flesh. At the first glance, indeed, an analysis of bread would only seem to render the mystery more perplexing still. The chief ingredient, in point of quantity, is found to be *water*. Nearly one half of every wheaten loaf is composed of this mild and unpretending fluid. But it so happens that water is also the preponderating element in the constitution of solid men and women. Any gentleman who weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, will be surprised to learn that he has only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter in the whole of his body. Upwards of one hundred weight of his humanity is literally identical in nature with the liquid which drops from the clouds or is pumped from the soil (after filtering itself perhaps through the nearest churchyard). If the water in our frames were not associated with more consistent materials, we should have to live in buckets or barrels, and people would subside into liquid masses charged with a few soluble salts, and depositing a small quantity of matter by way of sediment. Strange, therefore, as it may appear, that our frames should be so succulent in their composition, it is necessary that our diet should correspond. Hence the natural fitness of a commodity which like flour possesses, and is capable of taking up, so large a proportion of water. A dry crust is in truth a tank of moisture. We drink bread as well as eat it.* In like manner, out

of one hundred parts of lean beef, seventy-eight are nothing more than water mixed with blood. Apples, gooseberries, mushrooms, and many other articles of food, yield eighty per cent. of this catholic fluid. Three quarters of every potato are simple moisture. Carrots are extravagantly humid, eighty-three parts being composed of the same liquid. Turnips should be sipped; they contain only ten parts of solid food to ninety of water. It is amongst the gourd tribe, however, that we find the most striking examples of succulence. In the watermelon, ninety-four parts of every mouthful consist of mere moisture; and in the cucumber, you get only three morsels of substantial matter to ninety-seven of condensed vapor. Well might the old pasha, Mehemet Ali, consume a forty-pound melon at a single sitting, and even treat it as an easy appendix to an excellent repast!

The second noticeable ingredient in bread will surprise the non-chemical reader almost as much as the first. He will find it difficult to believe that animal fibre may be extracted from muffins or biscuits, and though he admits figuratively that all flesh is grass, he may object to regard it literally as flour. Wheaten bread, however, contains six per cent. of a substance called gluten, which, when analyzed, is found to exhibit the same ultimate elements as the fibrin of muscle. Both are represented by the same chemical formula* and both belong to a striking

asked the cause of this change, would ascribe it to the loss of moisture. But the fact is, that stale bread contains exactly the same quantity of water as new. The alteration is supposed to be due to some internal action amongst the atoms; for if a stale loaf is exposed in a closely-covered tin to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water for a period of half an hour or an hour, and then allowed to cool, it will be found to have recovered its youth, and will be restored in appearance and properties to the condition of new bread. As another illustration, we may refer to the development of *alcohol* in flour during the process of conversion into bread. The total abstainer will be greatly alarmed to learn that at one stage of that process the farina which he regards as the mildest of eatable things is really pervaded with his deadly enemy. During the fermentation excited by the yeast, part of the starch in the flour is converted into sugar, and this again is resolved into carbonic acid and alcohol. Literally *alcohol*, we repeat! Fortunately the adversary is compelled to evacuate the bread when exposed to the heat of the oven, and thus it becomes impossible to get drunk on quarter loaves. Mischievous bakers, however, with a glimmering of science in their heads, have sometimes attempted to imprison the ardent element, and have audaciously announced that they sell "Bread with the gin in it!"

* As an instance of the striking information conveyed by Professor Johnston's work on subjects of a very homely description, we may mention a fact which to many will be as new as it is surprising. After the lapse of a few days bread loses its softness and becomes apparently dry. Most persons, if

* Though not, perhaps, with strict correctness.

series of substances known as the protein compounds, which correspond, to a remarkable extent, in their constitution and dietary uses. In the gluten of bread, therefore, the fibrin of the flesh already exists, and hence Swift was a good deal nearer the truth than he imagined, when he penned that witty scene in the *Tale of a Tub*, where my Lord Peter attempts to persuade his Lutheran and Calvinist brothers that a dry crust was as fine a piece of mutton as ever came out of Leaden-hall market.*

But besides the materials demanded for the repair or enlargement of the tissues, and which may therefore be called the body-building principles, others are needed for the purpose of providing a constant supply of animal heat. Our food must contain a quantity of fuel, and not a little either, for as the temperature of the body is considerably higher than that of the atmosphere, averaging, in fact, about 98° Fahr., we are plundered of our caloric continually. Now, every grain of wheat includes, if we may so speak, its own little stock of oil and coke; that is to say, it is equipped with a quantity of fat, starch, gum, and other substances, which, by combining with the oxygen inspired, are burnt within the body on the same principle, but not with the same fiery manifestations, as tallow or coal are burnt without it. The proportion of fat contained in wheaten bread is indeed very small, not amounting to much more than one per cent.; but the starch, sugar, and gum exist in comparative abundance.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to refer particularly to the mineral matters, which bread, like all other perfect food, must include. Still less would it be practicable to follow the author whilst analyzing one substance after another, and indicating the properties wherein they excel. He concludes that our food should contain a due admixture of vegetable and animal substances in which the proportions of the three

most important constituents, fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted. It is here that the wonderful instinct already mentioned, which leads mankind to mingle various articles of diet so as to obtain all the necessary elements, comes into conspicuous play. Without possessing any chemical knowledge whatever, the stomach appears from time to time to have given strong hints to its owner, which have led to combinations as subtle and efficient as if they had been prescribed by the profoundest science. Why, for instance, should bread or potatoes form an indispensable accompaniment to beef? On analyzing the latter substance it is found to consist of seventy-eight parts of water, nineteen of fibrin, and three of fat. These principles appear, as we have seen, in bread; gluten there being equivalent to fibrin here. But there is no starch in your steak whilst there is much in your loaf. The fat, it is true, may to some extent represent this combustible material, but it will not supply as much fuel as is needed to keep your corporeal furnace in adequate action. Hence, by a natural impulse we resort to bread when attacking beef, or take the latter in flank with a dish of potatoes, these tubers (subtracting the water) containing almost ninety-two per cent. of starch. So, again, when the quantity of fat in any animal substance is insignificant, it is astonishing what tricks we employ to obtain a sufficient supplement from other sources. Thus—

We eat along with those varieties in which it is small, some other food richer in fat. Thus we eat bacon with veal, with liver, and with fowl, or we capon the latter, and thus increase its natural fat. We use melted butter with our white-fish, or we fry them with fat; while the herring, the salmon, and the eels are usually both dressed and eaten in their own oil. If the reader will take the trouble of consulting any popular cookery book, he will find that sausage and other rich mixed meats are made in general with one part of fat and two of lean; the proportion in which they exist in a piece of good marbled beef. Art thus unconsciously again imitating nature.

The solid substances, however, to which we have hastily alluded, constitute only one department of our commissariat. Impelled by his instinct to seek for some sort of liquid to moisten his clay, man has employed his genius in preparing various artificial drinks. Of these there are two classes; first, such as are simply infused without undergoing any special chemical treatment; and second, such as are subjected to certain chemical changes, the most important of which consists in fer-

* Nearer the truth, we say, in this respect—that fibrin may be, and is extracted from bread by the chemistry of digestion and assimilation. But lest the remark should seem to favor the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, be it observed (as Professor Johnston has elsewhere noticed) that analysis furnishes a fatal implement whereby that doctrine may be tested. The proportion of gluten contained in bread is not the same as that contained in flesh. Now, if the Romanist wishes to establish his theory of transmutation for ever, he may do it most readily by showing—if he can—that after the act of consecration has been performed, the wafer contains the relative quantity of gluten which belongs to flesh and not to bread.

mentation. Both sorts exert a stimulating influence over the mind; but whilst the former, tea, coffee, cocoa, occasion an elegant and innocent kind of excitement, the latter, ale, spirits, wines, if too freely absorbed, fling the patient into a state of vulgar and uproarious inebriety. Tea may be drunk as copiously as it was by Dr. Johnson, without leading to any other immediate mischief than the propagation of a little scandal, whereas long indulgence in Sir John Barleycorn is apt to make a man intolerably warlike, until his career is terminated for the night in the nearest gutter.

Most of our readers may remember the surprise which was manifested by Mr. Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and author of one of the most diverting diaries ever written, when he first sipped tea from a Lilliputian cup, at the price of some sixty shillings per pound. Could that amusing gentleman have witnessed the analysis of the herb by some modern chemist, he would have recorded the peculiarities of its composition with many expressions of astonishment. First, he would have learned that it contains a volatile oil, not naturally resident as such in the plant, but developed during the drying and roasting to which the leaf is exposed. Small as is the quantity—1lb. in 100lbs. of tea—it is to this that the peculiar virtue of the herb is mainly ascribed. For as new tea produces a species of intoxication, on which account the Chinese rarely employ it until a year has elapsed, and as the tasters and packers of the article are subject to attacks of giddiness and paralysis, the change effected by delay is presumed to be due to the escape of a portion of this fugitive material. Next, Mr. Pepys would have been made acquainted with a substance called theine, respecting which he would have chronicled a very curious fact. In various parts of the globe certain stimulating substances, such as coffee, cocoa, chocolate, maté guarana, have been employed for the same purposes as the charming herb whose merits we are now considering. But all these substances, adopted as they have been without the slightest conception of their chemical composition, are found to agree in the possession of the peculiar body just mentioned. And here again the subtle instinct which rules the human appetite seems to have led mankind, by what appear to be different routes, to the same results, as if there were some secret affinities between the stomach and its fare which enabled us to detect the latter, whatever disguises it may assume, or

in whatever unlikely combinations it may lurk. Mr. Pepys would have further learned that this substance, which is remarkably rich in nitrogen, has the property of retarding the waste of the bodily tissues, so that a much smaller quantity of food suffices for the maintenance of the frame where tea is systematically drunk. The poor man is not therefore indulging in a pure luxury when he purchases his packet of Souchong. He is literally economising his body. Three or four grains of theine daily will lessen his expenditure of flesh materially. And hence, too, when digestion begins to flag, as in the aged, or in those who have worked their stomachs too severely, tea will enable that organ to keep up the wants of the system with a much smaller outlay of energy than would otherwise be required. The third ingredient in this herb might have struck Mr. Pepys with equal surprise. From the bark of trees we extract tannin or tannic acid, the astringent substance which is employed in converting the skins of animals into leather, and also in producing an inky dye or infusion when mixed with salts of iron. The same substance is to be found in tea. It constitutes no less than from 13 to 18 per cent. of the dried leaf. Its precise influence upon the human system has not yet been ascertained, but its presence would probably have induced Mr. Pepys to decline all participation in the new beverage lest his digestive sac should soon be transformed into leather.

These are the three most active principles in tea, but of the remaining ingredients, fat, starch, water, mineral and other matters, we need only mention gluten, the nutritive character of which has already been noticed. This substance forms one-fourth of the weight of the dried leaves, and therefore renders them as nourishing as peas or beans. The ordinary process of infusion extracts but little of the gluten, and consequently the most feeding element in the plant is rejected. When first introduced into Europe, it is said that the liquid was sometimes discarded, and the leaves brought to table to be eaten like cabbage or cauliflower. At the present time, the Tartars reduce the tea to a fine powder, and mix it with fat and salt; and in some parts of South America, according to Captain Basil Hall, the natives drink the hot infusion in the first instance, and then the residual leaves are handed round on a silver salver.

Passing from the "beverages we infuse," of which tea is of course only one specimen, we must glance at a curious sample of the

"liquors we ferment." Chica, or maize beer, is a drink which is excessively popular amongst the mountain Indians on the western coast of South America. The mode of manufacturing it, however, would surprise us if prescribed in any civilized manual of cookery. The recipe is this. Assemble all the members of the family, and, if you like, catch a few strangers to assist at the operation. Let them seat themselves on the floor in a circle, and place a large dish in the centre. Around it deposit a quantity of dried maize. Then let each individual take up a handful of the grain and chew it thoroughly. Spit the maize into the dish. Proceed until the entire mass has passed through the jaws of the company, and thus been reduced to a mass of pulp. Let it then be mashed in hot water and allowed to ferment. In a little time the abomination will be fit for use. So highly is it esteemed, that a polite native could offer no higher compliment to a traveller than a draught of the liquor thus villanously brewed. Strangely enough, the same process is employed in the Pacific, in the extraction of an intoxicating liquor from the ava root. Captain Wilkes gives an amusing account of the formalities with which the disgusting potion is prepared, the masticators, however, being required to possess clean, undecayed teeth, and prohibited from swallowing any of the juice under pain of chastisement. But it is highly interesting to note the chemical principles involved in these nauseous operations. Corn, as we have seen, and other grains contain a large quantity of starch. In order that fermentation may occur, this starch must be converted into sugar. Commonly, the change is effected through the instrumentality of a substance called diastase, which is developed during the process of malting. It happens, however, that the saliva possesses a similar power of transforming starch into sugar. Of course, neither the Indian nor the man of Fejee, has the slightest conception of the chemical influences which are at work in his jaws, but, that people living at such a distance from each other, and acting in complete ignorance of the scientific bearings of their processes, should have adopted the same practice in order to obtain the same results, is one of the many curious and recondite facts which these volumes have brought prominently into view.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for the conclusions which are drawn by the author respecting the chemico-physiological effects of fermented liquors in general. Upon a subject like this considerable differ-

ence of opinion may exist, and it is precisely in such cases that men who, like Professor Johnston, not only bring a cautious philosophy to bear on the topic, but have also gathered their data from a field as wide as the globe itself, are best entitled to be heard. Those who think that the great table of nature is sufficiently supplied with liquids if furnished with a few decanters of cold water, will learn with some surprise how deep is the craving and how dexterous is the instinct which has led men to seize the products of fermentation, and to crowd that table with bottles, bearing different labels, it is true, but ever containing beverages akin to each other in their chemical characteristics.

But if fermented liquors are dubious indulgences, what shall we say to a class of substances which not only exhilarate the mind, but transport us into a state of temporary ecstacy, to be followed, alas! by a terrible rebound of depression? The chapters devoted to a consideration of "Narcotics" contain some of the most interesting materials which these volumes present. Perhaps opium is the most fascinating of the class. From the miserable Theriaki who haunts the coffee-houses of Constantinople, with his withered visage, his bent spine, his shattered frame—his "fiery particle" long ago drowned in premature imbecility,—up to those two gifted men of our own country, whose history might almost be written in laudanum, and whose genius shaped its fumes into gorgeous dreams, or piled them up in magnificent air-castles such as Titans alone could conceive,—the same fearful testimony to the despotism of this drug might be extracted. The effect of opium varies, it is true, to a great extent, according to the temperament and race of the individual. Its influence upon a man of obtuse faculties or of inferior susceptibilities, is simply to remove sluggishness, and make him "active and conversable." Upon excitable people, like the Javanese, the Negro, the Malay, it exerts a terrible power, sometimes rendering them perfectly frantic. The well-known phrase, "running a muck," is derived from the Javanese practice of sallying out, when inebriated with opium, and killing anybody who comes to hand. De Quincey speaks of the "abyss of divine enjoyment" which was suddenly laid open to him when he quaffed his first dose of laudanum. He thought he had discovered a panacea—a *φάρμακον ὑπερθεος* for all human woes. Happiness might thenceforth be bought at the druggist's shop, and bliss to any amount kept in

an apothecary's phial. But terrible was the retribution exacted. The dose must not only be repeated, but increased, to keep down the giant craving which was continually acquiring strength. At one period the English Opium-Eater took 320 grains of opium a day. Coleridge says Cottle has been known to swallow a whole quart of laudanum in twenty-four hours! And the result? "Conceive," says the latter, "whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have." . . . "You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind, and conscience, and body!" . . . "Think of me," says De Quincey; "even when four months had passed, (after renouncing opium,) as of one still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, and much in the situation of him who has been racked." Verily, if the Turkish traveller carries with him opium lozenges, stamped on one side with the words, "Mash Allah," the gift of God, the obverse might bear with equal truth the inscription—gift of the Devil.

Amongst other striking consequences of continual indulgence in this drug, the author notices the practice of mixing it with corrosive sublimate in Turkey, when it has ceased to produce the desired degree of excitement. The influence of the sorcerer, when its enchantments begin to fail, is maintained by allying it with a positive poison; and thus doubly assailed, the body of the miserable devotee is soon prostrated beyond the power of redemption.

There is another narcotic, and it is but one out of many described by the author, to which a passing glance may be allowed. This is the *Coca* of the Andes. Rarely is a native of these regions to be seen without his little pouch of leather to hold the leaves of this remarkable plant, and a small bottle of vegetable ashes or unslacked lime. The purpose of the latter material is to excite a flow of saliva, and bring out the taste of the leaf in all its pungency. Repose being essential to the full enjoyment of the process, the consumer lies stretched in the shade, deaf alike to the commands of his master, to the roar of predatory beasts, or even to the approaches of the flames which may have been kindled in his vicinity. Taken in moderation it produces a gentle excitement, induces cheerfulness, and seems by no means unfavorable to health and longevity. Taken in excess, however, it soon weakens the digestion, occasions

biliary affections, destroys the appetite for natural food and creates a craving for animal excrement, disorders the intellectual faculties, and drives the patient to brandy (if he can procure it) to assuage his bodily pangs. Fortunately the use of coca is principally confined to the natives, whose gloomy and monotonous existence is undoubtedly relieved by its perilous juice; but occasionally a resident European is tempted into the vice, and becomes as pliant a victim as the Indians themselves.

"Young men of the best families in Peru become sometimes addicted to this extreme degree of excess, and are then considered as lost. Forsaking cities and the company of civilized men, and living chiefly in woods or in Indian villages, they give themselves up to a savage and solitary life. Hence the term, a *whito coquero* (the epithet applied to a confirmed chewer of coca), has there something of the same evil sense as 'irreclaimable drunkard' has with us."

Coca is remarkable for two properties which are not known to coexist in any other substance. First, it enables the consumer to dispense with food to a marvellous extent, by retarding, as is probable, the waste of the tissues; and second, it obviates the difficulty of breathing which is usually felt in ascending activities, so that a traveller, duly primed with coca, may climb heights and follow swift-footed animals, as Von Tschudi observes, without experiencing any greater inconvenience than if engaged on the level coast. Hence its value in mountainous districts.

These curious results may be equalled in singularity by certain properties possessed by arsenic. In the chapter on the "Poisons we select," the author has conveyed some information which will take most, if not all, of his readers by surprise. Arsenic—the arsenious acid of the chemist—is known in this country as a tonic and alterative when administered in very minute doses, but when swallowed in larger quantities, as a rank poison, and therefore a particular enemy to rats and men. But what will the reader say when he learns that there are localities where this virulent material is employed as an article of diet, and that its effect is to produce plumpness of form, sleekness of skin, beauty of complexion, and a general improvement in the appearance? Yet such is the fact. In some parts of Lower Austria, and in Styria in particular, the old stories of philtres and love potions seem to be more than realized.

When a peasant maiden has fixed her affections upon a youth who may be insensible to her natural charms, she often proceeds to heighten them by the use of arsenic. If the poison is used with caution, never exceeding half a grain at a time, and gradually accustoming the system to its action, the effect is perfectly magical. It adds "to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eye." Occasionally, however, the damsel may be in too great a hurry to extract beauty from the drug, and by augmenting the dose immoderately, she may fall a sacrifice to her passion or her vanity. Its use, however, is by no means confined to maidens. Though incapable of exciting the mental pleasure which opium and certain other narcotics produce, it is consumed very largely amongst the peasant population without occasioning any evil results, provided the doses are adapted to the constitution of the individual. But if the practice should be abandoned, symptoms of disease such as would ordinarily follow the reception of arsenic by uninitiated persons, immediately appear, and the patient is compelled to renew the habit in order to obtain relief from the ailments which spring up to torment him. It is the same with horses. Arsenic is given to these animals to secure plumpness of body and a sleek glossy skin; but if they pass into the hands of masters who do not patronize the practice, they lose flesh and spirits and gradually decline, unless the custom is resumed, when a few pinches in their food will render them perfectly convalescent. Like coca, too, this substance possesses astonishing powers in enabling persons to ascend hills without suffering from want of breath—a small fragment placed in the mouth before the attempt, and allowed to dissolve slowly, being sufficient to qualify a man for very elaborate undertakings in this line. Is it not marvellous to find that a deadly material like this should yet be a strengthener of respiration, an exciter of love, and a restorer of health? Mithridates is famous for the facility with which he digested *his* poisons, but we never understood that he took them to improve his body, and work himself up into a handsome fascinating gentleman.

Had space permitted, we should have been glad to draw upon some of the other chap-

ters of Professor Johnston's interesting work. Those on the "Odors we enjoy," and the "Smells we dislike," will be found to yield some very striking information; and in the latter case, the reader will be astonished to learn how the most unsavory emanations may be converted into objects of great scientific importance. The author hints at the possibility of compounding smells infinitely more terrific than any which nature produces, and of employing them in warfare either for purposes of defence or annoyance. Some substances are sufficiently atrocious in themselves. Swallow a small pellet of powdered sulphur, and it will diffuse a noisome atmosphere around the individual for many days. Take a quarter of a grain of a preparation of tellurium, and though in itself inodorous, it will impart such a disgusting fetor to the breath and perspiration, that the dearest friend of the victim will be ready to indict him as a public nuisance. If a single bubble of seleniuretted hydrogen gas be permitted to escape into a room, it will attack the company with symptoms of severe colds and bronchial affections, which will last many days. Indeed, it is only necessary to read what is said about a ferocious compound, known as the cyanide of kinkoydyle, to obtain some idea of the resources of the chemist in the elaboration of detestable smells. The vapor of this terrible substance is decomposed on coming in contact with air and moisture; and two of the most deadly poisons known to exist—white arsenic and prussic acid—are instantly engendered and dispersed through the atmosphere. We must, however, content ourselves with a simple but sincere recommendation of this ingenious work. It belongs to a class we should wish to see widely extended. Composed as it is in a popular style, and studded with facts of the most curious and at the same time of the most practical description, it will be perused by ordinary readers without encountering any of the difficulties which scientific productions too frequently present; whilst its varied learning and philosophical breadth will commend it to the very highest rank of thinkers. We can not pay it a better compliment than by expressing a hope that treatises like this—plain, easy, and perspicuous—yet masterly and profound—may soon be reckoned amongst the common things of common life.

From Hogg's Instructor.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

"Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this, my oil, surnamed *Oglio del Scoto*; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured, the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared, on my part, before the Signiory of the Sanita and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency, not only to dispense them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent," &c.—*Volpone* (*Ben Jonson's Fox*).

FROM his earliest childhood (this much we may gather from his memoirs) Dumas evinced the natural, nay, uncontrollable instincts of his African blood—an excessive love of physical display, a singular aptitude for bodily exercise, an absolute worship, in short, of that supreme of human performances, a feat! The feeling was hereditary. His father, the republican general, was equally notorious for this constitutional predilection. If he rode in the *manège*, and happened to be within reach of a joist or hook of any kind therewith connected, he felt irresistibly compelled to lay hold thereon and, serrying his legs on either side of his steed, lift and equilibrate both himself and his charger. If he came upon a sergeant beguiling the tedium of the bivouac by holding, in presence of his admiring inferiors, a musket by the barrel, and at full stretch, this metacarpal exhibition would straightway rouse the lurking devil of display within the bosom of the dark-skinned general, when, in compliment to his military pre eminence, the leader would throw his non-commissioned rival completely into the shade—quadrupling the difficulty by a new and overwhelming combination, wherein a series of muskets were seen to protrude in a direct and undeviating line of rigidity from the iron digits of the performer! Adventures compared to which that of Horatius Cocles was but an old woman's tale, were performed by this copper-colored Ajax. In a chance rencounter with a host of Austrian cavaliers in a narrow pass, General Dumas threw, *solus*, his Telamonian bulk across the path, fired his holster, perhaps his duelling pistols, we are now uncertain which, with the rapidity and death-like accuracy of your modern re-

volvers; and as, notwithstanding the above-mentioned crackers, there still sat before him a daring and unscathed horseman, the doughty champion, missing his sword just at this critical moment, most felicitously terminated the struggle by whisking his adversary from his saddle, transferring him cross-wise, to his own, backing out of the *melée*, and returning thus double and unmolested to his own expectant outposts! Bonaparte, an unquestionable judge of the picturesque, made a most characteristic use of General Dumas on their first landing in Egypt. Being informed that a party of mounted Arabs were to give him the meeting, and aware how small would be the impression of his own diminutive stature on these primitive warriors, he deputed a select body of horsemen provided with the necessary requisite of flesh and muscle, completing the ocular deception by expediting Dumas at their head. The effect was magical. The climate, however, says his chronicling son, produced a disastrous effect, if not on the iron frame, at least on the hitherto buoyant spirits of the general. A deep and settled despondency took possession of his mind, which he could shake off in the hour of action, but which returned with tenfold gloom, when physical exertion was no longer necessary. From a brilliant and daring swordsman, he now degenerated into a moping malcontent, excited feelings of unconquerable disgust in the youthful adventurer, who, then at the head of the troops, and anxious to treat the soldier to the invigorating experiment of a march through the desert, thought proper to dispense with the general's presence, though not without inflicting upon him, in the sequel, a most serious mortification. In the revolt of Cairo, General Dumas re-

covered, for an instant, all his wonted elasticity, dashing gallantly and almost naked into the deadly strife, and turning the tide of battle by such deeds as alone can speak home to the breasts of the fatalist Mussulmen. A picture commemorative of the scene was to be painted by Gorodet, wherein the general was to figure as the leading character, and with all the pictorial deference due to his complexion and athletic form. The picture was painted; the terrific game of revolt, with its rush, and shock, and bloodshed, was admirably simulated, but with a shameless violation of historic truth, General Dumas was omitted—at whose intimation or request it is by no means difficult to divine. The republican general (thus is Dumas, senior, ever designated by his dutiful son) henceforth stood aloof, sharing in none of the glories of the imperial campaigns. The truth is, he remained unemployed and unpensioned, maugre his early services to the state; thus maintaining, perforce, no doubt, those pretensions to unflinching republicanism on which his son dwells with such ostentation, and to which, ever and anon, even he lays such ludicrous claims. Thus descended and organized, blessed, that is, with a constitution and animal spirits which have fallen to the lot of few writers, Dumas's first and earliest feat was the high dramatic position he won by his historical drama of "Henri III.," performed on the 13th February, 1829, on the highest stage in Paris, and in presence of his patron, the Duke of Orleans, with a whole knot of diplomatists and titled personages. Up to this date, and for a year or two longer, Dumas held the very subordinate situation of copying clerk in the office of the Palais Royal, a situation to which he had been preferred by reason of an excellent handwriting, which, in the language of Hamlet, did him most yeomanly service, the more so, as he then had no other staff or reed to lean upon for support, being burdened with a mother, but poorly bred, and most imperfectly educated. His triumph on the first stage, the Theatre Français, was shortly after repeated on the second, the Theatre de l'Odéon; while the sale of the manuscript of "Henri III." for six thousand francs, and that of "Christine" for twelve thousand, naturally struck our adventurous dramatist as two very remarkable achievements. The banner of the romantic host now flutters in the breeze, and bore, within a few months after, the additional emblazonments of "Marion Delorme," the first of the lamentable series of dithyrambic plays in honor of the

courtesan, with the fantastic and half-crazed "Hernani," joint productions of Hugo's dramatic muse, the latter written in eight, the former in twenty-seven days' time. These, with Alfred de Vigny's almost literal translation of "Othello," were the startling forerunners of the portentous change contemplated in the hitherto tame and classic drama of France, by these bold disciples of the English Shakspeare, the man who, in Dumas's reckless language, "has next to God created most largely." The temperament of Dumas, savoring so remarkably of those well-fed conditions advocated by Cassius in his first memorable dialogue with Brutus, enabled him to take as well as keep the lead in the dramatic race; while certain ungallant ferocities evinced in his flirtings with the historical muse, and summed up in the following coarse and brutal apology: *Qu'il est toujours permis de violer l'histoire pourvu qu'on lui fasse un enfant*, at once supply us with a key to his peculiar process, as well as mode of success. His sentiments on poetical training, as drawn out in connection with the humorous portrait of one of his fellow-laborers in the romantic vineyard, are too preciously suggestive to be omitted in so personal a sketch as this. "De Vigny," says Dumas, in the 14th volume of his "Memoirs," date of reminiscence, 1829, "had not much imagination, but great correctness of style. He was known by the romance of 'Cinq Mars,' which would have met with slender success, if it appeared now, but which, at that time of literary dearth, had great vogue. Besides 'Cinq Mars,' De Vigny had written delightful little poems, five or six, among which 'Eloa' and 'Dolorida.' In short he had just published a very moving elegy on two hapless youths who had committed suicide at Montmorency, within earshot of the ball music. De Vigny was a singular man, polite, affable, affecting the most complete immateriality, which was in perfect harmony with his charming, small-featured, and intellectual face, and head of curling fair hair. De Vigny never touched the ground but when absolutely necessary; when his wings were folded, and he happened to take his stand on the craggy peak of some mountain, it was a piece of condescension on his part towards humanity. What particularly surprised Hugo and myself was, that Vigny seemed not in the slightest degree subject to those coarse necessities of our nature which certain amongst us (Hugo and myself were among these) satisfied not merely without shame, but even with a

certain sensuality. None of us had ever detected De Vigny at table. Dorval, who for seven years of his life had spent several hours a-day in his company, confessed to us, with an astonishment almost bordering on terror, that he had never seen him eat any thing but a radish!" Dumas's visible preference of the showy or slapdash process, so perfectly in unison with his instincts, is so cleverly worded in the onslaught he makes on Casimir Delavigne as a successful poet and dramatist, that we can not forbear giving the passage almost in *extenso*. It is has a subsidiary value besides, being, like the preceding quotation, indirectly illustrative of our author's constitutional creed in all questions of literary power or produce. "I knew C. Delavigne well as a man, and have studied him a good deal as a poet. I never felt much admiration for the poet, though I entertained the highest esteem for the man. As an individual, and barring indisputable and undisputed literary honesty, C. Delavigne was a man of mild, nay, polite address. His head, much too large for his small person, struck one as disagreeable at first sight; though his large forehead, intelligent eyes, and the benevolent expression about his mouth, soon obliterated first impressions. Though a man of much wit, he was of those whose wit flows only pen in hand. His conversation, gentle and affectionate, was tepid and colorless; as he had *nothing grand about his gestures, nothing powerful in the tones of his voice, so he was deficient in power and grandeur of language*. Standing in a drawing-room, he attracted no attention; to have noticed him at all, one would have required to know he was C. Delavigne. One of his special characteristics, and in our opinion a most unfortunate one, was his submission to the ideas of others, which could only proceed from want of confidence in his own. He had (rather a strange fact) created round him a sort of Admonition Office, or Checking Committee, whose business it was to see that his imagination should not go astray! a somewhat superfluous precaution, as Delavigne's fancy stood more in need of the spur than the bridle. The consequence of such dereliction of his own will was, that Delavigne, when his talent was in all its strength, and his fame at its highest, could venture on nothing either of or by himself. The idea hatched in his brain was submitted to the committee before assuming either shape or plan. The plan again, when terminated, was a second time laid before the committee, which commented, discussed, corrected, and return-

ed it to the poet, with a *bon pour l'exécution*. The plan transformed into a play was read, always in presence of the same assembly; and one with a pencil, another with scissors, a third with a compass, a fourth with a ruler, set about the work of emasculation, so that the comedy, drama, or tragedy, was pruned, clipped, and cut on the spot, not according to the author's notions, but in accordance with those of Messrs. So-and-so, very conscientious folks, no doubt, all men of note and wit among themselves, good professors, honest men of science, respectable philologists, but sorry poets; who, instead of allowing their friend to soar aloft under the influence of a powerful afflatus, clung desperately to his legs, lest he should take his flight into regions beyond the ken of their purblind vision." Were our author's statements at all times trustworthy, it would be no uninteresting study to mark the dawn of his own expanding intellect, to witness, above all, by what obstinate and persevering labor he contrived to break through all but the Cimmerian ignorance under which, even by his own avowal, he suffered at the outset. Here, however, we are compelled to think, from what we know of his mental tendencies, and despite his ever-recurring assertion on the question of deep and sustained application, that his studies were pursued for the nonce, and that his acquirements, be they of what seeming order or magnitude they might, sometimes fell short of, though they also occasionally outstripped, the exigencies of the moment. Of this latter assertion we possess a rather burlesque confirmation, furnished by a late courteous passage-at-arms between our dramatist and the respectable editor of that widely-known periodical, *La Revue des deux Mondes*. At a period when Dumas was still thought a literary chieftain, and while his name yet enjoyed that share of literary influence it has since so justly forfeited, M. Buloz, (the name of the above-mentioned editor,) aware of that gentleman's ready and unquestioned powers of handling, supplied him with certain learned notes on Palestine, requesting he would therefrom gather and get up for his review a series of attractive and interesting articles, by the title of "*Impressions de Voyage au Sinai*." This our author set about digesting with his usual celerity, sending in, among other imprimatur proof-sheets, one containing rather a novel piece of information, couched in the following terms:—" *La pile de Volta, ce minerai qu'on trouve dans les entrailles de la terre!*" This blundering excess of information, Buloz

states, he had the singular good fortune to remark in time, and kindly erase, in expectation of the writer's everlasting gratitude. To the editor's unmitigated surprise, M. Dumas, instead of testifying thankfulness for such timely interference, warmly protested against the irreparable injury done to his mineralogical discovery—so amazingly and so amusingly did he, Dumas, ignore even the existence of the naturalist Volta; so ingeniously did he expound, or rather impound, that philosopher's pile or galvanic battery! When reminded by Buloz, in a late angry discussion, of this most unlucky trespass on the domains of science, Dumas indignantly repelled the charge, as far as the obnoxious fact was concerned, though he had no hesitation in admitting the general reproach of uncommon ignorance. The admission had its advantages; what it took from the extent of his information, it added to that of his intellect; thereby superinducing among groundlings the flattering belief, that if Dumas stood so high in the rolls of fame, the secret must lie, not in the nature of things, but in the independent qualities of his indomitable personality. The seven or eight hundred volumes which bear his name attest the wonderful fact, that, as some men eat and drink, so does Alexandre Dumas write; nay, they may be adduced as an argument in favor of velocity being as much a criterion of power in the sphere of mind, as steam in that of mechanics. This celerity, however, this most agile skimming of the streams of fiction, says but little in favor of depth. It may tell magnificently of continuous speed, but it is the speed of the swallow—sixteen hours on the wing—a prodigious exertion of the muscular power, unquestionably, but then unfortunately displayed in the pursuit and capture of flies! Dumas must have long since awakened from the glorious dreams of excellence which at one time allured his aim and animated his pen. He must be painfully conscious of the grovelling level to which he has brought his once aspiring faculties. Yet who will assure us of this? Who will assert that the man has any such consciousness, or that the indistinct and occasional glimmerings he has of his debasement are aught else but so many dim yet useful lights enabling him to discern more surely the primary and earthly pointings of his nature; the better to collect, mass, and centre the remains of a once divine afflatus in the pursuit of notoriety, in the gratification of necessities whose princely proportions are but a miserable offset to their more than plebeian meanness? Originality is too

dear a gem, too costly a pearl, to be won or worn by one in a hurry to live, and live in splendor. Not Falstaff's obesity and passion for sack were more insuperable bars to his climbing the heights of honor, than is Dumas's love of opulence and vulgar display to his breasting the steepes of originality. Accordingly we see him stoop at a cheaper and surer quarry—the place of improvisatore and caterer for the pleasures of the multitude. The situation was vacant; he assumed its functions at once, and entered on the manifold duties of the office with a readiness, facility, and fertility of resource perfectly unparalleled. It is true there were detractors, nay, even contemners of the office; what then? The official snapped his fingers in the face of the hypercritical, or calling up a braggart air, challenged them to a trial of conclusions. He could build a novel or run up a five act play in less than a week, and while thus employed, eat, drink, digest, and sleep, besides supplying some half-dozen papers with *feuilletons*, harrowing, or diverting, to order. Which of all, or any, of his disparagers could perform the like? The office had its disagreeables, no doubt, disagreeables involving the twin exhibition of the kindred and cognate faculties of quack and buffoon. What then? Was he not devoted heart and soul to the people, and the people's cause? And wherein consists devotedness, if not in self debasement in presence of the idol? But let this self-denying servant of the multitude speak for himself; let him mount the stage, and expound his mission, part at least of the paramount duties of his office. "Lamartine," says he, "is a dreamer, Hugo, a thinker, I a vulgariser. What is too subtle in the dream of the one, a subtlety which sometimes prevents its being approved; what is too deep in the thought of the other, a depth which prevents its being understood, I take possession of, I the vulgariser: I give body to the dream of the one; I give perspicuity to the thought of the other; I serve the public up the twofold dish, a dish which from the hand of the first would not, from its excessive lightness, have been sufficiently nutritious; from the hand of the second, owing to its excessive heaviness, would have given the public a surfeit; but which, seasoned and presented by mine, agrees with the generality of stomachs, the weakest as well as the strongest." If he is thus skilful in cooking and serving up his friends for the public digestion, he is not less eminently so in serving up himself; nor does the extent to which he carries the feast at all

seem to cloy the appetite of his admirable guests. Page upon page, volume upon volume of his memoirs appear, and are swallowed like savory morsels. It is true, the culinary artist spares neither sauce nor condiment; and when the *pièces de résistance*, namely, his own joints, hot or cold, threaten to become either too tough for public mastication, or too stale for the public nostrils, he throws in a variety of sweet-smelling *hors d'œuvre*, in the shape of meat dishes from Byron, or Scott, or Goethe, with a world of garnish in the way of flourishing table-talk, concerning battles, campaigns, revolutions, adventures, and hairbreadth escapes by flood or field, all tending to his own honor and personal glorification; for, be it remarked, Dumas, deeming himself a model of a man, thinks, with Terence, that nothing human he may choose to introduce into his memoirs, however remotely connected with himself, can be styled irrelevant. Nevertheless, in the midst of much that is utterly vapid in these memoirs, there is much also of life, and bustle, and movement. The portraits of his early literary contemporaries, those at least dashed off at a sitting—we except the frothy attempts at apotheosis in the case of romantic associates—are sometimes graceful, often humorous, always captivating. His indiscretions are not at all times of a very enormous nature, unless, indeed, he shows up the peculiarities of others. His own idiosyncrasy is best gathered from the general tone of the narrative, and from his braggadocio habits of thought and expression, rather than from any real wish to initiate his reader into the more offensive arcana of his physical or moral experiences: when these are decidedly nauseous, the author drops a speaking hint, etches a tell-tale line, and the intelligent reader, whether suffused with shame or pale with disgust, can still fancy he detects, despite the affectedly abrupt retreat, the consequential delinquent's thick-lipped smile of complacency. Dumas is eminently an improvisatore. From the most chance medley of dates, from the most insignificant fact, the most unmeaning character, he can extemporise reminiscences, extract colors for his pallet, matter for his page, and amusement for his reader. Death itself can neither shroud nor shield its victim. He invades the silence of the tomb, evokes the sullen or consenting shade, extorts or exorcises his secret, and again remands him to his frightful durance. The painter or the engraver Johannot, we know not which (both brothers are now deceased), was the first of our contemporary

dead to instance this resurrectional faculty. Dumas accidentally mentions the name, and straightway feels it incumbent upon him to tell the story of the artist's life. He therefore summons him from the regions of shade, and, when the first mist naturally attendant upon all unearthly visitants has partially cleared away, and given the pale face of the spectre to view, Dumas adjures him to listen while he, in wizard guise, re-weaves the chequered web of his destiny. The spectre stands calm and voiceless; Dumas pompously recapitulates the items of the sorrowful past, throws them into shape; and when the fancy portrait is finished, gravely calls upon the spirit to signify assent, which it is said to do by gathering its cold and tiny breath into a long, dismal, and whistling *oui*; whereupon the poor ghost is unceremoniously dismissed to the realms of the dead, and the picture confidently held up to the admiring gaze of the idiot multitude—the conjurer so seemingly unconscious all the while, with what indescribable ease he can merge into the thaumaturge, the worker of miracles; how admirably nature has gifted him for the part of a literary Cagliostro—a character he might not unwillingly assume, did not the temper of the times and the public mind sufficiently warn him of the impossibility of clearing expenses. It is an observation of Franklin's, that, in reading the life of any great man, you are sure to meet with a greater than he; one endowed, that is, with every element of grandeur, but unfortunately either stranded or mercilessly struck down by fate. The remark will hardly apply to the memoirs of Dumas, whose great or greater men do but swell his train, or, in more intelligible language, usefully increase the bulk and number of his volumes. Hugo is, it must be allowed, the object of much fulsome adulation. The details even of his nonage are dwelt and expatiated upon with most lackadaisical tenderness. But this proceeds from another motive than that of getting up a foil to the advantage or disadvantages of his own greatness; a motive which brings out one of the least heroic features of this roystering comedian. With all his boasted love of opposition, and despite the lion's skin, from the folds of which he has occasionally affected to peep with a certain fierceness on public men and measures, Dumas has never been able to attract from any body of individuals, his creditors perhaps excepted, that degree of attention necessary to constitute the really serious opponent. To mask this grievous deficiency, he at times becomes actually bois-

terous in honor of those who have won the palm of political martyrdom. Not that he ever attempts publicly to advocate their opinions. This, he well knows, would be overshooting the mark, as it would be immediately followed by an official call for silence, from a quarter his promptly quiescent submission to which would be but a lamentable index of the nature of his status, and the value of his personal utterings. He has, therefore, recourse to rhetorical fence; and, as he is not unskilled in the art of playing off politics for sentiment, so he very naturally, when necessary, reverses the process, playing off sentiment for politics. Thus, by indulging in the loudest of paeans possible, whenever

the name of the exiled poet Hugo crosses his pen, he maintains with the most perfect impunity as regards the powers in being his swashbuckler look, while in the case of his banished friend he evinces the greatest generosity, showing how firm and unshaken he can be in all his attachments. This, in the eyes of the undiscerning, ever in the majority, enables him to assume a rather becoming attitude, on the graces of which he can afford to speculate, for the time being, with tolerable decency. Should the tide of democracy once more rise, such devotedness empowers him to take it at its very first swell, and ride majestically into port with the air of one whose political party is again in the ascendant.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE JEWISH SUBJECTS OF THE CZAR.

MUCH interest was awakened, a short time ago, by an account in the daily papers of a visit paid by Sir Moses Montefiore to what were called his *Russian* co-religionists among the prisoners of war brought home by our ships. The interest felt would no doubt have been greater still, had the history of the Jewish communities to which these individuals belong been better known. This history, in a consecutive form and in a philosophical spirit, remains to be written; but in the meanwhile a few jottings relative to the past and present condition of the Jews among whom Russia recruits her fleets and her armies, may prove acceptable.

The indiscriminate application of the name of Russian to the various peoples under the dominion of the Tzar, is one among the many indications of how imperfect a knowledge we have hitherto had of the true constitution of the colossal empire with which we are at present engaged in so close a struggle. In no case is the denomination more inapplicable than in that of the Israelites who live under the sceptre of the Tzars, but who have never been tolerated on Russian soil. From the early times this people was denied the right of establishing themselves in the Russian dominions, and to this day they are not al-

lowed to sojourn for any length of time in Russia proper; and it was not until Poland was brought under subjection to the Russian Tzars, that the latter ever counted any Jewish communities among their subjects. Poland, on the contrary, may be considered the home of the Jews in Europe; for in that country their numbers amount to that of a nation, and they hold a position which, however degraded it be, gives them a certain weight in the State, and could under present circumstances be filled by no other class. In every town throughout the countries which once constituted the independent kingdom of Poland, all handicrafts, with the exception of that of the smith and the carpenter, all branches of trade, be it *en gros* or *en détail*, are in the hands of the Jews; and no business, be it of the most important or the most insignificant nature, can be transacted without their aid. Through the mediation of a Jew the nobleman sells the corn grown on his estate to the skipper who exports it; and through the mediation of a Jew the serf sells his pigs and his fowls to the consumer in the town. Through the mediation of a Jew the upper classes engage their servants, and sometimes even the tutors and governesses for their children; and through the

mediation of a Jew the *voiturier* settles his contract with the traveller who requires his conveyance. Through the mediation of the Jews landlords settle conditions with their tenants, and housewives lay in their winter provisions. In short, whether you would eat or drink, rest or travel, change your lodging or renew your toilet in Poland, you must have recourse to the Jews, who divide among themselves, houses, inns, lands, and every description of property belonging to the Christians; so that each Jew has his prescribed field of activity, from which he may draw as much profit as it will yield, while he is strictly prohibited from trespassing upon the hunting-grounds of his neighbors. The Jews swarm in the streets of the towns throughout all the Polish provinces, and are met also in great numbers in the villages and on the high-roads; ever busy in turning a penny, but almost invariably presenting a picture of squalid misery, and mental and moral degradation painful to behold, and in strange contrast with their importance as the monopolizers of almost all the industrial activity in the society amid which they live, and with their numbers, which amounting to upwards of two millions and a half, must give them a certain weight in the State; and the stranger inquires, with startled curiosity, how it is that a people has so multiplied on a soil which seems to deny them every comfort of life.

There are, perhaps, few instances in history in which we can trace in such unmistakable evidences the elevating influences of just laws, and the debasing effects of lawlessness and persecution, on communities as well as on the individuals who compose them, as in the case of the Jews of Poland. At a very early period of Polish history, when in other Christian countries the commonest rights of humanity were denied to the Israelites, they enjoyed in Poland the protection of the laws; and in the 14th century, when the most atrocious persecutions drove them from all the Western countries of Europe, they flocked in thousands to the banks of the Vistula, where the Polish king, Casimir the Great, afforded them an asylum, and extended to them privileges commensurate with those of his other subjects. Invested with the rights of citizens, the Jews soon became such in the best sense of the word, and Casimir reaped his reward in the rapid develop-

ment of the prosperity of his realm. The people of Poland were divided into two classes: the nobles and the peasants; the first of which considered the pursuit of commerce or of the useful arts as beneath their dignity, while the second occupied themselves exclusively with the tillage of the soil. The Jews thus proved most useful in filling up the gap between the two; and during Casimir's reign already seventy towns arose on the banks of the Vistula, and commerce and industry were developed and flourished, these branches being entirely in the hands of the Jews; who, enjoying the protection of the laws, and being free to follow their religious convictions unmolested, soon ceased in all other matters to distinguish themselves from the people of which they formed a part, and proved themselves as estimable as patriots as they were useful as citizens.

The consideration which the Jews enjoyed in Poland during this period is by popular tradition attributed to the influence of the beautiful Esterka, or Esther, a Jewish maiden, who for a time held captive King Casimir's fickle heart. But although Esther's influence may have been great in consequence of her having bestowed two sons* on the king, who had no legitimate children, and may have been exercised in favor of her race, Casimir's extension of favor and protection to the industrious and persecuted Jews was too much in accordance with the general character of the system of wise and beneficent policy which acquired for him the surname of the "King of the Peasants," whom also he protected from the oppression of the nobles, to need any such inspiration; and as long as his spirit continued to animate the Polish rulers, the country was prosperous and powerful. Cardinal Commendoni, the Pope's legate in Poland during the reign of the last of the Jaghellons in the 16th century, expresses as follows his surprise at finding the Jews in that country enjoying the rights and well-being of respected citizens, while in other parts of Europe they were only able to purchase a contemptuous toleration at the cost of immense sums of money:—

There are in these provinces a large number of Jews, who are not despised as elsewhere. They do not live on the vile profits of usury and service, although they do not refuse such gains;

*The extraordinary tolerance with which the Jews must have been regarded in Poland at that time, is evidenced in the fact, that although their sons were educated in the Christian faith, the daughters whom Esther bore to the king were allowed to follow their mother's religion.

* This strange custom is called *Chazak*; and though now prohibited by law, continues in a great measure to prevail.

but they possess lands, are engaged in commerce, and even apply themselves to literature and science, particularly medicine and astrology. They are almost every where entrusted with the levying of customs and tolls on the import and transport of merchandise. They possess considerable fortunes, and are not only on a level with gentlemen, but sometimes hold authority among them. They do not wear any mark to distinguish them from Christians, but are even allowed to wear a sword and to go about armed. In short, they enjoy all the rights of other citizens.

But with the extinction of the Jaghellon dynasty matters took another turn in Poland. The monarchy, which had until then been elective in name only, now became so in fact, and the reign of anarchy commenced. The kings, holding the crown by the suffrages of the nobles, ventured not to restrain their unlawful proceedings; and, fanned by the Jesuits—whose disastrous influence in Poland also dates from this period—the superstitious and fanatic hatred of the Jews, which the Polish Christians shared in common with those of Western Europe, though it had been held in check, now burst forth with indescribable fury. Forbidden thenceforward the privilege of bearing arms or of serving the country in a civil capacity; forced to take up their abode in the lowest and dirtiest quarters of the town, apart from all the other inhabitants, and to wear a distinguishing badge of infamy on their vestments; fleeced by all kinds of taxes and extortions, and impeded in every way from gaining openly an honest livelihood, the persecuted race soon sunk down, morally and materially, to a level with their oppressed brethren in other countries, and became deserving of the repugnance they inspired; while the prosperity of the towns, the centres of the industry, commerce and riches of the country, declined, and with them the power and independence of Poland, which, invaded and partitioned, fell a victim partly to the anarchy of the nobles, partly to the influence of the Jesuits.

The numerous laws concerning the Jews which emanated after this period, having merely reference to their relations with the Christians, while all transactions between themselves were left to the jurisdiction of the rabbis, who even possessed the right of pronouncing sentence of death or of exile, the Israelites of Poland were thrown back upon the Books of Moses and of the Talmud for their laws. Jewish customs in their most rigid form became in consequence their rule of conduct; and thus the chasm between them and their fellow-citizens grew wider

and wider; and what was at first merely a religious difference, became a strong national antipathy, and Jew and Pole, though remaining necessary to each other, became animated by mutual hatred, disgust, and contempt. The strong prejudices which have always characterized the Hebrew race, being not only strengthened by the justice and persecution of their antagonists, but by the study of the works, which were to them the sole fountains of law and justice, they sunk deeper and deeper in the scale of civilization, while their brethren in other lands were slowly emerging from the bondage in which the religious fanaticism of the people and the mistaken policy of the Governments had held them; and the great mass now represent, in a hideous picture, the degrading influences of popular fanaticism and exclusive legislation.

The rabbis—who have much to answer for in relation to the degraded state of their co-religionists—having held the threat of anathema over those who learned the Polish language, or who adopted the dress or manners of their Christian countrymen, the greater number of the Polish Jews understand no other language than the corrupt German, which has always been their spoken idiom; and they are thus excluded from such culture even as they might pick up in their business intercourse with the educated classes. Indeed all studies, except that of the Talmud, the Zoar, and the Commentaries upon these, are held in utter contempt among them; and the Jew, who, emancipating himself from the trammels of strict orthodoxy, attempts to raise himself to the level of the age in which he lives, is scouted as a traitor to Israel. He who would enjoy the esteem of his co-religionists, on the contrary, must dress strictly after the Jewish fashion; must let his beard and his *peysi*, or long side-locks, grow; must go at least twice a day to the synagogue; must every morning exhibit large *thephilin** on his forehead and on his hand; must remain a long time before *Chemona Ethra*;† must pour water over his hands, or rub them on the ground, every time he has touched any thing, be it only his own hair; he must shun even the neighborhood of a Christian temple;‡ take care that

* Words from the Scriptures, worn thus in literal accordance with the words in Deut. vi. 5.

† The fourteen benedictions of Eshra.

‡ As late as 1834, some Jews who had followed the funeral of a Polish nobleman, whose virtues had made him beloved by all classes of his countrymen, were anathematized by their Rabbi, because of their having entered a Christian church.

the *zizessen*, or tufts attached to the skirts of his caftan in memory of the commandments of God, be of the orthodox length; and kiss the *mesures*, or words of the law engraved on his door-posts, each time he enters or goes out. He must, moreover, when rising in the morning, wet his hands three times with water, to drive away the evil spirits that settle upon the nails (the evil spirit of dirt being alone left unmolested), taking care that the ewer containing the water be of the prescribed form, and that he begin with the right hand; and if he would have a reputation for piety, he must three times a-day repeat various prayers and read passages from the Talmud, the Mishna, the Zoar, and other holy books, written in Hebrew or Chaldean, of which languages he most likely does not understand a word; and he must pare his nails every Friday, and carefully burn or conceal the parings, and then make a notch in his table or his window-post, to mark that it has been done, lest after death he should be condemned to return to earth to fetch the spoils. Such, and many more, are the observances which occupy the leisure time of the Jews in Poland, and which are considered necessary for peace with God; and it is plain that the violence done to the religious feelings of those who serve in the armies and navy of Russia, must tenfold aggravate all the other sufferings they have to endure. Well may Sir Moses Montefiore have been greeted as an angel of consolation, when he brought to the poor prisoners the means of celebrating one of their most important religious festivals. To how many of these poor Russian prisoners will not, in every respect, captivity in England seem liberation from the house of bondage!

The strict orthodoxy that prevails among the Polish Jews is further evidenced by certain cords or wires, called *aireph*, or Sabbath-cords, which run from roof to roof across the openings in the streets in the quarters of the towns inhabited by the Jews, and which have so much puzzled travellers in Poland, and given rise to so many absurd stories. The origin of these cords is derived from the law which forbids the Jews to carry any thing in their hands or about their persons on the Sabbath, and which being attended with great inconvenience, mothers being even interdicted to carry their babes in their arms, it became necessary to invent some lawful means of evasion. The *aireph* marks the boundary within which the law may be transgressed without sin; beyond these precincts, however, the Jew must not even carry his

handkerchief in his pocket on the Sabbath, but if he can not do without such useful appendage, must tie it round his arm or wrap it round his hand, in which case it passes for part of his vestments, so well has Jewish ingenuity known how to evade the inconveniences of Jewish orthodoxy. Whoever destroys an *aireph* is severely punished. The fact of the destruction or dis severance of such a cord, in whatever manner it may have occurred, is made known in the synagogue, and until it be repaired, the encircled precincts cease to enjoy the immunities it conferred. Happily, children under the age of thirteen do not come within the ordinances of the *aireph* law; and by their aid the inconvenience is in some measure mitigated. The reknitting of the broken line can not be performed by a lesser personage than the rabbi of the place. If it be a rope, it must not be mended by the application of a knot, but an entirely new cord must be provided; if it be a wire, the dis severed parts may be linked together again by means of a hook and eye. Among the things interdicted on the Sabbath are also driving in a carriage, or walking to a greater distance than 2,000 ells from the house in which they dwell,—which distance may, however, be doubled, if, on the preceding Friday, a fresh wheaten loaf be deposited midway on the road.

The customs here alluded to no doubt are, or at least have been, common to the Jews all over the world; but the distinction between the Polish Jews and their co-religionists of the West, is that the former adhere to them in the present day as rigidly as in the middle ages, and mix them up with as numerous superstitions. Scenes are of daily occurrence in Poland, and attract no attention, which would excite the greatest wonder in other parts of Europe were they exhibited there. At full-moon tide, for instance, you may, in any Polish town, come upon a crowd of Jews in the street performing what looks very much like worship of the moon, some gazing at the luminary with fixed glance and murmuring indistinct prayers, while others make obeisances to it and cry out in a loud voice; others again, in long white flowing robes bordered with black, grouped around small reading-desks on which their holy books lie open, read in these by the light of lanterns, and from time to time lift up their voices and smite their foreheads.

When observing the rigid orthodoxy of these stagnant Israelites, one can not help regretting that among the religious observances so staunchly adhered to, there are none

that enforce cleanliness; for the reverse of this virtue is so prominent a quality in the Polish Jews, as to make them objects of almost unconquerable repugnance, and the filth and discomfort in their dwellings is as great. The dirt, the misery, the squalor, and the extreme poverty of the great majority of the two millions and a half of Israelites who inhabit the Polish provinces, is the more surprising as they are addicted neither to drunkenness, gambling, nor idleness; and it must, therefore, in a great measure be attributed to their extreme ignorance and to the fanatic zeal with which their rabbis and congregational superiors have resisted every reform and innovation proposed by the Government; for however many sins the Poles, as all the Christian nations of Europe, may have to answer for as regards the Jews, it can not be denied that during the present century at least, a great part of the nation has sincerely desired to ameliorate their position. Even the Emperor Nicholas at one period made a pretence of wishing to enforce enlightenment among them. He invited Dr. Lilienthal, a learned German Jew, to St. Petersburg, to assist with his advice a commission instituted for the purpose of devising means for diffusing light among his Jewish subjects. The advanced minds among the Jewish population in the Emperor's dominions hailed these preparations as the dawn of a new day; but the orthodox Jews fasted and smote their breasts and prayed, fearing that a fatal blow would thus be levelled against Judaism. Happily for them, according to their own ideas, Nicholas seems to share the views of the great Catharine, who, writing to the governor of Moscow once on the subject of schools, said: "If I institute schools, it is not for us but for Europe, where we must maintain the rank we hold in public opinion; but the day that our peasants evince a desire to become enlightened, neither you nor I will remain in our places." Dr. Lilienthal sojourned in Russia many years, enjoying a high salary, but the schools that he was to organize were never established.

Even when not discriminated by their filth and rags, the Jews are distinguished from the rest of the population by their dress, which is of a decidedly Oriental character; but among themselves the similarity is so great, that in travelling through the Polish provinces from the Black Sea to the Baltic, one might fancy oneself pursued by the same individuals, the illusion being further encouraged by the similarity in the size and figure of the men, who are almost invari-

bly tall and thin, and distinguished by the palor of their countenances, which seems more a characteristic of the race than the result of individual suffering. Their complexion is clear and transparent, their eyes dark, their features delicate and chiselled, and their hair and beards dark, curly and glossy, their hands being remarkable for great delicacy and elegance of shape. The contrast between the beauty and noble expression of the countenances of these men and the abjectness of their character and meanness of their pursuits, is a source of constant wonder to the stranger. As some one has strikingly remarked, it is as if you beheld King David or King Solomon engaged in the pursuits of hucksters and pedlars, or the patriarchs committing petty roguery. If nature be not a deceiver, how much nobler destinies might not these men have worked out for themselves, had not bigotry and persecution done their worst against them! In Lithuania, in particular, some travellers aver that every Jew is a handsome man; and the meekness, mildness, and gentle melancholy expressed in the countenances of the younger men especially, is described as singularly touching. As a general rule the women are less handsome, and are much inclined to a degree of *embonpoint* which oversteps the limits of the beautiful; however, their turban-like head-dresses, formed of gaudy-colored handkerchiefs, give them a certain picturesqueness of appearance; and the rich coronets of pearls and precious stones with which the wealthy Jewish ladies encircle their brows on festive occasions, harmonize well with their dark hair and brilliant eyes. Altogether, however, the male attire, consisting of a long, dark caftan, fastened round the waist with a broad silk sash, and a high, conical fur cap, is more striking than that of the women. But when, in summer, the fur cap is exchanged for a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, the dignified Oriental sinks down into the common-place Jew. Says a traveller, who visited the country lately:—

The hundreds of thousands of the poorest Jews in Poland would afford an excellent study to any one who should desire to ascertain the minimum of nourishment on which the human body can be sustained, or to what perfection the art of making a whole garment out of innumerable rags can be carried, or in how far the air inhaled by human beings may be loaded with pestiferous smells without becoming deadly, or how children may be reared without clothes, without water, without soap, without comb, without brush, without medicine, without instruction, or without care of any

kind. . . . The misery, the want, the sickness, the hunger, the suffering of all kinds that reigns in the damp, filthy, pestiferous dwellings of the poor Jews in Warsaw, Cracow, Lemberg, Mittau, Wilna, and Odessa, where half-a-dozen families, all richly blessed with children, live in one wretched cellar, amid dirt and rags, with little light and less heat—the squalid figures, the many-colored tatters, worthy of being exhibited in an ethnographical museum, which may be seen in the Polish market-places, only those can picture to themselves who have read descriptions of the Esquimaux, of the New Hollanders, or of the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego.

This is a distressing picture, and it is not viewed with indifference in Poland; but the hands of the nation are tied by the tyrannical despotism which weighs upon Christian and Jew alike.

Towards the close of the last century, when the Polish nobles were in every way exerting themselves to retrieve the errors of the past—while their weak king, the minion of the worst enemy of his country, was unconsciously preparing his downfall, strenuous efforts were also made to ameliorate the condition of the Jews; and a "project of reform" relating to this subject was drawn up in a most just and liberal spirit, by a member of the Diet, and would no doubt have passed into law, had not the partition of the country intervened. According to this project of reform, the Jews were once more to be admitted to all the rights of citizens, while their duties to the country were not made to interfere with their liberty of conscience. It was enacted that as citizens of the State they should learn the language of the country, and should send their children to the national schools, but at the same time their religious rights were secured, and all honorable careers were opened to them. But the vultures that were to rend Poland asunder, were already hovering over the doomed land, and these noble efforts at self-regeneration, which might have served as an example to the freest and most enlightened nations of the times, only hastened the action of its enemies, lest the nation should grow too strong before the blow that was to fell it to the ground was levelled. The Israelites, fully aware of the sincerity of the intentions of the Polish patriots in their favor, proved their gratitude in 1794, when the people flew to arms in despair, by freely mingling their blood with that of their Christian compatriots; and they fought with bravery for the independence of the country which promised once more to become a true home to them.

Those among the Polish Israelites who, in consequence of the partition were transferred to Prussian rule, were the most fortunate. They have obtained many privileges they did not before possess; and they have in consequence abandoned their distinctive garb, and have lost many of their distinguishing features. Under Austrian rule, the influence of the Jesuits, who had contributed so much to their sufferings and degradation in Poland, continued to be felt; and the Jews of Galicia still maintain all their characteristic features. But it was the Israelites transferred to Russian dominion that were the most to be pitied. They were left entirely at the mercy of the caprice of the governors of the provinces, and other ignorant, barbarous, and rapacious officials, who all hoped to make their fortunes by despoiling the Jews, whose riches they conceived to be boundless. If the victims refused to deliver up the gold which in reality they did not possess, the tyrants put them to the torture to wrest it from them. The underlings imitated the example of their superiors; even the Russian soldiers—poor miserable slaves, ill-treated and trampled upon themselves—when they met with a Jew, played the masters for a while, and added their share to the misery that weighed down this unhappy people. The government also oppressed them in every way, by advancing every pretext to squeeze money out of them, by the creation of monopolies, by increased taxation, and by illegal persecutions, while at the same time it denied them all rights. They were not allowed to hold real property, or to frequent the schools of the country; entrance into the capital was entirely denied to them, as also the right of lengthened sojourn in any of the populous cities.

In 1807, when the Grand-duchy of Warsaw was constituted, equality before the law was proclaimed for all citizens, and the Jews among the rest; but this liberal constitution remained a dead letter under the rule of the House of Saxony, and the Jews continued to be burdened with exceptional taxes, administrative decrees depriving them of the rights which the organic law accorded to them. All attempts to transform the Jews into Polish citizens were abandoned, and, except that the additional hardship of performing military service was added to their other burdens, they remained what they had been for centuries. To relieve themselves from this, to them most hateful service, they offered to pay an annual sum of 700,000 Polish florins

to the Government, and under pretext of raising this sum, a tax called *kosher** was imposed in 1810 on all meat consumed by the Jews. This odious and vexatious tax, which weighs most heavily on the poor, is farmed out every year (for the Russian government most unjustly continues the tax, though the exemption from military service, for which it was a commutation, has been withdrawn) to the highest bidder; and it is but too often Jewish speculators who come forward to bid, in the hope of enriching themselves by the oppression of their brethren. However, the extraordinary tenacity and perseverance of the Hebrew character has frequently been exhibited in resistance to this tax, whole communities having for six months together abstained from eating meat, thus reducing to bankruptcy the heartless farmer of the tax. At the same time that this tax was imposed, the right of keeping taverns or public-houses in the villages, was withdrawn from the Jews, and a great number of families thus reduced to a state of perfect destitution.

The treaty of Vienna brought a new change in the state of Poland. Again a charter was given ensuring the rights of the citizens, Jewish as well as others, and again the people were delivered over to arbitrary rule, and this time to that of a capricious and tyrannical despot; for, while the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg planned benevolent reforms for Poland, the Grand-Duke Constantine, nominated commander-in-chief in the kingdom, was grinding the people under his heel. The burdensome taxes and restrictions weighing on the Jews were not relieved, while the prohibitive commercial system of Russia further injured them in their trading relations. Some sought relief in smuggling, in spite of the heavy penalties attending detection. This led to the establishment of a regular system of extortion, having for its object to despoil the rich Jews for the benefit of their denouncers, who shared their gains with General Rozniecki, the Chief of the Secret Police. The word of a single spy was sufficient to cause the incarceration of the most respectable citizen, and whether innocent or guilty, there was no escape from such captivity except through means of a golden key. The poor Jews, against whom no political plottings could possibly be invented, were made to follow their Polish fellow-citizens to Siberia, under pretext of being guilty of smuggling. At this time also (1823) the Jews were again forced to separate from the

other citizens, and to take up their abode in distinct quarters of the town; and, upon the whole, their condition became more intolerable than ever.

An incident, closely connected with an arbitrary measure, from which the Jews, in particular, suffered very severely, will suffice to show how constitutional government was understood by the Russian masters of Poland. Monopoly in the distillation and sale of spirits and beer was suddenly introduced by the Minister of Finance, Lubecki. The monopoly being, however, restricted to the towns, the price of the two commodities soon rose enormously in Warsaw, and other populous cities, as compared with the price in the villages; and many poor Jews, who had been deprived of every honest means of subsistence, were induced to smuggle spirits into the towns, though many lost their lives in conflict with the custom-house officers. At length the citizens of Warsaw finding themselves great sufferers by the enhanced price of the two necessary articles, drew up a petition to the Emperor, couched in the most respectful terms, but representing that the introduction of this monopoly was a violation of the rights guaranteed to the Polish people by the charter. The day after the petition had been sent in to the government office at Warsaw, the six respectable citizens, whose names stood first among the signatures, were dragged from their homes, conducted to an open square in the city, and there made to cart earth in wheelbarrows, like common malefactors, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, who looked on in profound and melancholy silence. One of the sufferers on this occasion, a venerable old man with silver hair, was Mr. Czynski, who had served as captain under Kosciuszko, and whose son has distinguished himself among the Polish emigrants in Paris, by his generous efforts in behalf of the Polish Jews. Among the means resorted to, at this period, for extorting money from the Jews, were also threats of displacing their cemeteries, and of pulling down their synagogues; and the unhappy people, already reduced to great privations, imposed long and severe fasts upon themselves in order to raise the sums required to bribe the authorities to desist from these plans. So great was the terror inspired by the Grand-Duke Constantine, that it has been observed, that not a single Israelite at that time ventured to inform his co-religionists abroad of the dreadful oppression they were subjected to in Poland.

One only of Alexander's benevolent and

* The word *kosher* signifies permitted food.

wise measures in favor of Jewish reform was carried out, at least partially. A commission was instituted at Warsaw to inquire into the condition of the Jews, and to propose ameliorations; but the only permanent fruits of its labors, was the establishment of a school in Warsaw for Jewish rabbis, with a view to forming tolerant and enlightened teachers, capable of exercising a salutary influence on their co-religionists; and the suppression of the Jewish authoritative bodies called *cahal*, who exercised a most despotic and tyrannical rule over their fellows by means of the anathema which they had the power of pronouncing. These two measures have at least emancipated a great number of the younger generation of Polish Jews from the thralldom of ignorant orthodoxy in which the rigorous Talmudists endeavor to keep their people.

For the Emperor Nicholas was reserved the distinction of levelling against his Jewish subjects the most cruel blow which has ever yet fallen upon this much-oppressed people. Shortly after his accession, being desirous of creating a powerful navy, and being advised that the Jews, hitherto exempt from military service, possessed peculiar aptitude for naval service—by the stroke of a pen he caused 30,000 children to be torn from the arms of their parents and transported to the coasts of the Black Sea during a most rigorous season. Many perished on the road, others succumbed to the cruel discipline of the Russian navy; and, if we are to believe the Jewish archives, a few years afterwards there remained only 10,000 young men alive of this first levy of Israelites. From one point of view the military service imposed upon his Jewish subjects by the Emperor Nicholas may be considered a step in advance, as it places them on an equal footing with the Christians, and as such it is indeed represented; but we must not forget that this equalization as to burdens has not been accompanied by any equalization as to rights, and that the Jews continue to be excluded from serving the country in any other capacity, and to be burdened with many exceptional imposts. But should the Tzar ever sincerely desire to place the Jews on a level with his Christian subjects of the same rank, he would only be making them the equals of serfs and slaves. However, the sufferings the Jews are exposed to by being subject to military conscription are also of an exceptional character. By far the greater number of the Jews born in the Polish provinces do not understand the Polish language, and much less the Russian; the position of the Russian soldier, as is now well known, is

one of indescribable hardship and privation. He is badly fed, badly paid, badly housed, and ill-treated by his superiors from the sergeant to the commander-in-chief; but added to this the Jewish soldier has to bear the hatred and contempt of his comrades in arms, who look upon him with abhorrence as belonging to the race who crucified their God; and such being the case, it is no wonder that these unhappy creatures resort to the most desperate expedients to evade a service which is also most repugnant to their unwarlike tastes and habits. A few years ago, a sledge with ten corpses was brought into Wilna one morning: they were the bodies of ten young Jews, who had preferred death from cold and hunger in the forest, to life among the barbarous Russian soldiers and officers. Such tragedies are of daily occurrence in Russia; but in 1843, a tragedy of a new character, and on a grander scale than had ever before been witnessed, was got up by order of the Emperor. In that year an ukase was published ordering all the Jews dwelling on the frontiers of Prussia and Austria to remove fifty wersta further into the interior; and thus a population of no less than 200,000 souls were suddenly uprooted from the soil on which their fathers had been established for many centuries, and cut off from their accustomed sources of livelihood. The Jews exerted themselves to the utmost to avert this dreadful calamity. They sent deputations to St. Petersburg to prove to the Government that not one in a thousand of them had been guilty of the smuggling which served as a pretext for this tyrannical measure; they offered to renounce entirely all participation in the frontier trade, or, if any of their members took part in it, to make all responsible for each; but the Emperor, who no doubt had ulterior objects in view, remained inflexible. Animated by the reforming spirit of his great ancestor, Nicholas has also declared war against the beards and caftans of the Jews, as Peter did against those of his Boyars. It is not, however, European civilization which Nicholas wishes to introduce, but that perfect uniformity which would render the power of his colossal empire more easy to wield. The idea of a wholesale conversion of the Jews is not either foreign to Nicholas, for he can not renounce the hope of embracing these too and a-half millions of his subjects also within the arms of the orthodox Russo-Greek Church, which are eventually, according to his plan, to encircle all the nations that dwell within the shadow of the Muscovite sceptre. That the

Russians are fully aware that hitherto persecution and oppression have only strengthened the faith of the Jews, is proved by the oath that is administered to them on entering the

army or the navy: they are made to swear not to abandon the Emperor's banners even when the Messiah appears.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

TUNIS.

TUNIS, the capital of the regency of the same name, is situated on the coast of Barbary, North Africa. Its climate is considered extremely salubrious, though the heat in summer is very oppressive. During the hottest months the thermometer generally stands at about 86 degrees in the shade; but the greatest difference in the temperature is caused by the prevalence of the south-east wind, called *sirocco*, which passes over the burning sands of the Sahara, or Great Desert, and is on that account so warm, as to appear almost like the breath of a furnace.

The country is exceedingly fertile, but is left almost without cultivation, owing to circumstances which I can not here detail. In summer no rain falls, and on that account, as well as by reason of the great heat, the ground is completely parched and brown; but in spring and autumn, when the former and latter rains moisten the earth, and the scorching sun has less power, the country appears robed in green and smiling in verdure.

The Bey of Tunis is nominally subject to the Sublime Porte, and possesses despotic power in his own regency.

Tunis is famous as having been one of the strongholds of the corsairs, or pirates, of whose dark deeds and bold exploits so much has been written; but the place derives its principal interest from its close vicinity to the site of ancient Carthage, once the great rival of Rome, but of which scarcely a vestige now remains to witness to the reality of its former grandeur. In the second century Christianity flourished in Carthage, and shed its benign influence over the regions around; but, alas! the darkness of night prevails where once the Sun of righteousness shone resplendent. Mahomedanism, propagated

and maintained by the sword, is now the religion of these once-favored districts.

The streets of Tunis are narrow, crooked, and dirty. It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the number of its Moorish inhabitants, as the Mahomedan religion forbids the numbering of the people. The town, however, is large and over-populated; and is said to contain, exclusively of the followers of the false prophet, about 30,000 Jews, 5000 Maltese, and a vast number of Europeans, principally French and Italian. There are nine European consuls and one American, resident in the town; and the flags hoisted on the different consulates on the Sabbath, or on any particular occasion, present a very lively appearance as they wave in the breeze.

The Mahomedans and the Jews know of no other Christianity than that exhibited to their view in the form of Catholicism, and the more idolatrous worship of the Greek church. They therefore imagine that all Christians observe the same ceremonies; and those among them who were brought into contact with ourselves or other Protestants, could with difficulty be persuaded that we did not worship idols, to which practice they have the greatest possible aversion. I well remember, some time after my school was established, the Jews, being anxious to know whether Christianity was taught in it, sent a person to ascertain the fact. The messenger walked into the school-room, looked round in search of a crucifix, and not seeing one, asked the children if we had any images for worship, and being told, No, went away perfectly satisfied that no Christianity was taught: whereas, at the same time, the girls were reading the New Testament daily, and learning with great interest those prophecies relating to the first advent of the Messiah.

The Jews of Tunis are Rabbinical, that is to say, they are of that class who teach for doctrine the tradition of men, and thereby make the Word of God of none effect. The study of the writings of their Rabbis, is considered by them more meritorious than the reading of God's Holy Word. From the Talmud, and other standard works, they gather many absurd notions:—one of which is, that females are not responsible beings, and also that it is a sin to instruct them. The care of their souls is left entirely to their husbands or fathers; and they themselves appear perfectly satisfied with an arrangement which removes from them all anxiety with regard to a future state.

The higher classes of Jewesses are kept in almost as much seclusion as their Mahomedan countrywomen, from whom they borrow many customs, and not a few superstitions. They wear charms and amulets to prevent the much-dreaded effects of the Evil-eye, &c.; and use the same methods of beautifying themselves as their Moorish neighbors—such as painting their eyebrows to meet, dyeing the hands and feet with henna, &c.; and as obesity is considered a mark of feminine beauty in Barbary, the Jewesses, by a system of cramming, often succeed in arriving almost at perfection with regard to it, and are frequently excessively stout.

The Jewesses are generally speaking dark-complexioned, though there are many among them remarkably fair. Some are very handsome; and I remarked that like the generality of Easterns, their hands and feet are small and well-formed. They are fond of display, and therefore wear quantities of jewelry. On the occasion of a marriage, it is considered no disgrace for the bride to borrow jewels from her neighbors. The short, outward robe and drawers worn by them reach to the ankle, and are composed of thin silk. The dress is richly embroidered on the bosom; and the short, loose sleeves are of white net, or muslin, or sometimes gauze spotted with gold. The full drawers fit closely round the ankle, where they are thickly embroidered with gold, and are always of a different color from that of the dress. Light brown and cherry-color are favorite contrasts, or scarlet or green, purple and yellow, pink and straw-color. The very poorest Jewesses wear common print dresses: but even they are always provided with one gay, silk dress for holiday occasions. When they walk abroad they are enveloped from head to foot in a *sifara*,—which is a shawl or scarf of very large dimensions, composed of the finest

white wool and silk, and is consequently a most expensive article of dress. The poor use *sifaras* of white calico.

Moorish women, when they are permitted to leave their homes, wear a covering of black crape over the face, leaving only the eyes visible, but the Jewesses only cover the mouth.

The usual dress of the Moors of Tunis consist of a red or blue braided or embroidered jacket, with *shash* sleeves; a white or sometimes colored vest; full, white or dark blue drawers to the knee; a scarlet silk scarf encircling the waist, no stockings and red or yellow slippers. The *shashea*, or scarlet cap of the East, completes the costume. This dress, when worn by the opulent, and therefore composed of rich materials, is very elegant. Peculiarly folded white turbans, and long, flowing robes are worn by professional men. The descendant of Mahommed may be known by his green turban, and sometimes robe of the same holy color; while the *hadge*, or pilgrim, is distinguished by his red turban. The dress of the Jew is very similar to that of the Moors, except that he is obliged to wear black shoes and a black turban, by which he may easily be distinguished among them. If unmarried he is not allowed to wear a turban at all, but in its place a small black skull-cap, which just covers the crown of his shaven head, and is very unbecoming.

On each side of his temples a small square patch is visible, which has not been shaven, but clipped as closely as possible. The reason for this we read in Lev. xix. 27, "Ye shall not round the corners of your head." Shaving the head is a universal practice in Tunis, and is the means of promoting cleanliness among the people, who are, generally speaking, extremely dirty in their persons and habits. The Mahomedans leave one long lock on the crown of their heads, by which they believe they are to be drawn up to heaven by their prophet on the last day.

The Jews are active and industrious, and carry on various trades very briskly. Nearly all the business of European merchants is transacted by Jewish brokers, who are acquainted with the customs of the country, and the different languages required in their vocation. As they are clever workmen, they are often sent for to work *balic* for the Bey—that is, they are compelled to work, with very little, or sometimes no remuneration; while their families, who depend on them for support, are left in a starving condition. Besides this, they are oppressed in various

ways, and made to feel themselves strangers in the land of their birth. Oppression has made them mean and cowardly, and deteriorated them from their character in several respects; yet they still possess many redeeming qualities.

Jewish parents are most indulgent to their children; they consider it wrong to correct a child, in any measure, until it has arrived at the age of six or seven years; when, of course, the work is much more difficult than if commenced from a proper period; and even when their system of training does begin, it is so defective as to be productive of very little improvement in the temper and disposition of their offspring;—so that whatever amiability may be found in them, is not

to be attributed to the pains bestowed in their moral training.

The religion of the Tunisian Jews principally consists in the scrupulous observance of a series of fasts and feasts. In their fasts they do not taste food from sunrise to sunset; and they are considered the most religious Jews who provide the most sumptuous feasts at the Passover, and other festivals. Hence debts are often contracted by the poorer classes, who think it a duty to honor the festivals by living well while they last, so that after they are over the wretched prisons of Tunis are crowded with Jews. The frequent occurrence of these festivals caused great interruptions in our school occupations, as they are made complete holidays.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CHARLES LAMB.

SOUTHEY.

To pen me up in this great city, would be to crush the life out of me. I should feel a canopy of iron over my head, and never breathe freely again. Even a flying visit is not without its distressing sensations; but to settle me down as a resident, would be death by slow torture.

LAMB.

That comes of living among barbarians and pagans. You have learned their naughty ways. They have taught you to blaspheme the divine metropolis, and to say that the gods of the country are better than ours. My heart bleeds for the hardness of yours. I wish I could convert you.

SOUTHEY.

London has its attractions—more of them, in fact, than any other city in the world. I find in it warm-hearted friends, literary society, public libraries, and book-stalls.

LAMB.

The last not least. Bless the man who broached the idea of a book stall, and the man who realized it; and all the men, women, and chicks who have ever stood at the

hospitable board, reading, marking, learning and inwardly digesting. I'm afraid Father Adam is not involved in any of these beatitudes. Probably his experience never transcended the limits of the apple-stall. Apples got a long start of books. A garden came whole ages before an epic.

SOUTHEY.

The book-stall is certainly a nucleus of charms for me—one of the redeeming features in the face of London.

LAMB.

What a capital intellectual dinner the poor man about town can get at one! There he stands, breaking the edge of his appetite with a heavy fragment of "Locke on the Mind" (say, for a hungry dog, the chapter on Essences, real and nominal); then discussing an unctuous slice from the prime part of Sir Thomas Browne; then smacking his lips over tit-bits from the side-dishes of poesy and old romance; and possibly, by way of dessert, cracking a few of *my* nuts, and inwardly drinking the health of Elia, as a broth of a boy. He's a black-hearted heathen if he finishes such a repast without a "— make us truly thankful!"

SOUTHEY.

I am glad you provide variety for this diner-out of your vagrant fancy. Devoted to books as I am—

"My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day"—

still I require diversity. Driving one horse till he is winded and you are knocked up, is bad. I like to finger the ribbons of a four-in-hand better.

LAMB.

I fancy your ambition travels beyond the stage-coach proprieties of four; you undertake twice that number with alacrity, and keep the whip-hand of them down hill all the time. Southey, your greed of books is insatiable. The daughters of the horse-leech are nothing to you. Tell me, now; when you left Keswick, how many volumes shared your affections?

SOUTHEY.

I was paying attentions to Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History"—

LAMB.

A *penchant* not very likely to end in a holy alliance. Go on.

SOUTHEY.

Also, to Shakspeare's "Othello."

LAMB.

What a lapse in your flirtations—from the divinity-doctor to the naughty black man! "The nearer the kirk the further from God."

SOUTHEY.

If you comment thus on my frailties, I shall never get through the list of them. I have to confess a *liaison* with Isaac Barrow; also a few tender passages with Bishop Parker de *Rebus sui Temporis*; frequent assignations with Whitaker's "Pierce Plowman;" stolen glances by the score at the "Mirror for Magistrates;" intimate correspondence with Tiraboschi; an unequivocal attachment to the "Niebelungen Lied;" and undisguised familiarity with Rabelais, and several others.

LAMB.

Most horrible! Turkish license of this wholesale order in a Christian land!

SOUTHEY.

Follow me to Keswick, and secure by ocular demonstration, proofs of my enormities.

LAMB.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." No, thank you. I can quite take your word, when you assure me of your own wickedness. As for Keswick—strip me naked, if ever you catch me spying out the nakedness of the land again! The man who longs for the country deserves to be sent there; that is all I have to say. The ancients placed skulls on their banquet-tables—grim memorials of discomfort. The moderns place gardens at the back of their houses, for (I suppose) a like purpose. What else was the first garden than a prison—out of which Adam was shrewd enough to sin himself?

SOUTHEY.

You know how a flower fades away when condemned to the doom of your parlor-window existence; so should I fade away if London were my home—which God forbid!

LAMB.

I never say "amen" to a curse. As for any thing out of London—as for green fields and poplar-trees, and those blockheads the mountains, and those cold and catarrh-mongers the rivers, they are hideous in mine eyes. I had small love for them at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.

SOUTHEY.

You are one of the sincerest of men, and yet utter more insincerities than any man alive. But we know how to interpret them. They must be very freely translated—not literally; and if read backwards or upside down, the sense will often be more readily attained. I will not believe in your professions of hatred to rural scenery. I will not believe that all those "beauteous forms" are but to you

"As is a landscape to a blind man's eye."

You are not so irreligious as to despise and dislike what God has made, and beheld and pronounced very good. The everlasting hills that stand about my home, how necessary a part of existence they now seem to me! Gazing on them, I have felt what Wordsworth so grandly describes,

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."

The clouds resting on their summits speak to me of heavenly things, "and in their silent faces I can read unutterable love."

Come, let us fraternise: join me at the Lakes, and we will walk and worship together. Nay, I am serious. Throw aside for once the cap and bells.

LAMB.

For you to put on. And really the cap fits you to a nicety, and the bells discourse most eloquent music—equal to that of the Banbury-cross lady. I must answer Mr. Southey's *Sapphics à la Canning* (*in re* "The Needy Knife-grinder"),

"Visit Greta-bridge? I will see thee hang'd first!"

No, no! London in her shabbiest clothes and seediest moments—suffering with the great plague, for example, or frizzling away in 1666—can at least stare the country out of countenance any day of the week. London is to me, as I once told Manning of Cambridge, a more than Mahometan Paradise, which I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Windermere, and the parson thrown in for a make-weight. Think of the delicious melody of Bow-bells! Talk about that old humbug, Helvellyn—why, have n't we Primrose Hill? Derwentwater, indeed! as if we had not the New River. Have the kindness to contrast a walk in town with a walk in the country—the latter a dull, purposeless, meaningless thing, wherein you meet one clodhopper per mile, and regard a "solitary ass" as a celestial visitation, "beautiful exceedingly"—the former a glorious intercourse with men and manners, with shops and street-criers, with taverns and theatres. What finer spectacle than the Strand in full bustle, or the sweet shady side of Pall Mall, in the height of the season? Now you brush against a cabinet minister; now you overhear the small-talk of two dukes; anon you meet Coleridge and Davy, Mackintosh and Sydney Smith; at the corner of the street you shake hands with Kean, or make an appointment with Young. Are you tired of looking in at that goldsmith's shop-window, and examining the brooches and plate, plentiful enough to buy up a baker's dozen of your midland counties? Turn to next door—a pastry cook's, I declare!—you may as well step inside *there*—and having complimented Miss behind the counter, on the perfection of her cates, after devouring half-a-score of delicacies, the very names of which never startled the stupidity of your northern boors, you scrutinise the next shop, which is a print-seller's, and feast your eyes on the beauties of Stothard and Barry, Opie and

West; and then you peer into a toy-shop, and buy a wax doll and a Noah's ark for your beloved "dream-children," or a pack of cards at the adjoining stationer's, for your excellent friend, "Mrs. Battle," or some choice bandanas at the mercer's for your "poor relations!"

SOUTHEY.

Vide the "Essays of Elia," *passim*.

LAMB.

The prisoners and captives prayed for in the Litany must surely mean the dwellers in the country; and, poor fellows, they sadly need our supplications.

SOUTHEY.

Do you believe in the existence of vice within five miles of St. Paul's?

LAMB.

Well, they do tell me there are naughty things said and done; but I try not to believe them. Like Pilgrim Christian, I stuff my fingers (as many of the ten as can find admission) in my ears, that I may not hear their mischievous persuasions.

SOUTHEY.

I do not mix in the giddy pleasures of the place, and yet see enough, at every visit, to make my heart bleed with sorrow as well as burn with shame.

LAMB.

Ah, Southey! no man can live a day in the streets of London, gazing on its passing crowds, and noting its common incidents, without saying at eventide, "I have seen strange things to-day—strange things and sad!" Many a time the thoroughfares which I sought for purposes of cheerfulness, present scenes that depress me beyond measure. But, on the other hand, I often shed tears of joy at the mere sight of so much life; and I take long walks at night, when the lamps are lit, and the streets are crowded with men and women whose work is over, that I may indulge in such pleasurable weeping. The fact is, I have formed intense local attachments (as I told Wordsworth, *lang syne*) in the home of my childhood, youth, and middle age—attachments as many and intense as you hill-folk can have formed with dead nature; and I must cease to be the Charles Lamb of Christ Hospital, and Queen Street, and the South Sea House, before I cease to remember this my Jerusalem. Had I been born and bred

"By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains,"

my predilections might have been all the other way, and a noisy city might have been to me a *monstrum horrendum*. But I can not bear to think of that.

SOUTHEY.

You are a man of letters, and not ignorant of that nervous sensibility which is often unduly developed in the student race. Are you not, then, vexed and harassed now and then by the interruptions incident to life in a great metropolis?

LAMB.

When I lived in Russell street, I was worried out of life almost by interruptions. It was such a convenient distance for callers—such a central situation. How I pined after the comparative seclusion of the Temple! A set of fellows who affected interest in literature were eternally dropping in at breakfast-time, at pudding-time, at tea-time, at bed-time. They would honor me with a call at the India House, lean on my desk, and play with my quills, and more than glance at the secrets of my ledgers; they would insist on accompanying me home after business-hours, lest I should have one moment's solitude; and if I got rid of this batch at the door, and scrambled up stairs to be blessed by the phiz of Mary and the perfumes of roast mutton, alas! alas! the knocker soon dealt forth its knell-like strokes, and my digestion, my peace of mind, my evening sympathies with Mary and an old folio, were sacrificed to the ruthless invaders announced to my horror.

SOUTHEY.

Then envy me. Confess the advantages of

"Robert the Rhymer, who lives at the lakes."

Behold me sitting in delicious *déshabille*, in a large room warmed by a roaring fire, and lighted by one dull candle; working away with all my heart, and all my mind, and all my soul, and all my strength; one, as I have often described myself, daily progressing in learning; not so learned as poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy. While the citizen author groans under a recurring series of loquacious intruders, my quiet is only broken by the advent of a sociable cat—and very welcome he is. While you have pains and penalties, thick and threefold, attached to the eating of your mutton, I can swallow,

ad libitum, that best of all dishes, gooseberry-pie, without fearing the criticism or the company of any anti-gooseberry fool.

LAMB.

So you are not yet weaned from that infantine love of the pie you once glorified in a Pindaric ode?

SOUTHEY.

Not I. Still can I sing with as much epicure inspiration as ever,—

"What though the sunbeams of the west
Mature within the turtle's breast
Blood, glutinous, and fat, of verdant hue?
What though the deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them the honors due—
But gooseberry pie is best."

LAMB.

Ah, well; may we never, at the oldest, cease to be old boys! I'm sure I've no wish to grow more venerable and sage and hoary-headed than I am at this moment. I should like to continue at the present point of time—since I can not date backwards in a bill of this kind (what a delightful *a priori* argument if I could!)—I should like to make a bargain with old Chronos, the grasping thief! that in consideration of the many depredations he hath committed on my person and property, he should for the future let me go scot-free—leaving me my present complement of faculties, friends, funds, teeth, and appetites. I have already lost plenty of all these good things, thanks to that old curmudgeon with his scythe.

SOUTHEY.

We can not make a covenant with Death, nor a composition with such a creditor as Time. Dear Lamb! what a balance-sheet he has against you and me since we were young fellows at Bristol, and had our juvenile phizzes "taken" for good Joseph Cottle. I often think the final supremacy of time, as proved by the infirmities and sorrows of old age, more to be dreaded than that of death itself, which, if an enemy to the virtuous and wise, is at any rate the last. Of all things I am chiefly affected by change in objects dear to my heart of hearts: the changes wrought by old age are fearful to contemplate; and when I think of them, and feel their premonitory symptoms, and taste their bitter first-fruits, I long for the wings of a

dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.

LAMB.

Whereas I cling to this present state of being, with a tenacity that becomes deeper and firmer with every furrow in the soil of my heart. I shrink from the thought of new and untried existence. I would never leave familiar faces and familiar scenes. Thoughts of an expanded and elevated sphere, instead of consoling, depress me more than I can

tell. This is a sorry confession to make; but I will not ape a spiritual sublimity which I do not feel.

SOUTHEY.

You set too great and exclusive a value on things seen and temporal; but I'm not going to be dogmatical with you. For my part, my very happiest moments are those when I am anticipating that future life where change shall be ever for the better, and progress shall be without decay, and happiness without evanescence.

From Hogg's Instructor.

COMETS.

In the ages of ignorance and superstition, very wild and extraordinary opinions have been entertained regarding the nature of comets, and the purposes for which they appear in the heavens. The ancient Chaldeans, and Pythagoras, with some of his followers, believed them to be of the nature of the planets. Aristotle supposed them to be meteors in the upper heavens, generated when they appeared, and vanishing out of sight by being destroyed. In later times, Kepler, noted for the wildness of his imagination, as well as for the strength of his genius, fancied comets to be monstrous and uncommon animals generated in the celestial spaces. Bodin, a French writer of the sixteenth century, maintained that comets "are spirits, or genii different from men, yet mortal, which, having lived on the earth innumerable ages, and being at length arrived on the confines of death, celebrate their last triumph, or are recalled to the firmament, like shining stars." An opinion something like this, extravagant though it be, prevailed in remote ages; for we find that the people generally believed that a great comet which appeared immediately after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, was the soul of that celebrated man. The conjecture—for all was yet only conjecture—of Bernoulli, an Italian philosopher, was nearer the truth, and yet far from it: He thought that comets were the satellites of some far-off planet, invisible on account of its distance, which wander betimes within the sphere of our vision.

Sir Isaac Newton believed that the orbit of the comet of 1680 would become gradually less, and that at last the comet would fall into the sun; thus, in his opinion, fulfilling one of the uses of comets, namely, to furnish fuel for the sun, which was supposed to be necessary, to prevent the sun from being wasted away by giving out so much light. Mr. Brydone seemed to hold the same opinion with regard to almost all the comets without tails, which he alleges are seen approaching the sun, but of whose return from the sun no evidence satisfactory to him was ever given. Such were the opinions of philosophers regarding comets, before the accurate observations, superior instruments, and profound calculation of modern science made us better acquainted with them.

Whilst the learned formed conjectures regarding comets that were wide of the truth, ignorance and superstition invested them with a mysterious and awful significance. They were regarded as omens or forerunners of war, or pestilence, or famine; of the birth of mortals who were to be great for good or evil among their fellows; or of those calamities which too often followed the death of the great conquerors of antiquity. Princes, popes, peoples, were perplexed and alarmed by the appearance of these strange wanderers in the heavens, as they glared down in their fiery splendor, or gave forth their pale, livid, watery light, the very emblem, as men thought, of plague and famine; or as their

immense trains swept across the heavens, attracting every eye, and filling men's hearts with astonishment and anxiety.

Speaking of Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, the historian Justin says, "The celestial signs had foretold the future greatness of this man. For, in that year in which he was born, and in that in which he first began to reign, the star of a comet, through each time, so shone for seventy days, that all the heaven seemed to be in a blaze. For it had taken up the fourth part of the heaven by the greatness of it, and had overcome the brightness of the sun by the splendor of it; and it occupied the space of four hours in rising and setting." A comet which appeared in 837 so alarmed the reigning king of France, Louis I., that he ordered a number of churches and monasteries to be built throughout his dominions, in the hope that thereby he would appease the wrath of Heaven, of which he supposed the comet to be an indication. And in 1446, the pope of that day, Calixtus III., hard pressed by the successes of the Turks under Mahomet II., was greatly alarmed by the appearance of a remarkable comet, and he appointed a form of prayer to be used against its supposed baleful influence; and, for the same end, he ordered the bells in all the churches to be rung every day at noon. But, "Thus saith the Lord, be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them."

Though much has yet to be learned regarding comets, the observations and labors of modern science have led to a good deal of trustworthy knowledge of them, and have shown them to be very harmless, but very interesting celestial phenomena. In this paper we shall attempt to give a rapid sketch of what is known regarding comets, and especially of the results of recent investigations, drawing our materials chiefly from the work of Mr. Hind.

Some comets are distinctly, and even conspicuously visible to the naked eye; others (and these by far the greater number) are only to be seen by the aid of the telescope. In almost every instance in which they are conspicuously visible to the naked eye, comets consist of a head composed of a nucleus of light surrounded by a mass of nebulous matter, and of a tail or train of nebulous light stretching out from the head or nucleus.

When we direct the eye or the instrument to the head of a comet, we see sometimes a star-like body in the centre, sometimes a disc-like appearance, and sometimes evidently only the nebulous matter, in a state of

greater or less condensation. The celebrated French philosopher Arago was of opinion that some comets are solid bodies like the planets; and he rested that opinion very much on an alleged fact, that a comet has been observed as a round black spot on the body of the sun, in its transit across the disc of that luminary, like the planets Mercury and Venus in similar circumstances. There is the strongest reason to believe, however, that what have sometimes been taken for opaque or planetary nuclei, were nothing but the nebulous or gaseous matter of which comets are composed, in a very high state of condensation. It having been computed that the comet of 1827 would cross the sun's disc, the occurrence was looked forward to with much interest, as fitted to furnish the best information regarding the nuclei of comets. Unfortunately, the sun at the computed time was hidden by clouds in this country; he was seen, however, by the French observers at Verviers and Marseilles; but no spot or cloud could be discovered on the sun's disc; and hence it was concluded that the comet had no solid or opaque part whatever. Besides, when comets have presented to the observer what seemed to be a solid planetary disc, it has been found that the appearance of that disc underwent changes of shape and character altogether inconsistent with the fact of it being a solid substance. And it is held to be doubtful whether a single instance can be produced of a comet with a planetary disc presenting the same appearance throughout the whole period that it was observed. Indeed, the changes exhibited by the central portion of the heads of comets—in other words, the different appearances presented by the disc, in those of them which are so furnished—are among the most puzzling of the phenomena connected with these bodies.

The nuclei of different comets present very different appearances, and even the nucleus of the same comet evidently undergoes, as we have just stated, great and surprising changes. A remarkable comet appeared A. D. 389, whose head seemed composed of several small stars. The nucleus of the comet of 1835-36, usually called Halley's comet, presented at one time the appearance of a fan-shaped flame, proceeding from a bright point; at another time, it was like a red-hot coal of an oblong form; at another time, it was seen as a well-defined disc, with an apparent diameter of not less than 97,000 miles; and at another time, as a brilliant kernel of light, with a diameter varying from 250 to 1,000

miles. The comet of 1807 was seen by Sir W. Herschel to have a well-defined planetary disc of a circular form. Sir William also saw a similar planetary disc in the head of the great comet of 1811; but, when that comet was examined by glasses of high power, the appearance of the stellar nucleus vanished. In 1819 a comet was observed, which exhibited phases similar to those of a crescent moon, during a part of the time that it was visible. The nucleus of a comet which appeared in 1825, as seen by Professor Santini, appeared to be composed of three bright spots. The great comet of 1843 had at one time a nucleus, small, but extremely bright; at another time it exhibited a well-defined planetary disc.

The different appearances thus presented by the nuclei of different comets, and still more the differences observed in the nucleus of the same comet at different times, seem plainly to indicate that the nuclei of comets are not solid bodies, and that they consist of nebulous or gaseous matter considerably or highly condensed.

Some comets are exceedingly brilliant; so much so, that they have been distinctly visible during the day, and while the sun was shining, and have also cast a shadow at night. This was the case with the comet mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and also with the one which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, B.C. 134, to which we have already referred. One of the comets of 1618 was distinctly seen in full day light; and an instance occurred, in July, 418, of a comet that had not been observed before, being detected as a bright body in the neighborhood of the sun during an eclipse. The comet of 1744 was observed with the telescope at noon day, and many persons could distinctly see it with the naked eye for a considerable period after sunrise. Two comets of extraordinary brightness appeared in 1402; they were seen day and night, and caused great alarm.

Usually the head in comets exhibits a pale, livid, white light; sometimes it is fiery red; sometimes a dull red, inclining to yellow; and occasionally it presents a greenish, and sometimes a bluish tinge. The comet of 1811 had a disc of a pale ruddy color; the surrounding nebulosity was greenish, or bluish green. The nucleus of the comet of 1843 was of a golden hue, of the color of Venus, or reddish, according to different observers. The comet of 1652 was of a pale livid color. The Chinese describe the comet of 1577 as of a bluish color, with a white vapor.

But it has been chiefly the tails of comets

that have attracted the attention of mankind, and filled them with astonishment, and often, in the days of ignorance and superstition, with terror. The generality of comets visible to the naked eye are tailed comets. The tail is usually developed as the comet approaches the sun; and just after it has passed that body, it for the most part appears to attain its greatest dimensions. In some comets, the tail is an elongated train of light, becoming fainter towards the extremity; in others, it is rounded off, bushy, or fan-shaped. Sometimes the elongated tail seems to be split at the end, so as to present the appearance of two or more tails.

The tail generally projects from the head of the comet in a direction away from the sun, so as to be a continuation of the line drawn from the sun to the head of the comet. This, however, is not always the case: for in the comets of 1577 and 1680 the tail deviated from the line joining the sun and the comet—that of the former 21° , and that of the latter 5° . Sometimes, when comets have two tails, the one is in the usual direction, and the other is towards the sun. The comets of 1824 and 1845 were of this kind; that of 1824 had two tails, making with each other an angle which varied from 138° to 170° ; and the two tails of that of 1845 made with one another an angle of about 140° . The tail of the same comet has been observed to vary greatly in appearance, and that sometimes in the course of a single night.

Occasionally a vibratory or coruscating motion, something resembling certain of the motions of the aurora borealis, has been noticed in the tails of some comets. The Chinese, to whom we are indebted for a large number of careful observations of early comets, were the first to notice these vibrations in the tail of a comet which appeared A.D. 615, and they have often been observed since. Longomontanus described the tail of the comet of 1618 as having "an enormous vibration;" another observer says that it appeared as if agitated by the wind. In the great comet of 1843, the pulsations of the tail were distinctly visible.

Some comets have tails not straight, but curved, presenting to the eye of wondering and alarmed nations the appearance of an immense flaming sword hung out in the heavens. Such a phenomenon was held to portend bloody wars.

The apparent and real length of the tail are generally different. If the eye of the observer be in a line drawn through the tail lengthwise, the tail will seem to make a part

of the head, or, in other words, no tail will be distinguishable; if the eye be a little out of the line, the tail will appear short; and it is only when the eye is in a line at right angles, or nearly so, to the tail, that the whole length of it will be seen.

In some comets, the apparent length of the tail has been enormous, stretching over 40° , 50° , 60° , and 100° of an arc of the heavens. A comet, observed in the southern hemisphere in 1689, had a tail that extended over 60° , and was two hours and a-half in rising. And we are told of the great comet which appeared in 1264, that, when its head was just above the eastern horizon, the tail stretched away westward to beyond the mid-heavens. The nearer that the comet is to the eye of the observer favorably situated, the greater will be the apparent length of the tail.

But the real length of the train of light that accompanies these wonderful bodies, is even more confounding than its apparent length. The tail of the celebrated comet of 1680 was considerably more than 100,000,000 of miles long; that of the comet of 1744 was 19,000,000 of miles; that of the comet of 1769 about 40,000,000 of miles. The great comet of 1811 had a tail of upwards of 100,000,000 of miles in length; and the second comet of that year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 of miles in length; whilst the comet of March, 1843, had a train of light stretching away from the nucleus, or head, to the astonishing distance of 200,000,000 of miles.

There is something in such enormous measures of distance which the mind can hardly grasp, that swells out our conceptions of the wisdom and power of Him who created and rules these glorious wanderers. And in connection with that wisdom and power, what thoughts should we have of the first sleep of the Infant in the manger of the stable at Bethlehem, of the agony in the garden, of the ignominy on the cross, of the humiliation and helplessness in the tomb which a stranger's kindness supplied!

In some comets there is a rim or border of light on the head next the sun, and passing round on each side to form the commencement of the tail. That border is called the envelope. Of the manner in which the envelope and tail are formed, astronomers can as yet do little more than conjecture. But it is supposed that the nucleus, or more condensed part of the head, being acted upon by the sun, throws off, or outwards toward the sun, a portion of the cometic

atmosphere, which is straightway driven back by some repelling power, and, passing along the sides of the comet, forms the tail. If this conjecture be correct, then the repelling power, whether coming from the sun, or whencesoever it comes, must be prodigiously great, for the tail generally retains a rectilinear direction away from the sun, whether the comet be sweeping down in space towards that luminary, or be whirling with lightning speed round him in its perihelion, or nearest distance to him, or be receding away into space after it has passed him.

There is considerable difficulty in finding the real magnitude of comets, from its being impossible to determine precisely where the nebulous matter of which the head is composed terminates, inasmuch as it appears to thin off from the centre, and gradually to shade away into darkness. Besides, the nebulous matter evidently contracts and expands, so that the same comet has different dimensions at different periods. Still, the measurement of a number of comets has been accomplished, we believe, with considerable accuracy.

But, besides the contractions and expansions which take place in the heads of comets from causes altogether unknown to us, there are other contractions and expansions which some at least of these bodies undergo with considerable regularity, and which apparently depend on their approach to and departure from the sun. In approaching the sun they are observed to contract, in receding from the sun they are observed to expand. This is certainly contrary to what we would expect, and it is one of the many intimations which we have that the physical constitution of comets—the matter of which they are composed—is something of which we on earth have no experience, and can form no conception.

All comets, most probably, move in an ellipse, often of very high eccentricity, although it may be that some of them, from the very great velocity with which they pass their perihelion, move in a parabola, or in a hyperbola. Some comets have a direct motion in the order of the signs of the zodiac—i. e., in the same direction as the earth and the planets; others move in a contrary or retrograde direction. Of the 206 comets whose orbits have been calculated down to the end of 1852, 105 have a direct, and 101 have a retrograde motion. The paths of comets are not confined to the ecliptic, as those of the planets are, but comets are seen in all parts of the heavens—about the poles, as well as in

the zodiacal regions. They come darting forth towards the sun from every quarter in space, and having wheeled round him with inconceivable rapidity, they rush away back into those "depths profound" whence they emerged.

Of the number of comets we can have no certain knowledge. More than 7,000,000 of these bodies, according to Arago, come within the orbit of Uranus. Mr. Hind supposes that probably somewhat above 5,000 comets have approached the sun within the orbit of Mars; of these there are trustworthy records of rather more than 600.

The discovery that comets move in an ellipse, having the sun in one of the foci, and that they will, therefore, periodically visit the neighborhood of the sun, was one of surpassing interest, and the determination of the periods of their return is one of the greatest triumphs of human intellect. Let us briefly advert to that discovery.

At an early period it was thought that comets moved in straight lines. When this was found to be an error, and they were observed to move in a curve, that curve was supposed to be a parabola, or a hyperbola. And indeed the parabola and hyperbola differ very little from the ellipse in the small part of a comet's orbit, in which it can be observed. For it is only for a comparatively short space before a comet reaches its perihelion, and after it passes it, that it is within the reach of the astronomer's eye or instruments. But it was by-and-by found that the observations made on the orbits of different comets would by no means agree with the supposition that they were moving in a parabola, and plainly indicated that their orbit was an ellipse. The orbits of a number of such comets have been calculated, and the result has been the determination of the periodical times of several comets; and these calculated periodic times have been verified by the return of the comets as predicted. The most celebrated are the comets known by the name of Halley's Encke's, and Biela's comets. A brief notice of these may not be devoid of interest, and may assist us in obtaining a more distinct notion of the cometary world.

Guided by the light which his great theory of gravitation threw on a variety of astronomical observations, Sir Isaac Newton came to the conclusion that the comets, like the planets, revolve round the sun. If this had before been suspected, it had not in any way been proved. To verify it, if really true, became an object of deep interest to Newton, and his

friend Dr. Halley. "At Newton's suggestion," says Mr. Mitchell of Cincinnati, "Halley had searched all ancient and modern records for the purpose of rescuing any historical details touching the appearance and aspects of comets from the primitive ages down to his own time. On the appearance of the comet of 1682, he observed its position with great care, and with wonderful pains computed the elements of its orbit. He found it moving in a plane but little inclined to the ecliptic, and in an ellipse of very great elongation. In its aphelion it receded from the sun to the enormous distance of 3,400,000,000 of miles. He discovered that the nature of its orbit was such as to warrant the belief that the comet would return at regular intervals of about seventy-five years; and, recurring to his historical table of comets, he found it possible to trace it back with certainty several hundred years, and with probability even to the time of the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before Christ."

From his computation, and from what he believed to be the historical evidence that he had of its former appearances, Halley boldly predicted its return in 1758 or 1759. He believed that before the predicted time arrived he would be in his grave, but with that thirst for fame which is the infirmity—shall we call it?—of noble minds, and with a patriotic jealousy for the honor of his native country, he expressed a hope that, in the event of the comet's return, it would be remembered that its periodicity had been discovered by an Englishman.

As the period of the comet's return indicated by Halley approached, the calculation of the elements of its orbit was repeated with great care and labor, and under the guidance of the results, astronomers in all quarters were on the out-look for the expected mighty traveller. A Saxon farmer, near Dresden, of the name of Palitzsch, first saw it on the 25th of December, 1758. In the winter and spring of 1759 it was seen by numerous observers, and it arrived at its perihelion on the 12th of March, just a month before the calculated time. Even that small error in these enormous calculations, and affecting the passage of the comet through an orbit of such prodigious extent, was owing in great part to the want, at that time, of an accurate knowledge of the masses of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose perturbing forces considerably affect the motion of the comet.

Halley's comet was again due in the neigh-

borhood of our sun, and within the sphere of our observation, in 1835. As that time approached, the computation of its orbit was made with great care and labor by a number of very eminent mathematicians, and every perturbing force that might affect it was taken into account. The result established the triumph of science, and showed how firmly and successfully the human intellect has grappled with the great problem of the path of comets in space. Rosenberger fixed on the 11th of November, 1835, as the time of its perihelion; and the comet having been first seen at Rome on the 6th of August, advanced rapidly towards the sun, and made its perihelion passage on the 15th of November, only four days after the calculated time. This was indeed wonderful accuracy, in tracing the path and computing the period of a body that recedes into space the amazing distance of 3,370,300,000 miles, which in that long journey passes within the range of so many perturbing forces, and which travels at degrees of speed so gradually and so greatly varying. It bears magnificent testimony to the power and grasp of the intellect of man. Yet, let none be proud because of what they have received. The thought that the unknown is vastly, boundlessly more than the known, should keep the wisest, and most learned, and most vigorous-minded, humble. And let the noble achievements of human intellect testify to man, that he is made for something better than grovelling among the sensualities of the world; for something better even than the study of the material forms of the universe, and the laws by which they are governed; that he will find his highest and ultimate occupation in the knowledge of the Creator and Lawgiver himself, and his highest and only happiness in the enjoyment of that Creator and Lawgiver as the God of grace and redemption—a covenant God in Jesus Christ—the Saviour and portion of the immortal spirit.

Astronomers, put into the right tract by the computations and prediction of Halley, and by the verification of that prediction, were not long in pointing out other comets with a periodic time. In 1819, Professor Encke, of Berlin, detected the periodicity of the comet which now goes by his name, and showed that it had a period of about three years and a-quarter. Many opportunities, owing to the short period of this comet, have been afforded for varied and accurate observation, and for calculating its elements with the nicest care. Encke himself bestowed amazing labor on the investigation, and he

was led to the astounding and singular conclusion, that the orbit of the comet is gradually diminishing, and that ere long it must fall into the sun. Encke's comet presents the appearance of a round nebulous body, with a bright nuclear condensation, and it is destitute of a tail. It can be seen, when most favorably situated, by the naked eye, as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude.

In 1820, the periodicity of the fine comet called Biela's comet was discovered. This comet presents the appearance of a small round nebulous body, with a feeble condensation towards the centre, and without any tail. Its periodical time has been ascertained to be about 6½ years, or more accurately 6.617 years. We find in Mr. Hind's work on Comets an interesting account of a very remarkable change observed to take place in this comet during its visit to the region of our system, in the end of 1848 and beginning of 1849. That change consisted in an actual separation into two distinct nebulosities, which travelled in company for more than three months. The apparent distance between them was, at first, little more than two minutes, but subsequently it increased to about fourteen minutes. We can not even mention the other comets whose periodicity has been recently detected. In some it ranges from five to eight years; in others, if we may credit the calculations, it ranges from 3,000 to upwards of 100,000 years!

In connection with these ascertained periodic times, and these bewildering periods and distances, the question suggests itself, Do all comets move in an elliptical orbit—from some far turning-point in space directing their course towards the sun with motion gradually accelerated, till, on their burning path, they rush past and round him, and recede away a journey of many, many years, to the immensely distant point whence they must begin again their journey towards him?—or do these travellers in space pass away into the depths of the universe till they come within the sphere of the attraction of some other sun as glorious and powerful, or more so, than ours, round which they sweep with lightning speed, and fly off to seek yet another, and from that other yet another, of the great central suns of God's stupendous universe, forming thus a connecting link between the systems of which that universe is composed?

Comets may have their motion accelerated or retarded, and even their orbits changed, by coming within the influence of the

planets or other bodies which they may approach in space. Halley's comet in 1835 had its perihelion passage accelerated by the Earth $15\frac{1}{2}$ days, by Venus about $5\frac{1}{2}$ days, and by Mercury and Mars together about one day. The perihelion passage of Biela's comet in 1832 was shortened, or its motion accelerated 10.023 days by the united action of the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. And Encke's comet, according to the calculations of that philosopher, underwent a retardation of more than nine days, from the influence of the planet Jupiter. It has been thought, also, that comets undergo retardation by the resistance of the medium through which they move, though by many the doctrine of a resisting medium is strongly doubted or denied.

But the most extraordinary change produced by planetary perturbations occurs in regard to the comet of 1770, usually called Lexell's comet. As far as could be judged, that comet had never been observed before. Yet Lexell proved, that in the orbit in which it was then moving, it had a periodic time of about five years and seven months. In his investigations, he found that this comet had approached very near to the planet Jupiter in May, 1767; so near, that the influence of Jupiter on the comet must have drawn it aside from the orbit in which it was moving into an entirely new orbit; and this had brought it so near us as to enable us to see it for the first time. As it had such a short period, its return was watched for in 1776, but it escaped observation, probably owing to its position in regard to the sun. It has never been seen again, but its disappearance has been accounted for. Lexell found that the comet, in its aphelion passage, about August, 1770, was so near Jupiter, that the mass of that planet exercised a power on the comet 225 times greater than that of the sun upon it, and must, therefore, have again drawn it quite out of the orbit in which it was moving in 1770. And subsequent investigations have shown that the action of Jupiter would so affect this comet, that when it escaped from the sphere of the activity of the planet in October, 1770, it was moving in an ellipse, with a revolution of rather more than 16 years, and a perihelion of $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit; and at such a distance there would be no hope of our ever seeing it again. The perturbing force of the planet Jupiter thus seems to have brought this planet within our view by its influence on it in 1767, and again to have withdrawn it from our view by its influence on it in 1779.

The nearest distance to which comets have approached the sun is a point of some interest. Of 206 comets, whose elements have been calculated down to July, 1852, the perihelion distances were as follows, the earth's mean distance from the sun, about 95,000,000 of miles, being the unit:

56	comets	between	0.0	and	0.5	from	the	sun.
100	"	"	0.5	and	1.0	"	"	"
36	"	"	1.0	and	1.5	"	"	"
9	"	"	1.5	and	2.0	"	"	"
6	"	beyond	2.0	"	"	"	"	"

Of all the comets that have been calculated, that of 1729 had the greatest perihelion distance—namely, 4.04; and the remarkable comet of 1843 the least, being only 0.0055; the great comet of 1680 had a perihelion distance of 0.0062. Sir Isaac Newton calculated that, from its nearness to the sun, the comet of 1680 must have acquired a heat 2,000 times greater than that of red-hot iron. The heat communicated to the comet, however, would depend not merely on its proximity to the sun, but also on the materials of which it was composed.

But we probably conceive ourselves quite as much interested in the nearness to which comets approach our earth, as in the nearness to which they approach the sun. And indeed a very slight knowledge of the motions of the earth and of comets suffices to show, not only that they may approach very near to one another, but even that they may actually come in contact. It is certain that several comets have crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost in our earth's path; among these, the comets of 1680, 1770, and 1832. There was great alarm in some quarters regarding the comet of 1832, from its being discovered and announced, that on the 29th of October that year it would pass a little within the earth's orbit; and hence by those unacquainted with the subject, it was supposed that a collision would take place. But M. Arago showed, that whilst the comet would actually cross the earth's track, the earth would be at the time about 50,000,000 of miles from the point at which the comet was crossing. This same comet in 1805 was only a tenth part of that distance, or 5,000,000 of miles from the earth. The nearest approach made by any comet to the earth, is believed to have been made by the comet of 1770, which came within 1,438,000 miles of us.

No sensible effect has been produced on any part of the solar system by the numerous comets that have swept through it. The

cometary bodies have been affected by their approach to the planets; but neither the planets nor their satellites have been affected by the neighborhood of comets. This is probably owing to the extreme rarity of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed. It is so very thin, that small stars have been seen through the centre of the heads of comets, without being in the slightest degree obscured. There is, therefore, very little matter in comets, and hence their approach to the earth does not produce any sensible effect on it. Were they of larger mass, and so to influence the earth or any of the planets by coming near them, the effect would be to accelerate or retard their motions in their orbits: for instance, to make our year a few days longer or shorter. It is doubtful if any seriously disastrous result would follow, were the earth and a comet to come even into contact. And it seems probable that the tail of a comet (the great comet of 1843) actually swept over the earth, with what sensible or injurious effect many of us can perhaps tell.

To show the extreme rarity of the matter of which comets are composed, we quote the following statements of Sir John Herschel regarding Biela's comet in 1832:—"It passed," he says, "over a small cluster of most minute stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitude, and when on the cluster presented the appearance of a nebula resolvable, and partly resolved, the stars of the cluster being visible through the comet. A more striking proof could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which the comet consists. The most trifling fog would have effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance, and its apparent diameter, must have exceeded 50,000 miles, at least towards its central parts." "Olbers," says Mr. Mitchell, "who studied the subject with great care, was disposed to think, that in case the earth had passed directly through the comet, no inconvenience would have occurred, and no change beyond a slight influence on the climate would have been experienced."

Indeed, the exceeding variety and translucency of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed, taken in connection with the vast distance at which it is visible, lead us to believe that it is something of which we have no likeness on the earth. Small stars are not at all obscured when covered by that nebulous matter in such immense masses—and

sometimes appearing brighter when seen through it!—we inquire with wonder what it can be, but we nowhere receive an answer.

The expected great comet must have from us a brief notice before we close this paper. A very remarkable comet made its appearance in 1264, and another in 1556. Dr. Halley calculated the orbits of these two comets with a number of others. Fifty years after the time of Dr. Halley, the elements of the comet of 1264 were re-calculated by Mr. Dunthorne, and such resemblances observed between the results and those which Halley had given for the comet of 1556, as to lead to a suspicion of their identity. About twenty years after this, M. Pingré, by his calculations, strongly confirmed this suspicion, and predicted the return of that great comet in 1848, thus assigning it a period of 292 years. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr. Hind carefully went over all the calculations, and having rectified some errors, he concurred in thinking that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. Mr. Bomme, of Middleburg, repeated the calculations regarding the comet of 1556, making the proper allowance for the perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and partially for those of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. In the first instance, Bomme used the elements of Dr. Halley, according to which he found that this great expected comet will come to its perihelion in August, 1860. Subsequently, Bomme used the elements of Mr. Hind, and according to these, the great comet of 1556 should return, and reach its perihelion, in August, 1858. M. Hind, therefore, thinks that August, 1858, will be within two years either way, of the perihelion passage, so that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 may be looked for in these parts of space some time between 1856 and 1860; and he is of opinion that our present means of knowledge do not admit of a nearer approximation. Many an intelligent mind will welcome with delight that mighty wanderer come back again, and will see in its return illustrious evidence of the power of God, and of his goodness to his creature man.

With respect to the purposes that comets serve in the economy of the universe, little or nothing is known. We find Newton saying, "I suspect that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our own air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets." And Mrs. Somerville remarks, that "it has often been imagined

that the tails of comets have infused new substances into the atmosphere." The perturbations and retardations of comets have been found useful in determining the bulk and

density of certain of the planetary bodies, and are held to go far towards proving the existence of an all-pervading ether, exceedingly subtle, filling all the visible creation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I WAS at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in the Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Müller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchens, without meeting with any thing by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a book-case, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table-d'hôte* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Müller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Müller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Müller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open

brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Müller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Müller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Müller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness

which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron brought Mrs. Müller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's love. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Müller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and the customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the new-comer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices: at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations: it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man; nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was inter-

nally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leaned over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and, what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Müller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Müller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the

motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If any thing should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Müller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant with a fine voice. He some-

times attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughers were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr. Müller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Müller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Müller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It can not be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate."

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Müller, with ill concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "*myself*" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Müller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Müller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *dénouement* remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Müller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me"—

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Müller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs

proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skilful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver, but the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins, on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the

loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I can not consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Müller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narration; the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Müller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated: tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

From the Edinburgh Review.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

THE influence of individuals on the destinies of the world is generally small. The great majority even of the rulers of mankind merely co-operate in a movement which would have pursued its pre-appointed track as rapidly and as completely if they had never existed. Their work may be well done; but, if they were not there, it would be done just as well by some one else. A few eminent men, whose talents and energy have been aided by fortune, have been able perceptibly to accelerate or perceptibly to retard, the progress of events. Hannibal was amongst the greatest statesmen, and was perhaps the greatest general, that the world has seen. All that his talents and his energy wielding the whole power of Carthage could do was to delay her fall for a few years. If Rome had not had Hannibal for an opponent she would have subdued Carthage a little sooner; if she had not had Cæsar for a leader she would have subdued Gaul a little later. If he had endeavored to support her republican institutions, they might have lasted until his death. The fall of Carthage, of Gaul, and of the Roman republic, were questions merely of time. But circumstances from time to time occur when the balance between two great events, or between two great systems of events, is so equally poised that the impulse given by a single hand may be decisive. If Lycurgus had died in infancy, the whole history of Greece might have been altered, and a change in the fortunes of Greece might have been a change in the fortunes of the world. The Athenian domination might have extended over Sicily and Magna Græcia, Rome might have been stifled in her early adolescence, and who can say what would now be the state of Europe if she had not undergone the Roman domination or received the Roman law? If the Barbarian invasion had found her a Greek or Carthaginian empire?

The beginning of the sixteenth century was one of these critical periods. Great forces, material and mental, were then opposed. The events which were to be the result of their conflict have not yet exhausted their influence: they may affect the human race for many centuries to come. And these forces were so nicely balanced that the preponderance of religion or of superstition, of free inquiry or of unreasoning conformity, of France or of Germany, depended on the conduct of Charles V. and of Luther.

There seem to us to be no grounds for supposing that, if Luther had died in 1506, a novice in the Augustinian convent of Erfurth, the Reformation, such as it now is, would have taken place. At first sight, indeed, it may appear that the corruptions which he attacked were too gross and palpable to endure the improved intelligence of modern Europe. But we must recollect that on his death Protestantism ceased to extend itself. Its limits are now nearly such as he left them. What was Popish in 1540 remains Popish now. Nor is this to be ascribed to inferiority of political institutions or of cultivation. The democratic cantons of Switzerland, and the well-governed, industrious Flemings, are as strenuous in their adherence to Roman Catholicism as the despotically-ruled Danes have been in their rejection of it.

The most highly-civilized portions of the Continent are France, Italy, the Low Countries, and Germany. Not one-fourth of their inhabitants are Protestants. If the inherent vices of Popery have not destroyed it in France; if it has withstood there the learning and wisdom of the seventeenth century, the wit and license of the eighteenth, and the boldness and philosophy of the nineteenth, what right have we to assume that those vices would have been fatal to it in Great Britain.

Nor can the permanence of Roman Catholicism be accounted for by its self-reformation. Without doubt, with the improved decorousness of modern times, some of its

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By WILLIAM STERLING. 3d edition. London, 1853. 8vo.

grossest practical abuses have been removed or palliated. Indulgencies are no longer on public sale. The morals in monasteries and convents, and those of the secular clergy, are decent: there is less of violent active persecution. But a church which claims to be infallible can not really reform her doctrines. Every error that she has once adopted becomes stereotyped, every step by which she has diverged from truth is irretrievable. All the worst superstitions of the Romish church are maintained by her at this instant as stoutly as they were when Luther first renounced her communion. The prohibition of inquiry, the reliance on legendary traditions, the idolatry of relics, the invocation of saints, the adoration of the Virgin Mary, the merit ascribed to voluntary suffering, and to premeditated uselessness, "the conversion of the sacraments into charms, of public worship into a magic incantation muttered in a dead language, and of the duty of Christian Holiness into fantastic penances, pilgrimages, scapularies, and a whole train of superstitious observances worthy of paganism in its worst forms,"* are all in full vigor among many of the Teutonic races and among all the nations whose languages are derived from the Latin. The clergy of France, once the most intelligent defenders of the liberties of the Gallican church, are now more ultramontane than the Italians.

We repeat our belief that if Luther had not been born, or if he had wanted any one of that wonderful assemblage of moral and intellectual excellences that enabled him to triumph in the most difficult contest that ever was waged by man, if he had had less courage, less self-devotion, less diligence, less sagacity, less eloquence, less prudence, or less sincerity, the Pope would still be the spiritual ruler of all Western Europe and America, and the peculiar doctrines of Romanism would prevail there, doubted, indeed, or disbelieved, or unthought of, by the educated classes, and little understood by the uneducated, but conformed to by all.

On the other hand, if Charles V. had been able, like the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, to shake off the prejudices of his early education,—if, like them, he had listened to Luther with candor, and, like them, had been convinced, and, instead of striving to crush the Reformation, had put himself at its head, a train of consequences would have been set in motion not

less momentous than those which would have followed the submission or the premature death of Luther.

The Reformation would have spread over the whole of Germany and of the Netherlands. The inhabitants of those vast countries were all eager to throw off the dominion of Rome, and were kept under her yoke only by the tyranny and persecution of Charles. Germany would have remained an empire. It required the enthusiasm of a religious cause to rouse her feudatories to rise against their sovereign, and to force on him a treaty which in fact admitted their independence. It was to the treaty of Passau, to the shock then given to the Imperial sovereignty, that the Elector of Brandenburg, a hundred and fifty years after, owed his crown, and the Emperor, who had recognized one of his vassals as a king, lost all real authority over the others.

If the whole of Germany and the Low Countries had remained one united body, if the former had not been laid waste by the thirty years' war, and the latter by the war which produced the independence of the United Provinces, such an empire would have been the arbiter of the Continent. Flanders, Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté would have remained German; France would not have been able twice to threaten the independence of Europe; a Bourbon would not now be reigning in Spain.

No country would have gained so much by such a change in the course of events as Spain. In the first place, she would have become Protestant. Few of the phenomena of that remarkable period are more striking than the weakness of the hold which peculiar religious opinions then possessed over the bulk of the people of Europe. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, turned the English backwards and forwards, from Romanism to Protestantism, and from Protestantism to Romanism, at the will, we had almost said at the caprice, of the monarch for the time being. The pride of the Roman Catholics had not been roused by the rivalry of a new Church, with bishops, and revenues, and patronage, and power, and rank of its own. The Reformation appeared to them not the introduction of a hostile faith, but a purification of the old one, and wherever it was not persecuted it was adopted.

Ireland may appear to be an exception; but the real sovereigns of the greater part of Ireland were then its native chieftains. Henry VIII. and his immediate successors were hostile pretenders. And it may be added,

* Whately's Errors of Romanism, Essay vi. sect. 3.

that the Reformation was not preached to the Celtic Irish. They could not read Latin, and no reformer wrote or preached in Irish.

But if Spain had been Protestant, she would have escaped the Inquisition—the brutalizing instrument which more than any other means of misgovernment, more than despotism, or insecurity, or lawlessness, or oppression, has degraded the Spanish mind. She would have escaped the religious wars which wasted her strength for more than sixty years. She would not have been governed by Jesuits and bigots. She would not have been deprived, by the expulsion of the Moors, of the most industrious part of her population. Naples and Sicily, like Spain, would have adopted the faith of their master; and it is probable that Romanism, after lingering for a short time in a portion of France, of Italy, and of Poland, would have gradually died out, and have been remembered, with magic, astrology, and alchemy, as one of the strange delusions of the dark unreasoning ages.

We can not but be eager to know more of the men on whose conduct such vast consequences depended. To know how far that conduct was the result of the dispositions implanted in them by nature, and how far of the circumstances in which they were placed. How far it is to be imputed to their advisers, and how far to the solitary working of their own faculties and passions.

We have ample materials to form an estimate of Luther. The business of his life was to write and to talk, and his friends preserved his letters and his conversation with the care, we may say the veneration, which all that came from such a man deserved. In his correspondence and his *tisch-reden*, we have a fuller and a more detailed revelation of his innermost man than we possess of any other person, with the single exception of Dr. Johnson.

We see his strong conscientiousness, his religious fervor, his impulsive sense of duty, his unwearied diligence, his heroic courage never rushing into rashness; his vivid imagination, checked, though not sufficiently controlled, by his strong reason; and as the result of these passions and faculties, an aggressive force, a power of destruction, which no spiritual reformer, except perhaps Mahomet, ever directed against deeply-rooted abuses. We see also a fearful amount of credulity, superstition, intolerance, and violence, to be imputed partly to the ignorance and rough energy of the 16th century, and partly to his severe and confined education,

at first in privation, in want, and in beggary and afterwards among the ascetic observances and dull degrading duties of a monastery.

We see, too, what perhaps was also the result of this education, his deep melancholy, his early and constantly increasing disgust at life, his regrets at not having died in infancy, his despair of improvement; indeed, his expectation that human affairs would go on from bad to worse till the last day, a day which he hoped and believed to be at hand, should close the reign of evil.

Before the publication, the title of which is prefixed to this article, Charles V. was known to English readers chiefly in the judicious but somewhat pompous pages of Robertson. Robertson remarks that the circumstances transmitted to us with respect to his private deportment and character, are fewer and less interesting than might have been expected from the great number of the authors who have undertaken to write an account of his life. And the title that he himself has related of them is so full of error, that we need not regret that he has not given us more.

Within the last twenty years, however, a flood of light has been shed on the details of the great figure, of which, till then, we had seen only the outlines. The "*Correspondenz des Kaisers Carl V.*," by Dr. Carl, published in 1845-46, the "*Colecion de Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España*," and the "*Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti*," both works still in course of publication, and the "*Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal de Granvelle*," have revealed so much that was unknown, and rectified so much that was mistaken, in his history as an emperor and a king, that it might almost be rewritten; and it now appears that his life, from the time of his abdication, on which little had been published, and that little turns out to have been often erroneous, had been recorded with as much minuteness, and far more fidelity, than even that of Napoleon.

The new sources of information are, A Narrative of the Residence of Charles V. in the Monastery of Yuste, written by one of the monks, and A Correspondence between Charles and his Family, and between his Confidential Attendants and the Spanish Court, embracing rather more than two years, beginning with his arrival in Spain after his abdication, and terminating some months after his death.

These records, however, have, as yet, been imperfectly communicated to the public.

The Narrative is now among the Archives of the Court of Appeal of Brussels. M. Bakhuizen Van der Brink has published an abridgment of it, and M. Gachard promises to print the whole text in a second volume, still unpublished, of his "*Retraite et Mort de Charles-Quint*."

The Correspondence was buried in the Royal Archives of Simancas, which, as might have been expected from the puerile Government of Spain, were carefully kept excluded from foreign, and indeed from native eyes. In 1809, however, the castle of Simancas was occupied by General Kellerman and his dragoons, acting in the name, and professing to be under the command of King Joseph. They treated its contents as they usually treated every thing that was Spanish. The documents which related to the history of France they sent to Paris, the rest they used as fuel; and when no more was wanted for that purpose, they cut open whole bundles for the sake of the string with which they were tied up. When the Duke of Wellington's surprise of Oporto and advance from Portugal occasioned their retreat, they set fire to the Castle and destroyed a large portion of it, with all that it contained. Ferdinand VII. employed Don Tomas Gonzalez to rearrange and classify the remnant that had not perished during General Kellerman's occupation. While thus employed, he discovered the correspondence relating to Charles V.'s residence at Yuste. The use to which he turned it was to make it the base of a work on the last two years of Charles's life, consisting of the letters which he thought deserving of publication, connected by a brief explanatory notice. At the time of his death, in 1825, the work was transcribed for the press, but unprinted. Don Manuel Gonzalez, his brother, succeeded him in his office at Simancas, and inherited his papers. He was displaced and ruined by the revolution of 1836; and, after some ineffectual efforts to get a higher price, sold the manuscript to the French Government in 1844. A mention of it in the "*Handbook of Spain*" attracted Mr. Stirling's attention. With some difficulty, he ascertained its fate, and with still more difficulty, with the united assistance of the President of the Republic, Lord Normanby, and M. Drouyn de L'huys, gained access to it. It is the foundation of what M. Mignet has well described as "*le charmant volume de M. Stirling*," and of that portion of the work of M. Pichot which is subsequent to Charles V.'s abdication.

But neither of these writers saw the original documents: they quoted the Narrative from Backhuisen, and the Correspondence from Gonzalez. M. Gachard, however, the Archivist General of Belgium, found the guardians of the treasures of Simancas more complaisant than they had been to any previous traveller. He appears to have had an unlimited permission to have papers copied. He used it to obtain copies of the 237 letters which are contained in the first volume of his work. Of these letters, 201 were written by Quijada, the Emperor's chamberlain, or mayordomo.

Luis Mender Quijada, Lord of Villagarcia, had been thirty-four years in the service of the Emperor at the time of his abdication.

"Unconsciously portrayed," says Mr. Stirling, "in his own graphic letters, the best of the Yuste correspondence, he stands forth, the type of the cavalier and old 'rusty Christian,' of Castille— spare and sinewy of frame, and somewhat formal and severe in the cut of his beard and the fashion of his manners; in character reserved and punctilious, but true as steel to the cause espoused or the duty undertaken; keen and clear in his insight into men and things around him, yet devoutly believing his master the greatest prince that ever had been or was to be; proud of himself, his family, and his services, and inclined, in a grave, decorous way, to exaggerate their importance; a true son of the Church, with an instinctive distrust of its ministers; a hater of Jews, Turks, heretics, friars, and Flemings; somewhat testy, somewhat obstinate, full of strong sense and strong prejudice; a warm-hearted, energetic, and honest man."

Fifty-seven of the letters were written by Martin Gaztelu, the Emperor's secretary.

"He," says Mr. Stirling, "comes next to the mayordomo in order of precedence, and in the importance of his functions. His place was one of great trust. The whole correspondence of the Emperor passed through his hands. Even the most private and confidential communications addressed to the Princess-regent by her father, were generally written, at his dictation, by Gaztelu; for the imperial fingers were seldom sufficiently free from gout to be able to do more than add a brief postscript, in which Doña Juana was assured of the affection of her *buen padre Carlos*. The secretary had probably spent his life in the service of the Emperor; but I have been unable to learn more of his history than his letters have preserved. His epistolary style was clear, simple, and business-like, but inferior to that of Quijada in humor, and in careless graphic touch, and more sparing in glimpses of the rural life of Estremadura three hundred years ago."

* "*Cristiano viejo rancioso*," *Don Quixote*, p. 1, cap. xxvii., so translated by Shelton.

Twenty-six letters from Dr. Cornelius Mathys, the Flemish physician who had the troublesome task of repairing the infirmities and controlling the appetite of his gouty edacious master, complete the gossiping correspondence which relates the domestic life of Charles V.

Nearly all the rest of the letters are political, and consist principally of a correspondence between Charles V. and his daughter, Doña Juana, acting as Vice Queen of Spain; Juan Vaquez de Molina, her Secretary of State; Charles's sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary; and Philip II.

What the contents of M. Gachard's second volume will be, we have not been informed, except it will contain in full the narrative of the Monk of Yuste.

M. Pichot's work is, what he calls it, a chronicle. It is a collection of anecdotes, letters, conversations, and remarks relating to the domestic life of Charles V. both before and after his abdication, and to the persons who came most into contact with him. Its defect is that which most easily besets biographers—partiality to its hero. Some of the faults imputed to Charles V. M. Pichot extenuates; others he takes the bolder course of denying. When the evidence is doubtful, he explains it away; where it is positive, he discredits it. He disbelieves, for instance, much of the language ascribed to Charles V. by the Prior of Yuste, although the Prior's narrative was written at the request of the Infanta Juana, by a man of high station, who professes to relate only what he witnessed, and although it is in perfect harmony with all the rest of the information respecting Charles that has reached us. M. Pichot's book, however, though written and arranged far less carefully than either of the others, is lively and amusing, and deserves an honorable place among the numerous biographies of which Charles V. has been the subject.

M. Mignet enjoyed the great advantages of writing the last, and of having the use of the original documents, the proof-sheets of M. Gachard's work having been communicated to him. His work is not so full as that of M. Pichot, nor so varied as that of Mr. Stirling, but it contains in a small space all that is historically important in the two last years of Charles V., arranged with the skill, and told with the elegance which place M. Mignet in the very first rank of modern historians.

As a specimen of the work, we translate
VOL. XXXIV.—NO. III.

the character of Charles V., with which it is concluded.

"I may be accused, perhaps, of having dwelt too much on the two last years of Charles V. But nothing that relates to a great man is unimportant. We are anxious to know what were his thoughts when he had ceased to act, and what was his life when he had ceased to reign. And these details explain the remarkable termination of his political existence. Complicated infirmities, unrestrained appetites, long-endured fatigue of mind, and increasing devotional fervor, carried him from the throne to the convent, and hurried him from the convent to the tomb.

"Charles V. was in every sense the greatest sovereign of the 16th century. Uniting the blood of the four houses of Aragon, Castile, Austria, and Burgundy, he inherited not only their vast territories, but their dissimilar peculiarities. The statesmanship, sometimes degenerating into cunning, of his grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, the magnanimity of his grandmother, Isabella of Castile, mixed with the melancholy of his mother, Johanna, the chivalrous audacity of his great-grandfather, Charles the Bold, to whom he bore a personal resemblance, and the diligent ambition, love of the fine and of the mechanical arts of his grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian,—all these qualities were transmitted to him, together with their dominions and their schemes. He not merely supported but added to the greatness which had been accumulated on his head by the providence of many royal ancestors and the chances of many royal successions. The man stood erect under the load of the sovereign. For many years his talents, so high and so varied, enabled him to play, not without success, his many parts, and to carry on his many undertakings. But the task became too great for a single intellect.

"As King of Aragon he had to keep Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples, left to him by his predecessors, and to acquire Milan, lest his powerful rival, once ruler of Northern Italy, might become master of the South. As King of Castile, he had to conquer and colonise America. As Sovereign of the Low Countries, he had to protect the possessions of the House of Burgundy against the House of France. As Emperor of Germany, his political duty was to repel the Turks, then in the fulness of their strength and of their ambition; and his religious duty was to check the progress, or at least to prevent the

triumph of Protestantism. All these tasks he undertook. Aided by great captains and great statesmen, well chosen and skilfully employed, he managed with ability and perseverance a policy which was never simple, and wars which recommenced as soon as they appeared to be terminated. He was to be seen in every country, facing every adversary, leading his own armies and conducting his own negotiations. He evaded no obligation imposed on him by his station or by his belief. But, perpetually turned aside from one object by the necessity of pursuing another, he often began too late, and was forced to end too soon.

"Some of his enterprises he accomplished. In Italy, opposed by Francis I. and Henry II., at the price of thirty-four years of exertion and five great wars, in which a king of France and a pope were among his prisoners, he subjected one part of the country to his own government, and the remainder to his own influence. He not only preserved but extended his dominions in the Low Countries, adding to them Guelders, Utrecht, Zutphen, and Cambray, which he relieved from their vassalage to France. The Turk was in Hungary, and the corsairs of Africa habitually ravaged the coasts of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. He repulsed the formidable Solymán from before Vienna in 1532, tore Goletta and Tunis from the fierce Barbarossa in 1535, and would have conquered Algeria in 1541 if he had not been conquered himself by the elements. He would have made Christendom secure from attack by land or on sea, and have been himself the protector of the Mediterranean, instead of leaving it to his heroic son, the victor at Lepanto, if he had not been perpetually called away to meet a different danger in a different quarter.

"His attempt to force Germany back to her ancient faith, failed only because it was made too late. He had neglected Protestantism while it was weak; when he attacked it, it was too strong, I will not say to be destroyed, but even to be restrained. For thirty years the tree had been growing, its roots had penetrated deep into the soil of Germany, its branches covered her fields. Who could then uproot it? The sovereign of Catholic Spain and of Catholic Italy, the chief of the Holy Roman empire, opposed to Protestantism by his position and by his belief, he thought in 1546 that the time was come when his temporary toleration might be discontinued, and heresy might be put down by the force of arms or by the authority of a council.

He was established in Italy, and successful in France and in Africa, and he marched on the Protestants of Germany. During two campaigns he was victorious over the Protestant troops. He could subdue armies, but not consciences. His religious and military triumph over nations that were resolved to be neither converted nor enslaved, roused every Protestant from the Elbe to the Danube. Old hatreds were revived, questions, supposed to have been long settled, were reopened. Charles turned to bay against calamity, but he had come to the end of his strength—of his good fortune—of his life. Exhausted by illness, overtaken in his last effort by this irremediable reverse, unfit for enterprise, almost for resistance, incapable of extending, almost of controlling, the vast empire which on his death was to be divided, having established his son in England, and made an honorable truce with France, and determined not to treat with the victorious heresy of Germany, he effected, what he had long meditated, an abdication, which was demanded by the diseases of the man, the lassitude of the sovereign, and the feelings of the Christian.

"Abdication operated no change in him. The devotee was still a statesman. He had renounced power, but not the habits of command. Though he had become personally disinterested, he was ambitious for his son. From his monastery in 1557 he assailed Paul IV., as in 1527 from his throne he had rebuked Clement VII. He counselled Philip II. to follow up his advantage against Henry II. as vigorously as he himself had pushed his success against Francis I. He planned the means of defending Christendom against the Turks, whom he had repelled from Germany and vanquished in Africa. He continued to defend Catholicism against Protestantism with all his old sincerity and more than his old ardor, for his time of action was passed. He had now only to believe; and though a man's conduct may bend to circumstances, his convictions ought to be inflexible. He continued to be the head and the umpire of his family, the object of their love, their respect, and their obedience. Obstinate as a Spaniard in belief, sagacious and firm in policy, equal to every different emergency, what he had been on the throne he remained in the convent; his death was pious and humble, but his life lofty and magnanimous." (P. 450.)

We are not sure whether we ought to quote from a book so well known as that of Mr. Stirling; but we believe that our readers will not be sorry to be recalled to his brilliant,

amusing pages, and to compare them with the balanced periods, the comprehensive condensations, and the well-considered antitheses of his accomplished successor. Mr Stirling's character of Charles is thus introduced by the story of his death :

"Towards eight o'clock in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready. He was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Cornelio retired. Mathys remained at the bedside, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then murmuring a prayer and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for 'William.' The physician looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing in its shadow, '*Domine, jam moritur!*' The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of September. Addressing the dying man, the favorite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come: bring me the candle and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for the supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Montserrat, the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, '*Ya, voy, Señor!*'—Now, Lord, I go.' As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, '*Ay, Jesus!*' and expired.

"So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth of his transatlantic empire, the sagacity of his mind, and the energy of his character, combined to render him the most famous of the successors of Charlemagne. 'Christendom,' wrote a Venetian envoy,* in 1551, in one of those cu-

rious secret reports addressed by the keenest of observers to the most jealous of governments, 'has seen no prince since Charlemagne so wise, so valorous, or so great as this emperor Charles.' Preëminently the man of his time, his name is seldom wanting to any monument of the age. He stood between the days of chivalry, which were going out, and the days of printing, which were coming in: respecting the traditions of the one, and fulfilling many of the requirements of the other. Men of the sword found him a bold cavalier; and those whose weapons were their tongues or their pens, soon learned to respect him as an astute and consummate politician. Like his ancestors, Don Jayme or Don Sancho, with lance in rest, and shouting Santiago for Spain! he led his knights against the Moorish host, among the olives of Goletta; and even in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-colored genet of the emperor was ever in the van of battle, like the famous piebald charger of Turenne in later fields of the Palatinate. In the council chamber he was ready to measure minds with all comers; with the northern envoy who claimed liberty of conscience for the Protestant princes; with the magnifico who excused the perfidies of Venice; or with the still subtler priest, who stood forth with red stockings, to glose in defence of the still greater iniquities of the Holy See. In the prosecution of his plans, and the maintenance of his influence, Charles shrank from no labor of mind, or fatigue of body. Where other sovereigns would have sent an ambassador, and opened a negotiation, he paid a visit, and concluded a treaty. From Groningen to Otranto, from Vienna to Cadiz, no unjust steward of the house of Austria could be sure that his misdeeds would escape detection on the spot from the keen cold eye of the indefatigable Emperor. The name of Charles is connected, not only with the wars and politics, but with the peaceful arts of his time; it is linked with the graver of the Vico, the chisel of Leoni, the pencil of Titian, and the Lyre of Ariosto; and as a lover and patron of art, his fame stood as high at Venice and Nuremberg as at Antwerp and Toledo.

"There can be no doubt that the Emperor gave the true reasons of his retirement when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the states of Flanders that he resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. He was fulfilling the plan which he had cherished for nearly twenty years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate almost at the time when he determined to reign. So powerful a mind as that of Charles, has seldom been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he appeared in Italy, in 1529, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes, was the most docile subject of his ministers. His mind ripened slowly, and his body decayed prematurely. By nature and hereditary habit, a keen sportsman, in his youth he was unwearied in tracking the bear and the wolf over the hills of Toledo and Granada; and he was

* Marino de' Cavalli: *Bulletin de l'Acad. Roy. de Bruxelles*, tom. xii. p. 57.

distinguished for his prowess against the bull and the bear. Yet, ere he had turned fifty, he was reduced to amuse himself by shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his garden. The hand which had wielded the lance, and curbed the charger, was so enfeebled with gout, that it was sometimes unable to break the seal of a letter. Declining fortune combined with decaying health to maintain him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with king Solomon. His later schemes of policy and conquest ended in nothing but disaster and disgrace. The Pope, the Turk, the King of France, and the Protestant princes of the Empire, were once more arrayed against the potentate, who, in the bright morning of his career, had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlbach. The treaty of Passau, by placing the Lutheran religion amongst the recognized institutions of the Empire, overturned the entire fabric of the Emperor's policy, and destroyed his hopes of transmitting the imperial crown to his son. While the doctors of the Church assembled at Trent, in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued their solemn quibblings, the Protestant faith was spreading itself even in the dominions of the orthodox house of Hapsburg. The finances both of Spain and the other dominions of Austria were in the utmost disorder; and the lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to beg a loan from the Duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that Charles seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long-desired haven of refuge; that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had obtained an object dear to him as a father, a politician and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

"His habits and turn of mind made a religious house the natural place of his retreat. Like a true Castilian,

'With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He sought the refuge of conventual rest.'

Monachism had for him a charm, vague yet powerful, such as soldiery has for the young; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the Empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisla, near Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorado, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with Jeronites, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress.

"To the last Charles loved his woodland nest at Yuste. It has been said that he was wont to declare that he had enjoyed there more real happiness in one day than he had derived from all his triumphs,* an extravagant assertion, which is nevertheless far nearer the truth than the idle tale that his retirement was a long repentance of

his abdication. But the cloister, like the world, was not without its disappointments. He had escaped only from the pageantry of courts, not from the toil and excitement of public affairs. To Yuste he had come, seeking solitude and repose; but although his chamberlain complained bitterly that he had indeed found the one, his own long and labored despatches proved that he enjoyed but little of the other. He began by attempting to confine his attention to a few matters in which he was specially interested, and which he hoped ere long to bring to a happy termination; but the circle gradually widened, and at last his anxious eye learned once more to sweep the whole horizon of Spanish policy. From the war in Flanders he would turn to the diplomacy of Italy or Portugal; and his plans for replenishing the treasury at Valladolid, were followed by remarks on the garrisons in Africa, or the signal towers along the Spanish shore. He watched the course of the vessel of state with interest as keen as if the helm were still in his own hands; and the successes and the disasters of his son affected him as if they were his own. Unfortunately, in 1557 and 1558, the disasters greatly outnumbered and outweighed the successes. On one side of the account stood the brilliant but barren victory of St. Quentin, and the less signal but better employed victory of Gravelines; on the other, there were the bullion riots at Seville, the disgraceful treaty of Rome, the loss of Calais and of Thionville, the sack of Minorca, and the outburst of heresy. He might well dread the arrival of each courier; and the destruction of the army of Oran was announced in the despatches which lay unread on his table at the time of his death.

"In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been one of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England, and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. While he held Clement the Seventh prisoner at Rome, he permitted at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the Protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics, and he frequently stayed the hands of the victorious zealots of the Church. At Wittenburgh he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther, saying that he contended with the living and not with the dead.† To a Venetian envoy, accredited to him at Bruxelles, in the last year of his reign, he appeared free from all taint of polemical madness, and willing that subjects of theology should be discussed in his presence, with fair philosophical freedom.‡

"But once within the walls of Yuste, he assumed all the passions, prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had been permitted to do in the matter of religious persecution,

* Phil. Camerarii *Meditationes Historice*. 3 tom. 4to. Francofurti: 1602-9, i. p. 210.

* Juncker: *Vita Mart. Luteri*, em. 8vo. Francofurti: 1699, p. 219. Sleidan: *De Statu relig. et reip.*, lib. xix., is cited as his authority.

† *Relations of Badajoz*.

and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, for having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon his strong will was paralyzed and his keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust."

In one important respect M. Mignet's estimate of the character of Charles V. differs from that of Mr. Stirling. Mr. Stirling, as we have seen, absolves him from fanaticism during his imperial life, and affirms that it was only within the walls of Yuste that he assumed the passions and superstitions of a friar. M. Mignet believes that he was intolerant throughout; that he temporized with heterodoxy only where he did not feel strong enough to put it down; and that whenever he dared he was as fierce a persecutor on the throne as he wished to be when in the convent.

Charles's letters, now published *in extenso*, and his conversations, as reported by the prior of Yuste, appear to us to establish M. Mignet's opinion.

The Inquisition had flourished in the appropriate soil of Spain. During the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella it had burnt 20,000 heretics, and banished 900,000,* and spread at least the appearance of Catholicism over the whole of the Peninsula. It wielded both civil and ecclesiastical power; it punished sins, crimes, and opinions; it covered the country with its judges, its officers, and its spies; it made its own laws, and executed them. What they were—what was its procedure—what was the nature and the amount of the evidence that it required—what were the doctrines which it punished by death, what by perpetual imprisonment, what by exile, what by infamy, and what by confiscation—on what presumptions it employed torture against the accused, and against those who might be supposed to know or to suspect his opinions—all these were the mysteries of the Holy Office, into which it was dangerous even to inquire. This tribunal Charles supported, with all his authority, in Spain and in Sicily; he introduced it into the Low Countries, and was prevented only by an insurrection from establishing it in Naples.

But even the Inquisition could not effectually protect Spain from the contagion of Lutheranism.

"Alors," says M. Mignet, "dans l'Europe érédite et raisonneuse, hardie par curiosité, religieuse en esprit, tout précipitait vers l'hérésie; le savoir y disposait, la piété en rapprochait, la controverse y entraînait."†

* Mignet, p. 353.

† Ibid., p. 356.

A little more than a year after the entrance of Charles into the monastery, he received from Vasquez, the Secretary of his daughter, the Vice-Queen of Spain, a letter dated the 27th April, 1558, informing him that four days before, Cazalla, his own chaplain, with his sister, and many other ladies of great reputation for piety, had been arrested by the Inquisition; that the son of the Marquis de Poza, Domingo de Rojas, a Dominican friar much venerated by the people, had fled; and that persons of high rank were supposed to be infected with heresy.*

Charles answers, not the Secretary, but the Vice-Queen herself. Considering that not only the safety of the kingdom, but the honor of God, is involved in the matter, he implores her to urge Valdez, the Inquisitor-General, to use the utmost despatch; and to punish all the guilty, without any exception, with the rigor and the publicity deserved by their crimes. Nothing but the absolute impossibility of moving prevents him from leaving his retreat in order personally to superintend the persecution.†

He appears to have written to the same effect to his own Secretary, Quijada, then at Valladolid; for Quijada, on the first of May, reports a conversation with Valdez, in which, in obedience to Charles, he had advised summary procedure and immediate punishment, and Valdez had answered that he thought it better to conform to the usual rules of the Holy Office; that by patience and solicitation confession might often be obtained, and if not so, then by ill-treatment and torture [con malos tratamientos y tormentos].‡

Charles does not appear to have been quite satisfied.

On the 25th of May he writes again to his daughter, and after lamenting that, after his comfort had been destroyed, and his salvation endangered by the heresies of Germany, he should in his old age, when he had retired from the world to serve God, have to witness such audacious scoundrelism;§ he repeats that, but for his reliance on her activity and severity, he should himself resume power in order to punish the guilty. "As this business," he continues, "concerns more than any other our duty to God, it is necessary that the remedy should be immediate, and the chastisement exemplary. I doubt whether the ordinary rule should be followed, which lets off with moderate punishment, those who have sinned for the first

* Gachard, tome i. p. 238.

† Ibid., p. 294.

‡ Ibid., p. 290.

§ We know of no better translation of "una tan gran desverguenza y bellaqueria."

time and renounce their guilt: seeing that it is probable that, being educated persons, whose heresy has been the result of inquiry, they will fall into it again. I will also suggest to you whether, in order to deprive them of public sympathy, they may not be proceeded against for sedition or treason. Perhaps it may be well to refer you, as a precedent, to my conduct in the Low Countries. I proposed to check the heresies that were imported from Germany, England, and France, by introducing the Inquisition. I was opposed, and it ended by a decree that all persons, whatever their station, guilty of the opinions therein mentioned, should *ipso facto*,* be burnt, and their properties confiscated; that spies should be appointed to discover the guilty and denounce them to the courts, in order that the obstinate might be burnt alive, and the repentant beheaded.† All which was done." (*Ibid.*, p. 297.)

Vasquez replies by answering for the severity of the Inquisition; and adds, that, as it is the cause of God, he hopes for divine assistance. (*Ibid.*, p. 304.)

A still stronger light is thrown on the religious opinions of Charles by a conversation between him and some of the monks of Yuste, related by Martin de Angulo, the prior.

"The heretics," he said, "must be burnt—not to burn them would be to incur the sin which I incurred when I let Luther escape. I did not put him to death, because I would not violate the promise and the safe conduct which I had given to him. But I was wrong. I had no right to forgive a crime against God. It was my duty, without having any regard to my promise, to avenge the injury which his heresy had inflicted on God. I should probably have cut short its progress. It is very dangerous to talk with these heretics. They deceive you by their subtle studied reasonings. Therefore I never would enter into any discussion with them. When I was marching against the Landgrave and the Duke of Saxony, four of the Lutheran princes, speaking in the name of all, said to me, 'Sire, we have taken arms, not to make war against your Majesty, or to renounce our allegiance, but because you call us heretics, and we believe that we are none. We have our learned men, your Majesty has yours. Let the ques-

tion be discussed in your presence, and we bind ourselves to abide by your decision.'

"I answered that I was not learned, but that the learned men might argue the matter among themselves, and that mine would report to me the result. Now, if I had acted otherwise, and these heretics had got any of their doctrine into my head, how could I have got it out? For this reason I never would hear them, though they promised, if I would do so, to join me with all their troops. Afterwards when I was flying before Maurice, with only six horsemen for my attendants, two princes of the Empire, speaking again in the name of all, implored me to hear them explain and defend their religious opinions, and no longer to treat them as heretics, promising on that condition to support me with all their forces, to drive the Turks from Hungary, and either to make me master of Constantinople, or to die in the attempt. I answered, that I would not buy, at that price, all Germany and France, and Spain and Italy: so I spurred my horse and left them."*

Charles was one of the ablest men of his age, indeed of any age. His powerful natural talents had been exercised and strengthened by the constant management of great affairs, and by constant intercourse with eminent men. Yet such are the strange delusions by which the most powerful intellects may be abused on matters of religion, that he believed that the adopting, after full conscientious inquiry, an erroneous doctrine, was an injury to God and to man, a crime and a sin; to be punished by a cruel death here, and by eternal misery hereafter. With a strange confusion of thought, he considered such errors voluntary, or he would not have punished them; and yet involuntary, or he would not have feared their being implanted in him by discussion.

That error may sometimes be voluntary must be admitted. The man who from carelessness or timidity neglects or refuses to ascertain the real grounds on which he believes and disbelieves; the Roman Catholic who, for fear of unsettling his mind, will not hear what the Protestant has to say, the Trinitarian who refuses to discuss his faith with the Socinian, is right or wrong only by accident. The errors of a man who rejects information are as voluntary as any other part of his conduct.

* "*Ipso facto fuesen quemados.*" *Ipso facto*, we suppose, means on summary conviction—a drum-head court-martial.

† "*Para que quemasen vivos a los pertinaces y a los que se reconcillasen les cortasen las cabezas.*"

* Cited from Sandoval by M. Gachard, *Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles*, tom. xii. p. 261. 1^{re} partie.

But the error of those who have never had an opportunity of ascertaining the truth, and of those who, after patient and candid examination, have come to a wrong conclusion, depends no more on the will than the bitter taste of camomile or the hot taste of pepper. We might as usefully punish a man for being sea-sick as for being convinced.

Again, it must be admitted that error, though involuntary, may lead to sin. A man may sin from not knowing what is his duty, or from believing that his duty consists mainly in the performance of things really useless, or from believing that his duty consists in doing acts absolutely mischievous; in other words, he may sin through ignorance or through superstition. But in such cases the danger of the error arises from its practical nature. If error be merely speculative, if it relates, for instance, to the Procession of the Holy Spirit, the Pre-existence of the Father, or the Immaculate Conception, there seems to be no reasonable ground for imputing to it any guilt.

Now, purely speculative questions are precisely those which have been most furiously debated. They have created more hatred, more bloodshed, more wars, and more persecution than all practical questions put together. And for this reason, that practical questions generally admit of a decision. They are debated and disposed of. Speculative questions are eternal. Their premises are generally ambiguous, often unintelligible. The discussion resembles an argument between two deaf men, in which neither attaches any meaning to the words uttered by the other. What is the real difference between the Transubstantiation of the Roman Catholics and the Consubstantiation of Luther? The former believes that by consecration the substance of the bread and wine are changed into the substance of the body and blood of Christ. The latter affirmed that "The true body of Christ is present under the appearance of bread, and also his true blood under the appearance of wine. And that that body and blood are not spiritual and fictitious, but the true and natural body which was born of the most Holy Virgin, which same body and blood are now sitting at the right hand of the Majesty of God in that divine Person who is called Christ Jesus."*

And for the one or for the other of these opinions, each of them we venture to say devoid of meaning, thousands have thought it their duty to kill, and thousands have thought it their duty to die.

We have said that Charles was a man of extraordinary ability. He was also a man of extraordinary piety. Immersed as he was in politics and in wars, ruling and even administering great and dissimilar kingdoms, surrounded by enemies both foreign and domestic, managing the home affairs and the foreign affairs of Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and Italy, providing and then commanding their armies and their fleets, his principal business, the matter which engrossed the most of his attention, was the working out his own salvation. And he believed the first requisite to salvation to be a correct faith. Such, however, was his conduct as to involve him in errors, the public mischief of which can not be exaggerated, or, if there be any guilt in error, the private guilt. In the first place, his errors belonged to the class which we have termed voluntary. They were the result of his obstinate determination not to inquire. If on a march he had been told, "Your maps are false, your guides are ignorant or treacherous, if you advance in this direction you will destroy your army. Here are the proofs;" would he have refused to look at the evidence, burnt alive the informants, and continued his course?

In the second place, his errors led him not merely to reliance on useless observances and charms, but to ferocious cruelties, and, what was much worse, because much more permanent, than any death or torture inflicted on individuals, to measures which have kept in darkness and semi-barbarism one of the most energetic races, and perhaps the finest country, in Europe.

This is not the place to discuss Charles's chances of happiness in another world. We have to do only with his reputation in this. And we must say that, judging by the event, estimating him by the influence which his conduct has had over the subsequent fortunes of Europe, and indeed of America, we allot to him a conspicuous station among the enemies of mankind. He might have done more good, and he actually did more harm, than any sovereign that has reigned since Charlemagne.

* Cited—Waddington's History of the Reformation, vol. iii. p. 217.

From the Quarterly Review.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.*

WE, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quite respectable old-fogeyfied times, remember amongst other amusements which we had as children the pictures at which we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakespeare, black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes, straddling Fusellis! there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, with starting muscles, rolling eye-balls, and long pointing quivering fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying, in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out his eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutland being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford; there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth, and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbed (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lady Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch, and dancing before a black background,—a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke's delightful Seven Ages only fitfully relieved its general gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders were present, and plenty of lights and company were in the room.

Cheerful relatives used to treat us to Miss Linwood's. Let the children of the present generation thank their stars *that* tragedy is put out of their way. Miss Linwood's was worsted work. Your grandmother or grand-aunts took you there, and said the pictures were admirable. You saw "the Woodman" in worsted, with his axe and dog, trampling through the snow; the snow bitter cold to look at, the woodman's pipe wonderful; a gloomy piece, that made you shudder. There were large dingy pictures of woollen martyrs, and scowling warriors with limbs strongly knitted; there was especially, at the end of a black passage, a den of lions, that would frighten any boy not born in Africa, or Exeter Change, and accustomed to them.

Another exhibition used to be West's Gallery, where the pleasing figures of Lazarus

in his grave-clothes, and Death on the pale horse, used to impress us children. The tombs of Westminster Abbey, the vaults at St. Paul's, the men in armor at the Tower, frowning ferociously out of their helmets, and wielding their dreadful swords; that super-human Queen Elizabeth at the end of the room, a livid sovereign with glass eyes, a ruff, and a dirty satin petticoat, riding a horse covered with steel: who does not remember these sights in London in the consulship of Plancus? and the waxwork in Fleet Street, not like that of Madame Tussaud's, whose chamber of death is gay and brilliant, but a nice old gloomy waxwork, full of murderers; and as a chief attraction, the dead baby and the Princess Charlotte lying in state.

Our story books had no pictures in them for the most part. Frank (dear old Frank!) had none; nor the Parent's Assistant; nor the Evenings at Home; nor our copy of the *Ami des enfans*: there were a few just at the end of the Spelling Book, besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel; there were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the Spelling Book, little oval gray woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we? The rough old woodblocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy-books had served hundred of years; before *our* Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus—in Queen Anne's time, who knows? We were flogged at school; we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are *our* sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip baths, and Baden towels? And what picture books the young villains have! What have these children done that they should be so much happier than we were?

We had the Arabian Nights and Walter

* Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. London. 1854.

Scott, to be sure. Smirke's illustrations to the former are very fine. We did not know how good they were then; but we doubt whether we did not prefer the little old Miniature Library Nights with frontispieces by Uwins; for these books the pictures don't count. Every boy of imagination does his own pictures to Scott and the Arabian Nights best.

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr. Syntax: Doctor Syntax, in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, and that aquainting and the gay-colored plates very pleasant to witness; but if we could not read the poem in those days, could we digest it in this? Nevertheless, apart from the text which we could not master, we remember Dr. Syntax pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in the Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arrow-head, illegible stuff? give us the placid grinning kings, twanging their jolly bows over their riden horses, wounding those good-humored enemies who tumble gaily off the towers, or drown, smiling in the dimpling waters, amidst the anarithmon gelasma of the fish.

After Doctor Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorne, and the facetious Bob Logic, must be recorded—a wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the future student of our manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus? We have still in our mind's eye some of the pictures of that sportive gallery; the white coat, Prussian-blue pantaloons, Hessian boots, and hooked nose of Corinthian Tom; Jerry's green cut-away and leather gaiters; Bob Logic's green spectacles, and high-waisted surcoat. "Corinthian," it appears, was the phrase applied to men of fashion and *ton* in Plancus's time: they were the brilliant predecessors of the "swell" of the present period—brilliant, but somewhat barbarous, it must be confessed. The Corinthians were in the habit of drinking a great deal too much in Tom Cribb's parlor: they used to go and see "life" in the gin-shops; of nights, walking home (as well as they could), they used to knock down "Charleys," poor harmless old watchmen with lanterns, guardians of the streets of Rome, Plancus Consule. They perpetrated a vast deal of boxing; they put on the "muf-

flers" in Jackson's rooms; they "sported their prads" in the Ring in the Park; they attended cock-fights, and were enlightened patrons of dogs and destroyers of rats. Besides these sports, the *délassemens* of gentlemen mixing with the people, our patricians, of course, occasionally enjoyed the society of their own class. What a wonderful picture that used to be of Corinthian Tom dancing with Corinthian Kate at Almack's! What a prodigious dress Kate wore! With what graceful *abandon* the pair flung their arms about as they swept through the mazy quadrille, with all the noblemen standing around in their stars and uniforms! You may still, doubtless, see the pictures at the British Museum, or find the volumes in the corner of some old country-house library. You are led to suppose that the English aristocracy of 1820 *did* dance and caper in that way, and box and drink at Tom Cribb's, and knock down watchmen; and the children of to-day, turning to their elders, may say, "Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at Almack's? There was very little of it, grandmamma. Did grandpapa kill many watchmen when he was a young man, and frequent thieves, gin-shops, cock-fights, and the ring before you married him? Did he use to talk the extraordinary slang and jargon which is printed in this book? He is very much changed. He seems a gentlemanly old boy enough now."

In the above-named consulate, when we had grandfathers alive, there would be in the old gentleman's library in the country two or three old mottled portfolios, or great swollen scrap-books of blue paper, full of the comic prints of grandpapa's time, ere Plancus ever had the fasces borne before him. These prints were signed Gillray, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Woodward, and some actually George Cruikshank—for George is a veteran now, and he took the etching needle in hand as a child. He caricatured "Boney," borrowing not a little from Gillray in his first puerile efforts. He drew Louis XVIII. trying on Boney's boots. Before the century was actually in its teens, we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public.

In those great colored prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments of the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat, and tricolored plume, a crooked sabre, reek-

ing with blood; a little demon revelling in lust, murder, massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal; indeed he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures; by Sidney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by the amiable and indignant Russians,—all nations had boots at the service of poor Master Boney. How Pitt used to defy him! How good old George, King of Brobdignag, laughed at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we remember in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, &c.)—this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the Gillray chronicle,—a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder, and wickedness, in general, like their French friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups; now scaling heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down; now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader Fox was represented with hairy cloven feet, and a tail and horns); now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels, we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed; some that girls could not understand; some that boys, indeed, had best not see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humor!

How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents—what foul blows were hit—what

language of Billingsgate flung! Fancy a party in a country house now looking over Woodward's facetiae or some of the Gillray comicalities, or the slatternly Saturnalia of Rowlandson! Whilst we live we must laugh, and have folks to make us laugh. We can not afford to lose Satyr with his pipe, and dances, and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us say, he has learned them himself; for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women and the sweet confiding smiles of our children. Among the veterans, the old pictorial satirists, we have mentioned the famous name of one humorous designer who is still alive and at work. Did we not see by his own hand, his own portrait of his own famous face, and whiskers, in the *Illustrated London News* the other day? There was a print in that paper of an assemblage of Teetotallers in Sudler's Wells Theatre, and we straightway recognized the old Roman hand—the old Roman's of the time of Plancus—George Cruikshank's. There were the old bonnets and droll faces and shoes, and short trousers and figures of 1820 sure enough. And there was George (who has taken to the water-doctrine, as all the world knows) handing some teetotalleresses over a plank to the table where the pledge was being administered. How often has George drawn that picture of Cruikshank? Where have n't we seen it? How fine it was, facing the effigy of Mr. Ainsworth in "Ainsworth's Magazine" when George illustrated that periodical! How grand and severe he stands in that design in G. C.'s "Omnibus," where he represents himself tongued like St. Dunstan, and tweaking a wretch of a publisher by the nose! The collectors of George's etchings—O the charming etchings!—O the dear old German popular tales!—the capital "Points of Humor"—the delightful Phrenology and scrap-books, of the good time, our time—Plancus's in fact!—the collectors of the Georgian etchings, we say, have at least a hundred pictures of the artist. Why, we remember him in his favorite Hessian boots in "Tom and Jerry" itself; and in woodcuts as far back as the Queen's trial. He has rather deserted satire and comedy of late years, having turned his attention to the serious, and warlike, and sublime. Having confessed our age and prejudices, we prefer the comic and fanciful

to the historic, romantic, and at present didactic George. May respect, and length of days, and comfortable repose attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humorist, moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humor and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?

Since George's time humor has been converted. Comus and his wicked satyrs and leering fauns have disappeared, and fled into the lowest haunts; and Comus's lady (if she had a taste for humor, which may be doubted) might take up our funny picture-books without the slightest precautionary squeamishness. What can be purer than the charming fancies of Richard Doyle? In all Mr. Punch's huge galleries, can't we walk as safely as through Miss Pinkerton's school-rooms? And as we look at Mr. Punch's pictures, at the *Illustrated News* pictures, at all the pictures in the book-shop windows at this Christmas season, as oldsters, we feel a certain pang of envy against the youngsters—they are too well off. Why had n't we picture-books? Why were we flogged so? A plague on the lictors and their rods in the time of Plancus!

And now, after this rambling preface, we are arrived at the subject in hand—Mr. John Leech and his "Pictures of Life and Character," in the collection of Mr. Punch. The book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neck-cloth, and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humorists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It

is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously); and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and half-pence extorted from passers by. He is the Satyric genius we spoke of anon: he cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed amongst his new friends the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, "plungers," and other military men; and was until latter days very contemptuous in his behavior towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce demeanor. But now that the guardsmen are gone to war, and the dandies of "The Rag"—dandies no more—are battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkermann by the side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is changed to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courage and honor he wars: but this great moralist—must it be owned?—has some popular British prejudices, and these led him in peacetime to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. If those hulking footmen who accompanied the carriages to the opening of Parliament the other day, would form a plush brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike with their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave off laughing at Jeames, who meanwhile remains among us, to all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly consuming his five meals per diem. Against lawyers, beadles, bishops and clergy, and authorities, Mr. Punch is still rather bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was prodigiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes which happened to him at that period was that, through the violent opin-

ions which he expressed regarding the Roman Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the graceful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of Mr. Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the *Snob Papers*, resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults on the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. Mr. Punch parted with these contributors: he filled their places with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cried Punch just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, after these events as before.

There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of Punch without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of Punch has brought into the field; the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own—how inferior their pencils are to his in humor, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation. The truth, the strength, the free vigor, the kind humor, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties those are with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking, than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design. Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads, and watches with unflinching pleasure their ways, their sports, their jokes, laughter, caresses. *Enfants terribles* come home from Eton; young Miss practicing her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself—all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious licety by this amiable observer.

We remember, in one of those ancient Gillray portfolios, a print which used to cause

a sort of terror in us youthful spectators, and in which the Prince of Wales (His Royal Highness was a Foxite then) was represented as sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the first young gentleman living employing such a weapon in such a way! The most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork—the heir of Britannia with a *bident*! The man of genius who drew that picture saw little of the society which he satirized and amused. Gillray watched public characters as they walked by the shop in St. James's street, or passed through the lobby of the House of Commons. His studio was a garret, or little better; his place of amusement, a tavern-parlor, where his club held its nightly sittings over their pipes and sanded floor. You could not have society represented by men to whom it was not familiar. When Gavarni came to England a few years since—one of the wittiest of men, one of the most brilliant and dexterous of draughtsmen—he published a book of *Les Anglais*, and his *Anglais* were all Frenchmen. The eye, so keen and so long practiced to observe Parisian life, could not perceive English character. A social painter must be of the world which he depicts, and native to the manners which he portrays.

Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio must see that the social pictures which he gives us are authentic. What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, what snug libraries we enter; what fine young-gentlemanly wags they are, those beautiful little dandies who wake up gouty old grandpapa to ring the bell; who decline aunt's pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve themselves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk together in ball-room doors, where Fred whispers Charley—pointing to a dear little partner seven years old—"My dear Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have seen that girl last season!" Look well at every thing appertaining to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs: how snug, quiet, appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortable, neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs's is (in the Bayswater suburbs of London, we should guess, from the sketches of the surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, with a loose box for those celebrated hunters which he rides! How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast table looks! What a trim little maid brings in the top-boots which horrify Mrs. B.! What a

enug dressing-room he has, complete in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying on the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs flings into the fire! How cosey all the Briggs party seem in their dining-room, Briggs reading a Treatise on Dog-breaking by a lamp; mamma and grannie with their respective needleworks; the children clustering round a great book of prints—a great book of prints such as this before us, which, at this season, must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented: Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Moorland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine: we are looking at everybody's family circle. Our boys coming from school give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas—a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant—will regard these pages; even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horseflesh. How they change those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners' bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious châtelines of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where those charming waistcoats, those "stunning" waistcoats, which our young girls used to wear a few brief seasons back, and which cause 'Gus, in the sweet little sketch of "La Mode," to ask Ellen for her tailor's address! 'Gus is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing the enemy at Inkermann; and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humor. Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own purse for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favorite little people.

As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them,—private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hair-dressers of the present age! Look at "Mr. Tongs," whom that hideous old bald woman, who ties on her bonnet at the glass, informs that

"she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet." You can see the bear's grease not only on Tongs' head but on his hands, which he is clapping clammily together. Remark him who is telling his client "there is cholera in the hair;" and that lucky rogue whom the young lady bids to cut off "a long thick piece"—for somebody, doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfully natural and absurd. Why should hair-dressing be an absurd profession?

The amateur will remark what an excellent part hands play in Mr. Leech's pieces: his admirable actors use them with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the urn down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table, whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They are cook's and housemaid's hands without mistake, and not without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady, who is tying her bonnet at Tongs's, has hands which you see are trembling. Watch the fingers of the two old haridians who are talking scandal: for what long years past they have pointed out holes in their neighbors' dresses and mud on their flounces. "Here 's a go! I've lost my diamond ring." As the dustman utters this pathetic cry, and looks at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among the little points of humor. One could indicate hundreds of such, as one turns over the pleasant pages.

There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know, who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins and pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobaccoists' counters, sucks his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and the baby (the latter an immense woman, whom Snob nevertheless bullies), who is a favorite abomination of Leech, and pursued by that savage humorist into a thousand of his haunts. There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's—such waistcoats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper who calls him "capting;" now he is offering a paletot to a huge giant who is going out in the rain. They don't know their own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have a meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed to thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor little bucks. In a minute or two, when we close this discourse and walk the streets, we shall see a dozen such.

Ere we shut the desk up, just one word to point out to the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings—homely drawings of moor and wood,

and seashore and London street—the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humor which invented both, increases as we look and look

again at the designs. May we have more of them; more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together. Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty, and kindness?

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE AUTHOR OF GIL BLAS.

IN a line with the south transept of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Boulogne, runs a little street—the street of the Château. Whoever looks at the second house on the left, in passing up the street from the cathedral, may observe, over its picturesque doorway, the outline of a dark block of marble, upon which is to be read by good eyes, an inscription in Roman capitals that have lost much of their distinctness, "Here died the author of Gil Blas, in seventeen hundred and forty-seven." Le Sage has, I believe, no other monument of stone, and he owes this to the enthusiasm of what might be thought an odd set of admirers, namely, the Boulogne Agricultural Society; but the most intelligent gentlemen of the department are, in fact, enrolled in this patriotic association, and papers on literary subjects are read, and poems recited, at some of its meetings.

Not only stone-masons, but even biographers have been too little concerned with Monsieur Alain-Réné Le Sage. He was an only son. His father was a country lawyer, and a rich man according to provincial ideas of wealth. Alain-Réné was born in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-eight, at Sarzeau, a little town in the peninsula of Rhuys, four leagues from Vannes. When he was nine years old he lost his mother. When he was fourteen years old he lost his father. He passed then under the guardianship of an uncle, who lost for him his inheritance. The son of an educated man, he received liberal instruction,—that is to say, he was sent to a school established by the Jesuits at Vannes,—and he was a quick pupil. Of his life during the first years of orphanhood no record remains; but it was probably through the good offices of his father's friends that he obtained employment upon the collection of the customs in Bretagne. He

either abandoned that employment or was dismissed from it. The pure tone of his character makes it likely that he forsook the calling as offensive to the generosity of youth, and inconsistent with his noble aspirations. Certainly he left it with a full knowledge of the general character of the class of men—farmers of revenue—under whom he served, and the disgust that he felt towards them stuck by him throughout his life.

Thus it happened that, at the age of twenty-four, Le Sage travelled to Paris, meaning there to graduate at the university, and to find, if he could, new means of livelihood. He was a handsome and agreeable young fellow, remarkable for his wit and his good taste in literature, by which he was not without hope that he might get a living. He won quickly the good graces of the ladies whom he met. One lady of quality, it is said, made him an offer of her hand and fortune; but he scorned selfishness in marriage; and having quietly fallen in love with Marie-Elizabeth Hudyard, a tradesman's daughter—who had, like himself, more treasure in the heart than in the pocket—he made her his wife when he was a few months more than twenty-six years old.

Remaining true to literature, he was advised to translate the letters of Aristenetes. His friend Monsieur Danchet, being made professor of rhetoric at Chartres, promised his influence to get them printed there. The translation was accordingly made, and published, as it appears, at Rotterdam. The world, however, took but very little notice of it. Young Le Sage had obtained for himself a status as an advocate before the Court of Parliament, when he married and settled in Paris. Though in want of money, and apt at making friends who could have put him on the road to loaves and fishes, he had a

spirit above begging, and besieged no man with solicitation. Even while living in discomfort, he refused to sell his independence to the Marshal de Villeroi; and a little employment that, after a time, came to him, he abandoned, as soon as he felt it possible to live by devoting himself wholly to literary work. The difficult first step in the career of a man of letters was made easier to Le Sage by the Abbé de Lionne, a passionate admirer of Spanish literature, who taught Le Sage the language out of which his pleasures were derived; and by presenting him with a moderate annuity, enabled him to employ this acquisition to advantage. Le Sage then commenced in good earnest his career of authorship, by working on the dramatic stores of Spain, whereof few grains had then been scattered among readers north of the Pyrenees. Translations, or imitations, of some of the best comedies of Lope de Vega, Calderon, and others, were published by him, or performed at the Théâtre Français, with limited success. A more favorable reception did not greet the appearance of two small volumes, comprising his version of Avellaneda's continuation of Don Quixote.

Following, in spite of discouragement, the course on which he had embarked, he brought out, in seventeen hundred and seven, his famous *Diable Boiteux*. To what extent Le Sage is indebted, in this production, to Velez, from whom, avowedly, the idea is taken, he has himself stated, in his dedication to the Spanish author, of the enlarged edition of seventeen hundred and twenty six. The success of the *Diable Boiteux* was prodigious. So eager was the demand for it, that, we are told, two young gallants of the court, happening to enter the publisher's shop to purchase copies when (of the second edition) only one remained on hand, were hardly prevented from deciding the question which of them should have it by a duel. Such extreme popularity was owing, not to the merit of the work only, but also to the introduction into it of many piquant anecdotes and lively satires upon living personages.

Le Sage had presented to the Théâtre Français a comedy in one act, with the title of the *Présents—Les Etreennes*—to be performed on a day of New Year's gifts, the first of January, seventeen hundred and six. It was a work begotten of his experience among the farmers of revenue, and was designed, in a spirit of righteous indignation, to inflict public chastisement upon them for their villanous extortions. The piece was refused. Le Sage was, however, very much

in earnest. He took it back; and instead of cutting down or mollifying the expression of his scorn, he extended it into a five-act comedy, and called it after his hero, *Turcaret*. This change was very far from removing his difficulties. The class attacked was powerful, and it resorted to all possible expedients to escape a public flogging. But, while the stage was denied to him, Le Sage could nevertheless secure a certain degree of publicity, and influential advocates for his work by reading it in some of those brilliant Parisian coteries the titled members of which were by no means backward in assistance to a satirist fighting against wealthy parvenus; who were presumptuous and despicable in their eyes. Le Sage wrote out of a noble spirit, and such patrons applauded what he wrote out of a mean spirit. But the man of letters was no servant to their pride. The Princess de Bouillon appointed a day for the reading of *Turcaret*, and condescended to permit the favored author to fix the hour of attendance most convenient to himself. Le Sage happened by a rare chance to be engaged, on the appointed day, as advocate in a cause before the court of Parliament. This business detained him; and when he did at last reach the Princess's hotel, he found the aristocratic circle in a flutter of affront. He related, with much earnest apology, the cause of the delay. His apology was haughtily received. No reason, the Princess said, could justify the impropriety of keeping such a dignified assembly so long waiting. "Madame," replied Le Sage, "I have been the cause of your highness's losing an hour. I will now be the means of your regaining it." With a profound bow he retired. The Princess endeavored to detain him; some of the company ran after him to bring him back. In vain: Le Sage never again entered the Hotel of the Princess de Bouillon.

Le Sage's manly feeling was shown about the same time in another way. A hundred thousand francs were offered him by the farmers of revenue for the suppression of his play. Poor as he was, he scorned the bribe. The culprits redoubled their intrigues, and it required an express order from the Dauphin, before the actors of the Théâtre Français could be persuaded to put *Turcaret* upon the stage; and on the evening of Valentine's day, seventeen hundred and nine, its first performance took place; Le Sage being then a little more than forty years of age. The success of *Turcaret* was perfect; yet it at first enjoyed a run of only seven nights. The

extraordinary cold, which had kept theatres closed during the previous winter months, still continued to be excessive in February. At the same time the efforts of the party satirized to stop the comedy in its career, were of course incessant. Its representation was, however, subsequently resumed; and it is to this day a stock-piece at French theatres.

A second play, entitled the *Tontine*, having been ill received by the actors, the author broke off with them, renounced for a time all connection with the stage, and engaged in a task honorable to his friendship. His friend *Petis de la Croix*, then employed upon his translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, needed the assistance of a more expert pen than his own in preparation of the work for press: and one or two of the best years of *Le Sage's* life were spent in the revision of this translation. Meantime a war of rival interests had arisen among the comedians, which opened the way for the lucrative exercise of his peculiar talent, the union of pungent satire with the airy fun demanded in the lighter productions of the French stage. Besides the two great theatres of Paris, certain "minors" were allowed to be open during two seasons of the year, in the ancient fairs of Saint-Germain and Saint-Laurent. Only marionnettes were, at first, the performers; and when, in sixteen hundred and ninety, an attempt was made to introduce a troop of children of both sexes, the company of the *Théâtre Français*, who had one of two shares in the exclusive privilege of speaking the native language upon a dramatic stage, ordered the usurping show to be pulled down. The Italian company—which had not long before been relieved from the general prohibition to use the French tongue, and enjoyed the other half share in the monopoly—made in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-seven an unfortunate use of their privilege. It announced a comedy for representation under the title of the *False Prude*. The court discovered in those words a libel upon *Madame de Maintenon*, and banished the Italians from the country. The conductors of the performances of the fair affected then to step into the vacant place, assumed the character of the Italians' successors, and played fragments of Italian farces. These exhibitions proved attractive, and the French comedians obtained an order from the judges, forbidding their rivals to represent any comedy whatever by means of dialogue. The innovators thereupon abstained from comedies, and confined their

performances to single scenes. These likewise were prohibited. Taking advantage of the literal sense of the word "dialogue," they had, next, recourse to scenes in monologue. At first only one actor spoke, and the rest expressed themselves by signs. Then came an improved form of monologue; the actor who had spoken retreated behind the scenes, while the other, who remained, spoke in his turn, and in turn retreated, in order again to give place upon the stage to the first. Sometimes the speaking was all done behind the scenes; and sometimes the one actor who spoke before the public repeated aloud what the others whispered to him. The ingenuity of these contrivances to elude the vexatious pursuit of the law, gave zest to the performances, and the people thronged to the spectacles of the fair.

The next step of the dramatic warriors was to purchase from the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, to whom it was understood legally to belong, the privilege of singing. But, when they attempted to make use of this privilege, they found their theatre invaded by a strong body of the police, sent by order of the judges; and under the protection of these authorities the carpenter of the *Théâtre Français* and his assistants proceeded to a second demolition of the building. This work had already begun, when an officer made his appearance with a command from the court, bearing date the same day, which overruled the decree of the judges. The proprietors instantly set about the repairing of what little mischief had been done; next morning the play-bills were placarded just as usual, and in the evening the house overflowed. Again, however, their theatre was destroyed, and that completely, even to the burning of its fragments; but again it was rebuilt.

To prevent the recurrence of these ruinous attacks, the actors of the fair at last determined to confine their performance to dumb show. Among other pieces represented in this manner was one called the *Chicks of Leda*; a ludicrous parody of the *Tyndarides* of *Danchet*. The company of the *Théâtre Français* had by this time come to be familiarly known as the *Romans*; and the success of the *Chicks of Leda*, as well as of many similar pieces, was ensured by the energy with which the *Romans* were burlesqued and mimicked by their opponents. Each noble Roman was at once to be recognized—not only by caricatures of the characters in which he commonly appeared, but by the imitation of his peculiar gestures and the

tones of his voice. In order to accomplish the last object without breaking the rule of dumbness, the comedians of the fair pronounced in solemn tragic tones a succession of syllables without sense or meaning, but arranged in sonorous Alexandrine mouthfuls.

A further improvement: the actors came upon the stage each furnished with a roll of bills, on which were printed in large characters the names of their parts, with the most necessary of the words that they must be supposed to speak. On coming to the point at which the matter inscribed on any particular bill was required—the whole roll having previously been put in order—he unrolled and displayed it, and then slipped it to the back. At first these placards were in prose; afterwards, couplets adapted to well-known airs were written on them. The orchestra played the air; persons hired for the purpose, and posted in different parts of the pit, sang the words; the public itself supplied the chorus. By means of a further contrivance, the performers were relieved from the inconvenience of carrying so many paper bills: little boys, dressed as cupids, were suspended by machinery from the roof; and, supporting the rolls between them, unfolded and displayed them at the proper times.

Although Le Sage, in the prologue to *Turcaret*, had pointed some satirical strokes against the performers of the fair, he now sympathized with them to the extent of setting about some compositions suited to their new school of art—the opera of hand-bills.

The first pieces composed by him for this purpose were represented by means of bills, and the words were wholly sung. A few sentences of prose were, by degrees, interspersed among the couplets. At length, their confidence increasing with their strength, the two companies of the fair ventured to assume the title of *Opéra Comique*. The accession of Le Sage was thus the means of introducing consistency, and something of the appearance and polish of art, into the homely beginnings of the French comic opera, or what is now called *comédie vaudeville*. Neither the deplorable state of public affairs in France, the higher interests of other departments of literature and art, nor the intrigues of the court and church, prevented the public attention from being profoundly occupied by the progress of the war between the privileged company, the regulars, and the guerillas of the fair. Law and authority being at every point defeated or

eluded by the fair men, the belligerents on both sides let law alone, and confined their efforts to the use of pun and satire, ridicule and personation. In seventeen hundred and sixteen, the Italian company was recalled and entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the *Théâtre Français*; but the allied troupes were worsted. Parody, the chief weapon of the fair, was too strong for prerogative: the dexterous pointing of Le Sage's pieces had the effect of silencing the batteries of the allies. The Duchess of Orleans, wife of the Regent, being determined to witness the representation of the Princess of Carisma, one of Le Sage's most popular vaudevilles, it was ordered to be performed at the *Palais Royal*. The Regent was present at the entertainment, and the triumph of the comic opera was perfect. The records of the French stage enumerate one hundred and one pieces, wholly or in part composed by Le Sage, and performed by the companies of the comic opera.

In the midst, however, of those less worthy occupations—which, through a long series of years, were the means of keeping alive the fire upon his hearth—Le Sage did not forget the higher claims of literature. Of *Gil Blas*—that world's romance—two volumes were published in seventeen hundred and fifteen, their author's age then being forty-seven; and a third was issued nine years afterwards. The fourth, and final volume, was delayed until eleven years after the third had appeared. This work placed Le Sage, at once and for all time, in the rank of a European classic. Its contemporary reputation may have been owing in a measure to the skilfully interwoven anecdotes and allusions, then more intensely relished, because better understood, than they can now be by ourselves. But the truth of its lively pictures of human nature will for ever satisfy the wits of the experienced, and their variety will never cease to charm the fancies of the young. The creator of its class, it has been followed by a thousand imitations.

A notion was long current, and is perhaps not yet quite exploded, that *Gil Blas* is itself an imitation. Voltaire asserted that it was translated or stolen from the Spanish of Vincent Espinel; and, more recently, the charge was repeated in another form, by a Spanish Jesuit named Isla. A translation of the work by this person was published at Madrid in eighteen hundred and five, under the title of *Gil Blas Restored to his Country*. He asserts that *Gil Blas* was composed in the Spanish language, during the ministry

of the Duke of Olivarez (sixteen hundred and thirty-five), that the work was denounced to the government as containing dangerous revelations regarding the secrets of the court, and the manuscript seized. The unnamed author, escaping into France, there, it is said, died, leaving a copy of his manuscript, which he had concealed and taken with him; this fell into the hands of Le Sage, and was by him enlarged, and otherwise adapted to his purpose, in the same way as he had adapted previously the work of Velez. This story refutes itself, because Isla confirmed it with the assertion that the original MS. was still in the Escorial. The Comte de Neuchâteau, in a dissertation read before the French Academy, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, and prefixed to the edition of *Gil Blas* published in the year following by Didot, has answered both Voltaire's assertions and the Spaniard's. He proves that the life of the Squire Obregon, the work named by Voltaire, as the original from which Le Sage copied, bears no resemblance to *Gil Blas*, either in subject, form, or style. Proceeding then to deal with Isla, he overthrows the Jesuit's assertion, by showing that if, as he pretends, the original work was accessible in Spanish, he ought to have published that work with all the evidences of its authenticity, instead of translating *Gil Blas* into Spanish out of French.

Le Sage published many other works—some original, others translations or imitations. Among the latter, besides those already particularized, are *Roland the Lover*, from Boiardo, and the *Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache*, from the Spanish of Alleman. He was the first to naturalize Alleman's amusing tale in France, though not its first, or even second translator into the language of that country. His industry appears to have increased with his years. The Bachelor of Salamanca was his last and his own favorite fiction; and, at the close of his literary life—which did not take place till seventeen hundred and forty-three—when he had reached the age of seventy-five, he published his *Miscellany of sallies of wit and the most striking historic incidents*.

Le Sage was no less fitted to shine in society than to excel in literature, but he lived after his marriage an exceedingly domestic life. His family consisted of three sons and an only daughter. Two of the sons, the eldest René André, and the youngest, François Antoine, occasioned their father no little pain by choosing the stage for their profession.

Réné André, whom he had intended for the law, rose to a high reputation as an actor, under the name of Montmenil. His style was the quiet, natural, and unaffected. François Antoine was incited by his brother's success to an unsuccessful imitation. Le Sage had for some time ceased to admit Montmenil to his presence, when, by the pious management of the second son, Julien François, who had gone into the church, he was persuaded to witness, at the Théâtre Française, the performance of his own *Turcaret*. Le Sage appreciated his son's talent and forgave him for following its bent. Father and son had, both of them, good hearts, and Montmenil effaced the remembrance of his early disobedience by conduct the most filial and submissive. He became the old man's pride and his constant companion; a support and an honor to the family. When his duties at the theatre prevented Montmenil from passing his evenings at his father's house, Le Sage, deprived of the chief delight at home, was accustomed to adjourn to a neighboring café. He had, even in youth, been affected with symptoms of deafness, which increased with his years, but his natural gaiety was not lessened. His conversation abounding with wit, anecdote, and shrewd observations, and shown to the best advantage by a manly and various elocution, was heard always with delight. The picture of the author of *Gil Blas*, advanced in life, surrounded by a throng of youthful admirers, the more distant mounted on chairs and tables, in order to catch every word of his discourse, recalls what we may have heard of our own glorious John Dryden at the Coffee-house.

Montmenil's death, in seventeen hundred and forty-three, was a blow from which Le Sage never recovered. Paris became insupportable, and he retired with his wife and daughter to the house at Boulogne, which his second son inhabited in quality of canon of the cathedral. This son (Julien François)—remarkable for a strong personal resemblance to Montmenil—was an admirable man; a wit, and an admirable reader. The Comte de Tressan, commandant of the Boulonnais, seconded the attentions of the family; and from him we derive the few surviving anecdotes of the last years of Le Sage's life. They seem to have passed heavily enough. The finely-strung nervous system of the author of *Gil Blas*, like that of some other great writers, had lost its tone from too continued tension. He is said at last to have existed only by help of the sun. From

daybreak until noon his faculties grew more and more lively. From noon till evening they gradually left him. When the sun had

actually set, he fell into a state of lethargy, from which it was in vain to attempt to rouse him, till the morning brought the sun with it.

From Hegg's Instructor.

HANNAH MORE.---A SKETCH.

In estimating the merits of distinguished individuals, our opinion must obviously be modified by a knowledge of the external influences to which they were subjected. According as the tendency of these is to counteract or to forward their aims, a greater or less tenacity of purpose is demanded. And looking at the whole of a life, this is a quality that has more to do with greatness than may at first strike us; for greatness depends not so much upon the possession of brilliant talents, as upon steadiness and perseverance in pursuing a laudable object. A most obstinate struggle with circumstances has to be kept up by such as would rise to eminence from the humbler ranks of life; but a contest on a more extended scale has to be encountered by whoever aspires to be a reformer, as in this case the obstacles result from the condition of a nation or of society. They are also of a complex nature; the reformer has first to disentangle his own mind from the shackles of custom and prejudice, and next undertake the same task for others.

Hannah More was a reformer; we conceive one who did so much, by example, and purse, and pen, towards purifying the morality and advancing the cause of religion in England, to be well worthy of such a title, and all the greatness it implies. It is true, she had the primary advantage of a sound and religious education, and was thus placed so as to have a Pisgah-like view of existing defects; but next to the difficulty of divesting our minds of the warpings of habit and popular opinion, is that of preventing ourselves from being caught in their meshes.

Of the state of religious knowledge, even amongst the higher classes, in the days of Hannah More, we may have a pretty accurate idea from the anecdote related in connection with Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Samuel." When this celebrated painting was finished,

numerous visitors flocked to his studio to see it, and amongst them were several who proposed the intelligent question, "Who was Samuel?" The manners and morality of the period were quite in agreement with this; and though it is by no means denied that there were many fine exceptions, it was then the *fashion* to be irreligious and immoral. Hannah More, when little above twenty years of age, was taken from the comparatively quiet coteries of Bristol, and plunged into the whirl of the gay world of London; the caresses and blandishments of the witty, the great, and the learned; were heaped upon her, but her keen, instinctive sense of right was in no degree blunted, and the endeavors of the world to win her to its side only served to draw forth the more unequivocal declaration of her principles. These principles, like the course of every great mind, deepened and widened with progressing years. We find her whose first essay was penned with the design of fostering a purer morality, gradually increasing her efforts for the same praiseworthy end, and by and by retiring from the vortex of fashionable life, to devote herself to the study of the Scriptures, and the composition of works bearing more immediately on the subject of religion.

Besides her literary reputation, Mrs. Hannah More was eminent for her piety and philanthropy; so much so, that, although she had not obtained celebrity by her writings, her memory would have been deservedly cherished as a Christian and philanthropist. She was ever prompt to originate or help forward philanthropic movements; she wrote for them—books for the drawing-rooms of the great, and tracts and ballads that insinuated themselves into the workshops of the town, and the cottages of the country; and she established schools for bestowing the blessings of education and a

knowledge of the truths of the gospel on the poor. She was considerate and liberal to that class during her lifetime, and at her death, the sums bequeathed by her to religious and charitable institutions were on the most munificent scale. But perhaps the truest and most touching proof of her generosity and kindness to the poor, was that given on the day of her funeral, when, each with some semblance of mourning, they came crowding from village and hamlet to pay a last tribute to their benefactress, and give "all they had to give—a tear."

In reading the life of this celebrated person, we can not fail to be struck with the large amount of good that she effected; and yet she was but a "lone woman;" and, in addition to the disadvantages pertaining to her sex, Mrs. Hannah More was at all times delicate in health, and subject to very frequent illnesses. In consequence of this, she was deeply impressed with the evil of procrastination, and has recorded in her diary how necessary she felt it to be to prosecute her work assiduously during her intervals of freedom from sickness. This goes to prove what we have already stated, that greatness in general, as well as success, arises less from the possession of great talents, or from favorable circumstances, than the selection of a proper aim, and the resolution to follow it unswervingly. There are multitudes of examples in the world, of a stern and successful resistance of circumstances more overwhelming than any we are likely to encounter, and exciting us to emulation. We are disposed to lay too much stress on the force of circumstances, forgetting that we are to some extent the originators of them. Then we consider this a capital excuse for our indolence, it is this that is keeping us inactive, we are waiting for an opening, instead of making an opening. As for a favorable opportunity, it is vain for us to plead the want of that; we must not be too scrupulous, but seize the best that happens to come within our reach.

In perusing any work, we almost insensibly form ideas of the personality of the author; we become acquainted not only with his mind, but we "have a vision of our own," and can describe his appearance even when unaided by the engraver's art. Our childish notions of the subject of this sketch were unfavorable enough. We regarded her as an old lady who wrote good, but uncommonly dry books, and our prepossessions against her were in no degree ameliorated as we gazed on the uncouth personage depicted in

the frontispiece, that large truthful-looking characters beneath assured us was Hannah More. Some years subsequently, her collected works were procured for our especial edification; unfortunately, the exterior of the volumes was not calculated to make them find favor in our eyes, and after dipping into one, and skimming another, the whole were pronounced by ourselves, and some equally judicious critical companions, to be excessively egotistical and uninteresting. As years increased, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream," we read the life and works of Hannah More with extreme pleasure, being then more capable of appreciating her excellences of character, as well as her merits as a writer; and when we saw two fine steel engravings, the one representing her as a blooming girl with flowing hair; the other from Pickersgill's painting, in which she appears as the most amiable, loveable, and benignant-looking of all old ladies, we scorned the libellous old woodcut of former days, and a complete revolution was effected in our opinion.

Hannah More was the youngest of five sisters, and was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1745. Her father, having lost his money by the unfavorable termination of a lawsuit, lived here in a secluded manner. He was the son of the former master of an endowed school in the neighborhood, who not being encumbered with a superabundance of pupils, had plenty of leisure to "rear the tender thought" of his son. He, in his turn, "kept the ball moving," as Franklin says of kindness, and devoted his time to the education of his daughters; and as he brought a highly-creditable amount of talents and learning to the task, and had good materials to work upon, it is not surprising that he was very successful. This was particularly the case with Hannah, who was a somewhat precocious child, and her aptness in the acquisition of the first principles of geometry, and the rudiments of Latin, must have delighted the old man, and transformed the labor of instruction into a pleasant relaxation. The bias of her tastes very early displayed itself; one of her childish amusements was riding on a chair, accompanied by the announcement that "she was going to London to see booksellers and bishops." It was a darling object of her ambition to attain to the possession of a whole quire of paper, and when some friend gratified her wish, it was speedily filled with letters to imaginary personages.

The talents of the whole family were so much above the average, that they soon at-

tracted attention, and under the auspices of Dr. Stonehouse and others, the Misses More established a day school in Bristol; this shortly after gave place to a boarding-school, which long maintained the character of being one of the best and most flourishing in that part of England. To this school Hannah was removed when twelve years of age, and eagerly availed herself of the means of extending her knowledge, now placed within her reach. She acquired a perfect idiomatical knowledge of the French, and afterwards of the Italian and Spanish languages.

Even at this early period, her conversational powers were so fascinating, that Dr. Woodward, an eminent scholar, when attending her in his medical capacity, under their influence on one occasion so far forgot the object of his visit that he was proceeding down stairs, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he returned to the room, exclaiming, "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she is?"

In the year 1762, she gave her first literary composition to the world, in the shape of a pastoral drama, entitled "The Search after Happiness." Having met with the approval of Garrick, Dr. Stonehouse, and other persons of literary taste, it was issued from the Bristol press, and its popularity was so great that in a few months it passed through three editions. The poem, as the authoress informs us, had for its object "an earnest wish to furnish a substitute for the very improper custom, which then prevailed, of allowing plays, and these not always of the purest kind, to be acted by young ladies in boarding-schools."

About this time, a proposal of marriage was made to her by a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, and, though Mr. Turner was many years her senior, his offer was accepted, and she resigned her share in the management of the boarding-school. Owing to various circumstances, however, the engagement was broken off, and although the gentleman soon after sought to renew it, the lady would not give her consent. Her feelings had undeniably been trifled with, and she made a resolution to eschew all such overtures in future. It is but due to Mr. Turner to state that he settled an annuity on her, and bequeathed her at his death the sum of one thousand pounds. Perhaps, if we knew it, the lives of many of the tea-bibbing, scandal-mongering class, denominated old maids, contain a little episode of such a vexation, and such a determination; and perhaps the secret of their railing at the world in general is, that "there is a cross in their heart."

When in her twenty-second year, Hannah More paid her first visit to London, and returned the following year, to reside for a short time with the Garricks at their beautiful retreat at Hampton. Here she became acquainted with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others of the *élite* of the literary world. The great moralist, in particular, had a most affectionate regard for her, terming her "Child," "Little Fool," "Love," and "Dearest." One of her sisters, in writing home, gives the following interesting account of a conversation between herself and Johnson: "After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honorable employment of teaching young ladies;' upon which with all the same ease, familiarity and confidence as we should have done, had only our own Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education, showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased, our appetites increased also, the cupboard at home being too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-box, we happened to find a little *larning*,—a good thing when land is gone, or rather when there is none,—and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return, but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the innamorato; 'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came. God for ever bless you; you live to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner." In what an amiable light does the great moralist appear in such an anecdote as this; and Madame D'Arbly, another of his pets, has many similar in her gossiping diary; and with all his faults, can we help loving him still?

In the midst of the adulation which was now lavished on the youthful authoress, it is most gratifying to find her writing thus to one of her sisters: "For my own part, the more I see of the honored, famed, and great, the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of

all created good, and that no earthly pleasure can fill up the wants of the immortal principle within." After her return to Bristol, she produced two short poems—"The Bleeding Rock," and "Sir Eldred of the Bower;" the latter a moral tale in two parts, in the ballad style. A handsome sum was paid for these pieces by Mr. Caddell, and their success was so great that a thousand copies were sold in a fortnight. She now plumed her wing for a higher flight, and the direction which it took was no doubt influenced by her intimacy with the Garricks, as well as the success of her pastoral drama. "The Inflexible Captive," a regular piece in five acts, appeared in 1774, and on its performance in the theatre at Bath was favorably received. It is founded on the well-known classical story of Regulus, the Roman ambassador to Carthage, and displays considerable power. There are many fine passages, and the interest is sustained throughout.

Within the three following years, the two tragedies of "Percy" and the "Fatal Falsehood" were produced; the former was deservedly the most popular of Miss More's dramatic works. It greatly exceeds "The Inflexible Captive" in point of dramatic interest; the various characters are brought out with much clearness and precision; and that of Elwina is a particularly fine sketch.

In the year 1780, Miss Hannah More paid another visit to London, during which she resided at the house of the amiable and accomplished widow of Dean Delany, and had the privilege of enlarging the number of her literary acquaintances, which, in addition to many distinguished prelates, now included the names of Walpole, Jenyns, Pepys, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Carter. About this time she published a small volume in prose, entitled "Essays for Young Ladies," now very scarce, and a volume of "Sacred Dramas." These dramas were greatly esteemed, and a specimen of a translation of one of them into the Cingalese language was presented to the authoress, written on a Palmyra leaf, and enclosed in a beautifully-painted wooden case. Nor was this the only instance of her works being read in countries where one would little expect them to have found their way, for a Russian princess, who had procured some of her short tracts, translated them into Russ, and wrote a complimentary letter to the authoress.

We have hitherto traced the career of Hannah More merely as a popular authoress, who was gradually gaining favor in the eyes

of the public; but the time was now come when the results of her careful education in the truths of the Christian religion, and the influence which those principles possess over every well-constituted mind, were to be more broadly manifested. The death of her friend Garrick severed the strongest link between her and the dramatic world, and the sense of the hollowness of worldly enjoyments pressed upon her mind with ever-increasing force. She had all along retained her native simplicity of character, and the adulation that was lavished on her had left as little trace as water on the plumage of a bird; she had never suffered herself to be intoxicated by the pleasures of the world; and what a testimony it is to their unsatisfactoriness, that they palled upon the taste of one who had enjoyed those of the most refined description, and always with a due regard to moderation. The cast of her mind was eminently practical: this was evidenced as early as the time that her juvenile pastoral, "The Search after Happiness," was produced, for, as we have said, it sprang from a nobler wish than a youthful love of notoriety. Even the three most ambitious effusions of her dramatic muse were not written as mere passports to fame. Her own reading, and the society in which she mingled at that period, gave her thoughts a strong bent towards the stage; but she viewed it not only as an entertainment, but as a powerful lever of the heart, and one which she hoped to enlist on the side of virtue. Her plays were written under that impression, though in after years she abandoned the hope of metamorphosing the theatre into a school of virtue, and became convinced that "this utopian good could not be produced, until not only the stage itself had undergone a complete purification, but until the audience was purified also."

In conformity with her desire of withdrawing more from the world, Hannah More in 1786 purchased a neat cottage in the neighborhood of Bristol, called Cowslip Green. Nought of asceticism, however, entered into her ideas of retirement; she who had tasted wisely and temperately of the pleasures of society, partook in equal moderation of the sweets of seclusion. Her annual visits to her friend Mrs. Garrick in London were still continued, and from time to time she indulged in intercourse with the most eminent literary characters of the day.

Theology had even in early life been one of her favorite studies, and she gladly embraced the opportunity now afforded her of

prosecuting it with greater vigor. Two years after her retreat to Cowslip Green, she published a small tract, entitled, "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," followed in the same year by a poem on "Slavery." The latter work brought her into more intimate acquaintance with Wilberforce, who was at that time employed advocating in Parliament the cause of the negroes.

About ten miles distant from the residence of Miss Hannah More and her sisters, lay the village of Cheddar. It is picturesquely situated at the mouth of a narrow ravine in the Mendip Hills; close to the town, fantastically-shaped cliffs of limestone shoot abruptly upwards, to the height of several hundreds of feet; and those who penetrate into the gorge, which extends for nearly three miles, are rewarded by a display of the grandest rocky scenery in all "merry England." The country around is rich pasture-land; and the dairies have long been celebrated for their cheese, which in the days of Camden was so good and so great, that it required more than one man to hoist a cheese on the table. But it was not the garden-like fertility of the country, nor the romantic beauty of the village, that drew towards it the notice of Hannah More. The rural population of this fine district were in a state of terrible demoralization, which will be best described by the following extract from a letter of Miss More to her friend Wilberforce:—"We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over, three miles from Wells, to preach on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited; and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight persons in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was a good congregation." But,

"For man's neglect, she loved it more."

A wide field was extended on which to exert her energies, and nobly she and her two sisters labored in the performance of their self-appointed work. The magnitude of the evil to be opposed would have appalled a less daring theorist, as the difficulties and obstacles that had to be surmounted in the working out of her plans would have wearied any one less practical and persevering; but she had grasped the banner, and, like the hero of "Excelsior," she pressed dauntlessly up

the Alpine pass; schools were established, in the superintendence of which she and her sisters took a lively personal interest; and when the resistance they at first excited had in a measure exhausted itself, the good work progressed most satisfactorily. The beneficial results were, as must always be the case with education, but partially apparent; though it can not be doubted, where so much good seed was diligently scattered abroad, it will hereafter be revealed, that it sprung up in many a hidden nook, and gladdened with the bread of life many a hungry soul.

The influence which the French Revolution exerted on the lower classes in this country induced her to publish a tract, entitled, "Village Politics, in a Dialogue between two Mechanics." The sale and circulation of this little work were astonishing, and led her, in 1795, to commence a regular series, which was issued monthly from Bath, under the name of the "Cheap Repository Tracts." During the same year, which was one of horror and commotion abroad, and anxiety and scarcity at home, her purse and hand were no less readily opened to relieve the one than her pen had been used to counteract the influence of the other. At her hospitable door, the poor were supplied with soup and food, and every means in her power was taken to assist them, and mitigate their sufferings. Nor was her liberality restricted to her own countrymen, for the sum of £240, the proceeds of a publication, "Remarks on a Production of M. Dupont, a French Atheist," was devoted to the relief of the French emigrant clergy, who flocked in considerable numbers to our shores.

In the year 1799, Hannah More (who now assumed the title of Mistress) wrote her "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education." From some of the opinions advanced in this work, and from opposition to her schools reviving in a quarter where it might least have been expected, Mrs. More was subjected to a series of calumnies and persecutions that would have been trying to a person of ordinary sensibility, and must have been severely so to a woman who was desirous of living as much in retirement as was compatible with the schemes of usefulness she sought to carry out.

Mrs. More, in 1802, changed her residence from Cowslip Green to Barley Wood—beautiful Barley Wood—familiar to every one as a household name. To this charming retreat, where she dwelt for more than twenty years, crowds of the wisest, greatest, and best, congregated to visit her. It was proposed at this

period to commit to her the superintendence of the education of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. This scheme was not carried into effect, but it probably led to the publication, in 1805, of two volumes, "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess." This work, which was anonymous, procured the author the flattering compliment of several letters from the heads of the church, beginning and ending with "Sir." It was dedicated to Dr. John Fisher, bishop of Exeter, then tutor to her Royal Highness, and he brought it under the notice of Her Majesty, who signified her gracious approval of it. A few years afterwards, the novel of "Celebs in Search of a Wife" came out, in two volumes, and, like its predecessor, without the author's name. The "discerning public," however, were not slow in attributing it to its proper source. This novel was very popular, both in this country and in America. It is written in an entertaining style, and contains many acute remarks on men and manners.

We have already mentioned that theology and scriptural subjects possessed great attractions in the estimation of Mrs. More, and she now gave to the world some of the fruits of her studies. She printed, in 1811, a very excellent treatise, entitled, "Practical Piety; or, the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life;" and the succeeding year, a work on "Christian Morals." In the preface to the last she tendered her thanks to the public for their long-continued patronage, apologized for another appearance as an authoress, and bade them adieu in that capacity. We know not what Joshua Geddes or those of his sect would have said to the "taking back her word," which followed thereupon; but the public in general had reason to esteem it a fortunate circumstance, and surely such sensible people as the Society of Friends would be of the same opinion. It was indeed one of her grandest literary performances that she gave to the world in 1815, under the title of "An Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul." The design of this work was to delineate the alluring features of the Christian life, as they were displayed in the conduct of the apostle, "for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe." In the year 1819, she printed another work, "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer," forming a sequel to her "Practical Piety," and "Christian Morals." The sale of this publication also was extensive and speedy, though it was

for the most part merely a collection of sketches from real life, which had formerly made their appearance in the pages of the "Christian Observer."

We can not resist the temptation of transcribing here a portion of a letter which gives a most graphic picture of the occupant of Barley Wood at this period of her life:—

"I was much struck by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood; there was something of courtliness about it, at the same time the courtliness of the *vieille cour* which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light green Venetian silk; a yellow, richly-embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin with white satin ribbon, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly *petite*; but to have any idea of the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her eighty-seventh year; and imagine also (shaded, but not obscured, by long and perfectly white eyelashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing, and penetrating; sparkling from object to object with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around.

"When I first entered the room, Lady S— and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart; but the youngest boy, a fine little fellow of six, looked anxiously in Mrs. More's face after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Mrs. Hannah, my dear?' He shook his head. 'Do not forget me, my dear child,' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner; 'but they say your sex is naturally capricious. There, I will give you another kiss; keep it for my sake, and when you are a man, remember Hannah More.' 'I will,' he replied, 'remember that you loved children.' It was a beautiful compliment."

Mrs. More was now doomed to experience the sorrowful compensation that must be paid for a life prolonged to the verge of fourscore years. Of the five talented Mores—the five women who, to Dr. Johnson's amazement, lived happily together—Hannah was the sole representative; her sister Sarah having died in 1817, and her favorite Patty, two years later. And, besides those members of her own family, there were many losses to be bewailed of those friends with whom, in other years, she had "taken sweet counsel together." As she herself remarked to a visitor, "Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, Porteous—all—all the associates of my youth are gone."

"Yet when as one by one sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
She wore no less a loving face,
Although so broken hearted."

Her own health was decidedly failing, but, though she had become so infirm as to be unable to leave her room, her mind had lost nothing of its accustomed vigor, and in 1822, she occupied herself during an illness with preparing for the press a small volume on Prayer. With this work she laid aside for ever the powerful pen that had been wielded so well to "defend the right;" but there still lingered, for a season, the eloquence of the lips and of the life. And eloquent indeed those must have been to all who heard and saw her, standing as she was "in the shadow of coming death;" and inconceivably "sublime and sublimating" must have been the shadow that coming event cast before it, over her who had left behind a long vista of years spent in glorifying God, and doing good to man.

In consequence of the disgraceful conduct of her servants, which was accidentally discovered by a visitor, Mrs. More considered it advisable to leave her much-loved haunt of Barley Wood, and take up her abode at Clifton, whither she removed in 1825. Mrs. Hannah More lived in Clifton for several years after this event, honored, respected, and beloved by all about her; as how could they choose but love one who was "cheerful as the day," and had such depths of tenderness in her dark eyes, or else her portrait sadly belies her? But her long and useful life was drawing to a close. She became more and more subject to catarrhal attacks, and, during the winter months of 1832, had occasional paroxysms of delirium. The account of her last illness is thus given by an eye-witness:—"During this illness of ten

months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitements, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bedside; she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing; there was an unusual brightness in its expression. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. She continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape, and one more was added to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever."

Her remains were interred, on the 13th of September, beside those of her sisters, in the churchyard of Wrington, not far from the grave of Locke. It was her own wish that her funeral should be private, and that, instead of money being expended in useless show, suits of mourning should be given to fifteen old men, whom she nominated. The bells of all the churches were tolled as the cortege passed through Bristol, and a short distance from Wrington the whole of the gentlemen of the neighborhood joined the procession. But perhaps the most affecting part of all the pageant was the lines of weeping villagers formed on each side of the road, every one in the nearest approximation to mourning that poverty would allow.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BARNUM.*

"HYPOCRISY," says the moralist, "is the homage which vice pays to virtue." The rogue is not usually zealous to proclaim himself a rogue, nor the humbug to glory in being a humbug. The manufacturer who, by eking out his broadcloth with devil's dust, has made a rapid fortune, does not publish his delinquency on Manchester Exchange. The beer-seller, retired upon a comfortable independence to Colchicum Villa, does not announce in the advertising columns of the *Times*—*The Tapster's Manual*; or, *How to Extract a Hogshhead from a Barrel of Beer*. By Tapley Strychnine, Esq. The cook, who, by long years of dexterity in illustrating the *Code of Perquisites*, has been enabled to spend in tranquillity the evening of her hitherto distracted life among the sibyls of her native village, does not risk losing the respect of her familiars by embodying her practice and experience in a portable duodecimo, entitled *Sops in the Pan*; or, *the Cook's Vademecum: being a perfect System of Plunder made Easy*. By Martha Drippings. No; each of these worthies is content to draw the veil over the past, and to affect the respectability to which their conscience tells them they have but a shadowy claim. Thanking their stars that they have escaped detection and disgrace, they make some amends by concealing from the general public "the arts which taught themselves to rise." Thoughtful to prevent the spread of a profligacy which spreads fast enough of itself, they leave us to go on believing in the combined voracity and destructiveness of the cat—the purity of our beverages—the tenacity of our broadcloth; and well it is they do so. That we are swindled, we know; but how, we do not care to learn; preferring ignorance of the process to seeing it methodized and reduced into easy lessons for ready learners, in cheap shilling volumes. The greatest knave would wish to obtain credit for some shreds of honesty; he does not therefore

put himself into the confessional, except on compulsion; nor, when he is there, do we find him making a merit of his villainies. The disclosures of picaarons and "humbugs" (for this, it seems, is the new name for what in ordinary ethics is considered a knave) have commonly been extracted under the pressure of that involuntary penance which is the usual lot of such gentry. "The devil is sick," and it suits him to be a saint for the time. Misfortune is a wonderful stimulant to the moral sense of your scamp, and, as he falters out his rascalities, he adopts the penitential twang, and whimpers a recognition of the beauty of that virtue which he vows henceforth to cultivate. Your successful "humbug" has no call to be so communicative. It is part of his "humbug" not to be found out. He has other pigeons to pluck, other kites to fly. Position and character are two of his chief implements, for they represent energy and integrity—often sorrowily enough, Heaven knows! The world has, therefore, not found him hitherto trumpeting his own tricks, or writing himself down a rogue by such unmistakable signs that all the world must know him. The greater his success the closer his reserve, for he knows well the universal cutting that awaits the detection of even the wealthiest knave; and selfish interest, if not the sense of shame, will prevent an ordinary charlatan from openly proclaiming the artifices by which he has achieved his independence.

It must be a strange taste, indeed, which leads a man to gibbet himself for contempt, and to court the rotten eggs and dead cats of a moral pillory. Strange, however, as it is, the phenomenon is presented in perfection in the person of Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, who having made an immense fortune by what he mildly terms "management," has, in the volume before us, made the public the confidant of the discreditable "dodges" by which he made it. Not only does he tell his story without a blush, but he is even proud of his rascalities, and winds up a sickening tale of falsehood and duplicity by claiming

* *The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum*. London. 1854.

credit to himself as "a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists." As if the example of a success notoriously based on such shameful resources were not sufficiently pernicious, this "prince of humbugs," as he rejoices to style himself, records for the edification of mankind a system of imposture, which has already found many followers, and will, no doubt, engender a prolific race of imitators, less able perhaps, but probably even less scrupulous, than their great prototype. What is scarcely less surprising, the copyright of the book has been competed for among the American publishers, and bought for fifteen thousand dollars, a price which could only be given in the hope of an enormous sale, to scatter the moral poison it contains far and wide over the Transatlantic soil, already too fertile in that unscrupulous dexterity which, in this country, as yet goes by a harsher name. It is no doubt in the hope of gathering some improvable hints in business from so skilful a manipulator that the Americans pay eagerly for being told how egregiously they have been fooled by their great showman. At all events, the fact that he has dared to publish such a book creates the strongest presumption that they will find little to condemn in the moral obliquity which speaks from its every page. In this country, we believe, no man would have had the effrontery to put his name to a work containing disclosures so disgraceful; neither would a publisher, out of Holywell-street, have been found to give five pounds for the copyright. But the notoriety of Barnum's name has made it worth the while of those buccaneers of the press, the caterers of what is miscalled "cheap literature," to reprint the book on this side of the Atlantic. We have, as usual, library editions, illustrated editions, and people's editions; and every railway-station and book-stall is overrun with varieties in every form of *The Autobiography of Phineas Taylor Barnum*. The book will thus be widely circulated, and, as usual, among those to whom it is most likely to do harm—the young, and the weak in principle. They will find in it the story of a man who has traded throughout on the credulity of mankind by a system of organized deception. They will find that, while he announces himself as an habitual reader of the Bible, and a lecturer on total abstinence and social improvement, he considers any amount of falsehood justifiable which "humbugs the public" and puts money in his own purse. They will find that superior skill in practices of deceit,

from which all good men warn their sons, has enabled him to amass an immense and rapid fortune; and it is but too certain that the knowledge thus acquired will sink deep into many minds, and yield in time an abundant harvest of lying, scheming, and charlatanism. Where there is a lesson of baseness or trickery to be learned, the learners will always be numerous. Little need is there, in these days, for a Propaganda of imposture. The disgrace and curse of our time is the absence of genuineness from our fabrics, our merchandise, our workmanship. Sham and shiftiness every where supply the place of sound materials and genuine work. We all know and suffer by it. No one however has hitherto ventured to glorify the system; but here we have a successful trader in things which were not what they professed to be, preaching unblushingly the evangile of "humbug," and indoctrinating mankind in the system of delusion by which human faith or human credulity, call it which you will, may be imposed on most thoroughly and most profitably. The book is an offence and a nuisance; and whatever the author's countrymen may say of it, here at least it is well he should be told in plain terms, what he is and where he stands, according to the laws of European society.

Had any English writer drawn such sketches, as are presented in this book, of sections of the American public, a howl of indignation would have saluted him from end to end of the States. Tarring and feathering would have been the mildest form of punishment for such a libeller—Lynching the only fit retribution for slanders so malignant. And yet not all the writers, from Trollope to Dickens, have presented Americans in a more unlikeable or disreputable aspect than their countryman Barnum. Nowhere does the universal adoration of the "almighty dollar" appear more conspicuously as the prevailing taint of the national character, than in the pages of the book before us. It is the first lesson inculcated on the infant Barnum by his religious parents; it is the creed which sustains him in his lifelong efforts to "go-ahead" of others equally sworn to the same faith; it is the sum and substance of the life weltering around him, and the one great aim for which, to judge by his delineations, the human soul was created. In it the nation, as Barnum pictures them, lives and moves and has its being. And oh! unkindest cut of all, when, with philosophical complacency, he looks back upon his literary labors, and moralizes with the unction of a man, who has a banker's balance ample for his utmost

wants, Barnum,—he who, if ever man did, has acted on the maxim—

——— Money, get money still,
And then let virtue follow, if it will,

reproaches his countrymen with "the great defect in our American civilization—a severe and drudging practicalness—a sordid love of acquisition!" The taunt may be just, but a growl at sedition would have been more tolerable in the mouths of the Gracchi, than such a taunt from the "prince of humbugs."

Barnum, the son of a tailor and tavern-keeper, was born at Bethel, in Connecticut, in 1810. He tells us he was a coward from his childhood, and is so still; that he always disliked work, and exercised his brain from the first in devising excuses for avoiding his tasks. Two admirable qualities at the foundation of a character—cowardice and falsehood. The superstructure is in accordance with the base. The story of his youth is graphically sketched. We have glimpses of his grandfather, who endowed him (in honor of his own name of Phineas, which was given to the boy) with five acres of swamp, called Ivy Island. Besides this, "during the first seven years of my life, he crammed me with sugar, and loaded me with pennies, to buy raisins and candies, *which he always instructed me to solicit from the store-keeper at the 'lowest cash price.'*" "My mother, too," he tells us, "*taught me to save my pennies, and I did so.*" Under such training, the young political economist was prepared for that precocious development of the bump of acquisitiveness which in America is called "cutting the eye-teeth." The boy Barnum reads his Bible habitually, attends church regularly, avoids drunkenness and profane swearing, and is taught to prove his love to God by loving his fellow-men. But such words as "truth," "honesty," and "honor," seem to have been omitted from the Bethel catalogue of Christian virtues; and his love to his fellow-men was then, and is still, carefully subordinated to his love for himself. The arena in which Barnum's business talents were first developed—a country barter-store—was just the place to stimulate the genius of a youth so acute and so easy in his conscience. He relates, with such triumphant gusto, how he swindled all the rustics for miles round—his aunt included—by a lottery, of which nearly all the prizes consisted of green bottles, that we have no doubt he thinks Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson, in the affair of Moses and the spectacles, acted strictly in accordance with the Yankee com-

mercial code. In connection with this incident, that "reverend vice," his grandfather, appears again upon the scene, patting on the back the early efforts of the young Iulus. "My grandfather enjoyed my lottery speculation very much, and *seemed to agree with many others, who declared I was indeed a chip of the old block.*" Venerable moralist! One thing is to be said—it was a case of "diamond cut diamond." Barnum's customers were nearly all as great "humbugs" as himself. What a picture have we of rural virtue in the following passage!

Many of our customers were hatters, and we took hats in payment for goods. The large manufacturers generally dealt pretty fairly by us, but some of the smaller fry occasionally shaved us prodigiously. There probably is no trade in which there can be more cheating than in hats. If a hat was damaged "in coloring," or otherwise, perhaps by a cut of half a foot in length, it was sure to be patched up, smoothed over, and sent to the store. Among the furs used for the nap of hats in those days, were beaver, Russia, nutria, otter, coney, muskrat, &c., &c. The best fur was otter, the poorest was coney.

The hatters mixed their inferior furs with a little of their best, and sold us the hats for "otter." We, in return, mixed our sugars, teas, and liquors, and gave them the most valuable names. It was "deg eat dog"—"tit for tat." Our cottons were sold for wool, our wool and cotton for silk and linen; in fact, nearly every thing was different from what it was represented. The customers cheated us in their fabrics; we cheated the customers with our goods. Each party expected to be cheated, if it was possible. Our eyes, and not our ears, had to be our masters. Our calicoes were all "fast colors," according to our representations, and the colors would generally run "fast" enough, and show them a tub of soap-suds. Our ground coffee was as good as burned peas, beans, and corn could make, and our ginger was tolerable, considering the price of corn meal. The "tricks of trade" were numerous. If "a pedlar" wanted to trade with us for a box of beaver hats, worth sixty dollars per dozen, he was sure to obtain a box of "coney," which were dear at fifteen dollars per dozen. If we took our pay in clocks, warranted to keep good time, the chances were that they were no better than a chest of drawers for that purpose—that they were like Pindar's razors, "made to sell;" and if half the number of wheels necessary to form a clock could be found within the case, it was as lucky as extraordinary.

Such a school would "cut eye-teeth;" but if it did not cut conscience, morals, and integrity, all up by the roots, it would be because the scholars quit before their education was completed!

A conclusion in which Barnum's readers must entirely agree, with this additional remark, that although he left the school early,

the most exacting must admit that his education *was* complete. Mercantile life, however, was too laborious for the young adventurer's tastes, and its returns too slow. So, after one or two experiments in trade, he renounced it, first to become a dealer in lottery tickets, and afterwards a travelling showman. In the first of the capacities, he began to utilize the powers of the press, to which, as he more than once tells us, "more than to any other cause, I am indebted for my success in life." But a larger scope for his abilities presented itself in 1835, when he purchased, for 1,000 dollars, the interest of a less dexterous showman in an old negress, called Joice Heth, whom her proprietor had been trying, with no very great success, to palm upon the public as Washington's nurse, aged 161 years. It is not to be supposed that Barnum was himself the dupe of this outrageous imposture. He was much too sharp for that. But, reading at a glance what a brilliant prospect it afforded in skilful hands, he plunged into the speculation with the energy and address which thenceforth distinguished all his enterprises.

"I engaged as an assistant in exhibiting 'Aunt Joice,' Mr. Levi Lyman. He was a lawyer by profession, and had been practicing in Penn Yan, N. Y. He was a shrewd, sociable, and somewhat indolent Yankee;"—and as thorough-paced a "humbug" as ever carried brass in his face, or Mr. Barnum does him no justice;—"possessed a good knowledge of human nature;"—how delicately is this put!—"was polite, agreeable, could converse on most subjects, and was admirably calculated to fill the position for which I engaged him. Lyman wrote a brief memoir of Joice, and sold it to visitors on his own account, at six cents per copy." Surely small enough a return for so gallant an inventor as lawyer Lyman. It is Falstaff and Pistol—"Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?"

"Of course," adds Barnum, "in carrying out my new vocation of showman, I spared no reasonable efforts to make it successful. *I was aware of the great powers of the public press, and I used it to the extent of my ability.* I had Joice's portrait printed on innumerable bills, and also flooded the city with 'posters,' setting forth the peculiar attractions which 'the nurse of Washington' presented."

Barnum's use of "the great powers of the public press" consisted simply in writing puffs of his own wares in every possible variety of manner, artfully constructed to give

the appearance of their emanating from different and independent quarters. In other words, he converted the journals into an immense organ of deception. What strikes us in this country as strange, is that he found in them a tool so ready to his hands. His "very particular friends," the editors who abetted him, must be supremely obliged to Barnum for turning king's evidence, and branding them as accomplices in the system of fraud by which he has feathered his nest. The Yankees swallowed the bait, and all the world rushed to see the hideous old impostor, who, we are informed with all gravity, "loved to converse upon religious subjects, and frequently insisted on the attendance of clergymen for that purpose." The "humbug" was detected on the old woman's death, when it appeared, upon dissection, that her age did not probably exceed eighty. It was exposed in one of the New York papers at the time; but the ever-ready Lyman, well named such, blunted the discovery by getting another of the papers, no less an authority than the Emperor of Russia's friend, *The New York Herald*, to assert that Joice was not dead, but a totally different person, who had been brought forward by Barnum to be dissected.

"The story of Lyman," adds Barnum, "has since been generally accredited as the true history of the old negress, and *never, until the present writing, have I said or written a word by way of contradiction or correction.* Newspaper and social controversy on the subject served my purpose as a 'showman,' by keeping my name before the public."

Barnum tells us that he reads the Bible regularly, and that the Christian religion is his comfort and his solace. He discourses, moreover, on morals like an Epictetus; but it obviously never crosses his mind for a moment, that this Joice Heth affair, from first to last, was a tissue of lies and swindling, of which the lowest mountebank might be ashamed, and of which an account must one day be rendered at a higher bar than man's. It brought him dollars; and while that sanctified falsehood in his own eyes, he seems never to question that it will be his glory among the "acute" nation to which he belongs.

In Joice Heth, Barnum found an imposture already hatched. His next great "humbug," the Feejee Mermaid, was all his own. What country fair for the last half century has wanted its mermaid—a hideous combination of fish and monkey, which scarcely

escapes the detection of the most believing of boys, or the most gaping of chawbacons? These articles, we learn from Barnum, are manufactured wholesale in Japan. A peculiarly well-constructed specimen was brought to Barnum in 1842, by "Moses Kimball, Esq., the popular proprietor of the Boston Museum," with a cock-and-bull story as to how it reached his hands.

Not trusting my own acuteness on such matters, I requested my naturalist's opinion of the genuineness of the animal. He replied that he could not perceive how it was manufactured; for he never knew a monkey with such peculiar teeth, arms, hands, &c., nor had he knowledge of a fish with such peculiar fins.

"Then why do you suppose it is manufactured?" I inquired.

"Because I don't believe in mermaids," replied the naturalist.

"That is no reason at all," said I, "and therefore I'll believe in the mermaid, and hire it."

This was the easiest part of the experiment. How to modify general incredulity in the existence of mermaids, so far as to awaken curiosity to see and examine the specimen, was now the all-important question. Some extraordinary means must be resorted to, and I saw no better method than to "start the ball a-rolling" at some distance from the centre of attraction.

In due time a communication appeared in the *New York Herald*, dated and mailed in Montgomery, Ala., giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, &c., and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr. Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, recently from Pernambuco, who had in his possession a most remarkable curiosity, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Feejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the Doctor had bought it at a high figure for the Lyceum of Natural History.

A week or ten days afterwards, a letter of similar tenor, dated and mailed in Charleston, S. C., varying of course in the items of local news, was published in another New York paper.

This was followed by a third letter, dated and mailed in Washington City, published in still another New York paper—there being in addition the expressed hope that the editors of the *Empire City* would beg a sight of the extraordinary curiosity before Dr. Griffin took ship for England.

A few days subsequently to the publication of this thrice-repeated announcement, Mr. Lyman (who was my employé in the case of Joice Heth) was duly registered at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia as Dr. Griffin of Pernambuco for London. His gentlemanly, dignified, yet social manners and liberality gained him a fine reputation for a few days, and when he paid his bill one afternoon, preparatory to leaving for New York the next day, he expressed his thanks to the landlord for special attention and courtesy. "If you will step to my room," said Lyman, alias Griffin, "I will permit you to see something that will sur-

prise you." Whereupon the landlord was shown the most extraordinary curiosity in the world—a mermaid. He was so highly gratified and interested that he earnestly begged permission to introduce certain friends of his, including several editors, to view the wonderful specimen.

"Although it is no interest of mine," said the curiosity-hunter, "the Lyceum of Natural History, of which I am agent, will not be injured by granting the courtesy you request." And so an appointment was made for the evening.

The result might easily be gathered from the editorial columns of the Philadelphia papers a day or two subsequently to that interview with the mermaid. Suffice it to say, that the plan worked admirably, and the Philadelphia press aided the press of New York in awakening a wide-reaching and increasing curiosity to see the mermaid.

I may as well confess that those three communications from the South were written by myself, and forwarded to friends of mine, with instructions respectively to mail them, each on the day of its date. This fact and the corresponding post-marks did much to prevent suspicion of a hoax, and the New York editors thus unconsciously contributed to my arrangements for bringing the mermaid into public notice.

Lyman then returned to New York with his precious treasure, and putting up at the Pacific Hotel in Greenwich street as Dr. Griffin, it soon reached the ears of the wide-awake reporters for the press that the mermaid was in town. They called at the Pacific Hotel, and the polite agent of the British Lyceum of Natural History kindly permitted them to gratify their curiosity. The New York newspapers contained numerous reports of these examinations, all of which were quite satisfactory.

While his agent Lyman "was preparing public opinion on mermaids at the Pacific Hotel," Barnum was busy with his usual machinery of woodcuts, transparencies, pamphlets, posters, and newspaper paragraphs. At last, when he thought the public was "thoroughly" posted up "on the subject of mermaids," the exhibition was opened with an announcement that "Mr. Griffin, recently arrived from Pernambuco," the present proprietor of the mermaid "for the Lyceum of Natural History in London," had consented to its being exhibited for one week only. The New York public, ready dupes as usual, rushed like gudgeon to the bait, and were entertained by Lyman, alias Griffin, "with curious accounts of his travels and adventures, and scientific harangues upon the works of nature in general, and mermaids in particular." Strangely enough, although he had been the exhibitor of Joice Heth, Lyman was not recognized, and he is dismissed in a note, which informs us that he soon afterwards "became a prominent Mormon, and removed to Nauvoo, where he died;" fit

climax to the career of a worthy possessing "so good a knowledge of human nature." Barnum of course kept his connection with the mermaid swindle a secret. Probably the remembrance of the Joice Heth business was still too recent; but he now quarters this successful piece of rascality on his scutcheon with a glow of satisfaction. Nay more, with that "eye to business" which never sleeps, he closes his account of the deception by announcing, that on the 1st of April next "it will again make its appearance in my American Museum, New York, where it will remain until January 1st, 1856. On the 2d of January, 1856, the mysterious lady-fish will again take up her old quarters under the guardianship of her owner, the Hon. Moses Kimball (*he having recently been elected to the State Senate, and thus acquired the title*), and from that period the Fejee mermaid will be installed as a prominent and interesting fixture in the Boston Museum." Congress has reason to be proud of her Senator, who no doubt has made it worth Barnum's while to help him with this puff.

Barnum's boldness in mendacity seems to have risen with every fresh effort of his genius. Even the episodes among his humbugs show a daring all his own. One of these, the famous woolly horse, was almost too strong, however, even for America. This animal, which was simply a freak of nature, a well-formed horse, without hair on his mane or tail, and with a coat of thick, fine, woolly hair, had been picked up by Barnum in Cincinnati, from some poor devil of a showman, and stowed away in a barn, to wait "the riping of the time."

The occasion at last occurred. Col. Fremont was lost among the snows of the Rocky Mountains. The public mind was excited. Serious apprehensions existed that the intrepid soldier and engineer had fallen a victim to the rigors of a severe winter. At last the mail brought intelligence of his safety. The public heart beat quick with joy. I now saw a chance for the woolly horse.

The animal was accordingly conveyed privately to New York, and carefully shut up. Barnum proceeds:

The next mail was said [*here of course the powers of the press were brought into play once more*] to have brought intelligence that Col. Fremont and his hardy band of warriors, had, after a three days' chase, succeeded in capturing, near the river Gila, a most extraordinary nondescript, which somewhat resembled a horse, but which had no mane nor tail, and was covered with a thick coat of wool. The account further

added that the Colonel had sent this wonderful animal as a present to the U. S. Quartermaster.

Puffs, posters, transparencies, and woodcuts followed as usual, and Jonathan swallowed the bait whole, Colonel Fremont and his hardy band of warriors included. When, however, Barnum sent the animal for exhibition to Washington, to try, in the beautiful slang of Columbia, "if the wool could be pulled over the eyes of the politicians," his agent was arrested at the instance of Colonel Fremont's father-in-law, Colonel Benton, for the swindling use of the colonel's name. The proof failed in the absence of "the intrepid soldier and engineer," and the agent was released. Barnum's commentary is exquisite:

The excitement which Col. Benton unconsciously produced added materially to the receipts for the succeeding few days. But, always entertaining the greatest respect for "Old Bullion," and out of regard to his feelings, I ordered the horse back to Bridgeport, where in due time he gave his last kick.

Regard to his feelings! No, no! Barnum. This is too cool for even the "prince of humbugs." Admit at once that you had been a little too bold. The House of Correction had been escaped, but there is such a thing known in New York as the "wild justice" of an "everlasting cowhiding," and before that even your effrontery quailed.

The first great *coup* of our adventurer was Tom Thumb, on whom he had the good fortune to stumble about the end of 1842. Of course Barnum had recourse to falsehood in order to whet the public appetite for wonder. The child was only five years old, and an American. Barnum ushered him to his compatriots as "General Tom Thumb, a dwarf of eleven years of age, just arrived from England." The mixture of a lie, says Bacon, doth ever add pleasure. Barnum illustrates the doctrine in a way to make the philosopher turn in his tomb.

I took great pains, he says, with my diminutive prodigy, devoting many hours to that purpose, by day and night, and succeeded, because he had native talent, and an intense love of the ludicrous.

Poor little fellow! Let us hope his intense love of the ludicrous was not like his master's, whose notions of a joke are inseparable, apparently, from the idea of somebody being outwitted by a lie. It was a bad start for the child, that his first lesson in life was how to indorse two of Barnum's most

outrageous falsehoods. His notions of the importance of truth could scarcely have been, to use his own universal epithet, "first-rate;" but, from one of his patron's anecdotes, the boy seems not to have lost, like him, all sense of the difference between truth and falsehood, however loose his practice may be:

"How old are you, General?" asked one of his acquaintances, after his return from England.

"As Mr. Barnum makes it out, I am fifteen," said the General, laughing, for he was aware that the inquirer knew his true age to be only nine.

What Barnum includes under the term "morals" who shall say? but he assures us, that the General's "morals in all respects are unobjectionable: I never knew the General to utter a profane or vulgar word in his life." It is to be hoped the little fellow has by this time learned the exact value of such a certificate from such a quarter.

How Tom Thumb was received in this country every one knows. How we were "humbugged" Barnum now informs us in full detail. It is perhaps not the most creditable thing in the world to English good sense, that we ran after the little monstrosity as we did. Had we paid our shillings, and there an end, nobody could have had a word to say. The child was a curiosity, and an amusing one, when he happened to be in a good humor; and the sight of him was worth the money. But where were our brains, that from the palace to the kitchen every one crowded after the puppet of a Yankee trickster, loading him with presents and with admiration, as if he had been a benefactor of all mankind! One fool makes many, and Barnum knew well that the higher the rank, the greater the following. He at once attacked us in our weak point—our reverence for respectability. Snobs as we are, we fell the easiest of preys. A house in Grafton-street, invitations of the nobility to private views, dinners with the American ambassador, were his first cards. But his grand trump was a command from the palace, and for this he manœuvred with fear and trembling. He might have spared his fears. Be it *The Cornician Brothers*, or *General Tom Thumb*, the passion of the Court for the higher orders of entertainment was sure to let no exhibition so intellectual escape its patronage. Tom was called to Court three times. Good Queen Adelaide took him on her knee, told him to be a good boy, and gave him a gold watch. F. M. the Duke of Wellington was "chaffed" by the well-tutored

urchin. Statesmen and fine ladies jostled with the mob to get a kiss of his chubby face. "Albert Smith, who was and is my very particular friend," proud distinction! wrote a piece for him, in which, by the way, he acted, as clever children always do, uncommonly well. *Punch* wrote him up, and we have no doubt that Barnum used the powers of the press, wherever he could, to the best of his ability. The result was, that Tom's father "acquired a handsome fortune;" and Barnum of course had no reason to regret his first great experiment on European gullibility. The General is still, it seems, to the infinite credit of his parents, in Barnum's pay, and has travelled for the last four years as one of the attractions of "Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum, and Menagerie."

The Tom Thumb fever had scarcely cooled in England, when the Jenny Lind mania began. How that mania was fostered, and whether by the arts which Barnum afterwards practiced in America on a larger scale, we are not likely ever to learn. Certain it is, that no reputation in our days was ever so unduly inflated. The whole arts of eulogy were exhausted. Not only was Jenny the greatest singer and actress of her time, but she was the pattern of private virtue, the exemplar of public munificence. Wherever we turned, her charities met us. It mattered not whether the donation was five pounds or five hundred, all found their way into the public prints. The profane world were awed, bishops fêted the liberal Swede, Exeter Hall yearned after her, any price was paid to hear her sing, and, if people did not like her acting, they could at least not gainsay her goodness and charity. True, other members of her profession were good: and, taking their relative incomes into account, were quite as charitable, but somehow their virtues blushed unseen. Their charities were administered more apostolically, and the world was none the wiser for them; so they dropped into the shade, and Jenny, nothing but Jenny, would be listened to. The reaction which followed this frenzy has closed one opera house, and is likely to lead to the extinction of another. Moreover, the system of puffery and "humbug" by which her reputation was bolstered up, has shaken the public faith in those to whom it looks as directors of its tastes, and the merits of a true artist will now find greater difficulty than before in making their way with the public. When Barnum took up the mania, and transferred it to the other side of the Atlantic, the veil began to fall from our eyes, and the British

public soon became heartily ashamed of its own credulity—a feeling which this book will deepen; for it indicates that we have been the victims, to some extent, of the system which he afterwards elaborated so effectively in America. Of all his schemes this, the most extensive, was at the same time the most disgraceful, for it was based not upon the merits, undoubtedly very high, of Jenny Lind as a singer, but upon the perversion of her ostentatiously charitable disposition to purposes of delusion and the most sordid selfishness.

It would be unjust to suppose that Madame Goldschmidt was cognisant of the principle on which Barnum's speculation with her was based. But it is impossible to read his account of the transaction, and acquit her of blame. She had been well warned, as he himself tells us, of the character of the man, and she must have known that the enormous terms offered to her could never be reimbursed by any returns to be procured through the legitimate display of her professional ability. Let it not be said that she was not bound to inquire how Barnum was to repay himself. When a man offers £30,000 for 150 concerts, or £200 a concert, besides the expenses of a secretary, companion, servants, carriages, and travelling, it is time to ascertain how he proposes to make the enterprise pay. There is something more precious to a true artist than gold. Fame has no value for him, unless he rises to it "by open means;" fortune, however great, will never compensate him for the loss of self-respect. If neither are to be achieved by legitimate means, he will want them, rather than court them by those that are indirect or base. All he asks is a fair arena, and he leaves his genius to do the rest. He will neither himself trade for popularity upon false excitements, nor allow others to trade on them for his advantage. When, therefore, Jenny Lind, as Barnum tells us, was warned against engaging with him by assurances that he "was a humbug and a showman, and that, for the sake of making money by the speculation, he would not scruple to put her in a box and exhibit her through the country at twenty-five cents a head," she must have known that his hopes of making good the enormous terms he offered rested on plans for stimulating popular curiosity, which could not be legitimate, and could scarcely fail to compromise her position. Barnum makes no secret now, and he made none then, as to what was his game. Had she sung more divinely than Saint Cecilia, he could not have made such

an engagement with Jenny Lind as he did, if her professional abilities had been the only source of interest.

I may here as well state, he says, that although I relied prominently upon Jenny Lind's reputation as a great musical *artiste*, I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public, her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. *Without this peculiarity in her disposition I never would have dared to make the engagement which I did, as I felt sure that there were multitudes of individuals in America who would be prompted to attend her concerts by this feeling alone.*

The book before us shows that Barnum was no stranger to the use of this lever upon the public gullibility. On an occasion where two jugglers in his pay got up a pretended contest of skill, in the nature of what among prize-fighters is known as a "cross," he tells us he made one of these worthies advertise that, if he won the stakes, a portion should be disbursed for charitable purposes. This crammed the house; and in precisely the same way did Barnum hope to make the Americans rush to hear Jenny Lind, not because of her singing, but because of her charities. He tells us that when he engaged her, her name was scarcely known in the States, and it is plain she might have been as bad a singer as she was a good one, and the American public would never have found out the difference; but so skilfully had he worked his machinery of puffs and paragraphs, so widely had his agents "prepared the public mind" for enthusiasm by processions, triumphal arches, serenades, and similar artifices, that his utmost anticipations were outstripped, and Jenny closed her engagement with him at the ninety-fifth concert, having netted about £370 by every concert, while his own gross receipts for the whole were upwards of £107,000. Through what a wretched slough of mountebankery and humbug the lady must have been dragged to accomplish this result, this book makes painfully apparent. Though she seems to have rebelled utterly at last, she could scarcely complain, for if not in terms, assuredly in essence, it was in her bond with Barnum. If she ever felt a glow of triumph in her success in America, how cruelly must it be dashed when she reads in these revelations of her "showman," how hollow was her fame, how base the artifices used to excite an utterly spurious enthusiasm. It can scarcely be gratifying to Madame Goldschmidt or her friends to find her depicted in terms of affectionate intimacy with a man of

Barnum's stamp; and doubtless she has long ere now bitterly regretted the hour when she—"sustained by an unfaltering trust in coin," to use the words of a clever squib quoted by Barnum—placed herself in his hands to be used for gulling the public according to his system. It is not, we fear, to herself alone that Madame Goldschmidt has done an injury. She has made a fortune at all events, though at some sacrifice of position and character. But what has been the result to other members of that profession to which she owed both position and fortune? In this country, the false enthusiasm has deadened us to the appreciation of equal, and, in some respects, greater excellence. People's purses and patience were both exhausted. Ashamed of a false enthusiasm, they will not be tempted into one that is real. In America the same thing, we learn, has occurred, but to a greater degree.

Jonathan, determined not to be taken in a second time, will not go to hear any other notability, and singers and actors like Grisi and Mario perform to comparatively empty benches. Nor is it the individual artists only who suffer,—the cause of art, and the public taste, which would be elevated by the study of real power and high accomplishment, are likewise damaged. Thus, contemptible as they are in themselves, the "dodges" of a sordid adventurer like Barnum have a widely pernicious influence in the department of art alone, irrespective of the noxious effect upon public morals generally of such successful imposture.

Noxious the example has been and is, even with ourselves. We have recently seen the whole resources of Barnumism, the puffs, the paragraphs, the portraits, the charities, the public testimonials, played off to beget a reputation for an actor as a great tragedian, whose attainments, as they often failed to carry him through the syntax, were not likely to help him to the spirit of his part. The very same man, who was barely endured in minor theatres, all at once, under the varnish and furbishing of organized puffery, becomes, by the patent of his Barnum, "the greatest of British tragedians," and fills "the national theatre." Who pulled the strings in this case? One of Barnum's agents, mentioned with honor in the book before us, who, having learned the art and mystery of his master, probably thought a little practice on his own account might not be unprofitable. But how comes it that a large portion of our press played into his hands? Or how comes it that the whole trick of the system

was not trodden down? Dupes or accomplices, the fact is certain, that many of our journals were used, in the instance in question, in the only way Barnum thinks the press ought to be used.

How far is this state of things to go? Until all true artists and honest men are driven from a profession where only impudence and charlatanerie shall be able to carry off the prizes—for to this pass things are rapidly verging. Let us look to our theatres and to our concert-rooms, and contrast what we find there with what we read of them in the public prints. Who goes to see a play now, or to hear a singer, with any confidence that he will find the fulfilment of the evening realize the promise of the morning paper? Are not the chances ten to one, that the only gleam of satisfaction will be afforded by something which the critics have passed over in silence, and that where they have most applauded accomplishment, the greatest incapacity will be shown? Why is this? Can it be, that "Barnumism" has been spreading silently and widely among us, and that in the domain of art the pitiable trickeries of the showman are taking the place of painstaking endeavor and conscientious work? It is difficult to observe what is daily passing under our eyes, taken in connection with the disclosures of this book, and not feel a suspicion that this is only too possibly the case. If this be so, disgraceful as they are, Barnum's revelations may not be without their advantage. We are at least put upon our guard against the system. Placards may henceforth stun us with their sesquipedalian letters in vain; in vain may the praises of genius re-echo from paragraph and "poster." "Barnumism" all, we shall say, and pass unheeding by. At present, the ruinous fruits of the system press more heavily upon the genuine artist than upon the flashy pretender. But in time the evil must work its cure. When our theatres become more deserted than they are, and our concert-rooms more blank—as, under the existing state of things, will certainly be the case—it will no longer be worthy the while of adventurers to speculate in them, and we may hope to see education and character once more distinguish the directors of our higher classes of entertainments. The press, having lost its power for evil, may then begin to think of exercising it for good. There is another possible contingency, and that is, that our public amusements, the drama especially, may degenerate into hopeless and irretrievable ruin. If such shall be the case,

not the least important of the causes of the decline will be the practice of frauds upon public faith akin to those on which Barnum has reared his fortune, and to the connivance, at least, of a large body of the press at a system which substitutes falsehood for reality, and impudent pretension for hard-earned attainment. We will not believe that the British press can sink, like that of America, into the facile accomplices of men like Barnum; but in literature, in art, in music, in the drama, it too often, from carelessness or incapacity, acts in the interests of humbugs and incapables, to the neglect and discouragement of worth and industry. In all these matters its tone is low, if not corrupt;

and of this its very reception of Barnum's revelations is unhappily a proof. With a few honorable exceptions, they have been treated gently, often with commendation;* and this, too, although with these confessions of a lifetime of lying and fraud, are mingled, as a stronger incentive to disgust, the morals of a Nym and the piety of a Pistol. One might almost think it had become a creed with our critics, that there are but two classes of men in the world, the outwitters and the outwitted—that the former are the best off here, and that it is of no consequence what becomes of either hereafter. Such is the faith of Barnum. Who will follow the Mahomet of humbug?

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SELDEN AND HIS TABLE TALK.

Talem se ore tulit, quem gens non barbara quis
Quantovis pretio mallet habere suum.
Qualis at ingenio, vel quantus ab arte, loquuntur
Dique ipsi et lapides,† si taceant homines.

LANGBAINE

IN a rude cottage in the hamlet of Salvington, West Tarring parish, county Sussex, was born that singular good scholar, patriot, and table talker, John Selden, in the year of grace 1584—the birth year of Philip Massinger. By the father's side he was of plebeian descent, but of gentle blood by the mother's;

* Will it be believed that *The Church of England Quarterly Review* for last month writes of Barnum's book in these terms!

"With regard to the *Life of Mr. Barnum*, we consider it the most amusing book that has appeared since the personal sketches of Sir Jonah Barrington. Much may be learned from it concerning life in America; and it is to the credit of Mr. Barnum that he not only speaks respectfully at all times of religion, but even in the midst of his somewhat wild life, to have been always to a considerable extent under its influence. He will gain much in general estimation by his book, and all who read it will be well entertained."

† "Di" . . . "lapides;" in allusion to Selden's erudite dissertation *De Diis Syris*, and his better-known *Marmora Arundelliana*.

the lady, of a good Kentish family, being won, it would seem, by John senior's cunning in music and captivating looks, to take the better half part in *Love in a Cottage*. Their boy's education was well looked to by his justly-hopeful parents. At the free school of Chichester he made rapid strides in Greek and Latin, and became noted, in school-hours and out, within school-walls and out, as "a very learned youth." Almost with his entry on his teens he was promoted from school to university—matriculating at Hart Hall, Oxford—an institution which no longer exists, its site, however, being now occupied by Magdalen Hall, but which in its time, and under change of name, has numbered among other of its illustrious alumni, the poets Donne and Lord Buckhurst; Edward Lye, the Saxon philologist; the profound Hebrew critic, Nicholas Fuller; Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary leader; and the leader in Parliament, Charles James

Fox. Having kept his terms, a model reading man, he migrated to the great world of London, studying law at Clifford's Inn, thence removing to the Inner Temple, and in due time receiving his call to the bar. A year or two later he commenced author in earnest, edifying the learned by Latin treatises on rather abstruse subjects, historical and topographical. Antiquarians pricked up their ears, and scholiasts rubbed their glasses, and criticasters cleared their throats; for the young barrister wrote as master of his subject, and as one competent to meet all comers who had aught to object. His "Treatise on Titles of Honor" is still a standard work of its kind; his inquiry, theological and antiquarian, "*De Diis Syris*," won him name and fame on the Continent as well as at home; his "*History of Tithes*" created a sensation in those days of ferment, and got him into trouble with the High Commission Court; his account of the Arundelian marbles, published the year (1628) after their arrival in England, excited an interest similar in kind, not degree, to that recently elicited by Layard and Nineveh; and his elaborate dissertation on maritime law, "*Mare Clausum*," at once took rank as a formidable and, said English politicians, a full and sufficient answer to the "*Mare Liberum*" of Grotius, which for the last quarter of a century had been delighting Dutch statesmen, and annoying British, by the quality of its doctrine.

The gods had not made John Selden poetical, but that was no reason, as the way of the world goes, why he should not dabble in poetry. He consorted, too, on the freest terms, with some of the top-gallant poets of the age. He was intimate with Michael Drayton, and furnished him with notes and illustrations for that never-ending still-beginning poem, the *Poly-Olbion*, known by name to a many, and by sight to a (very) few. He contributed some couplets to the *Britannia's Pastorals* of his fellow-Templar, William Browne. He was the associate of Richard Crashaw, whose father was also connected with the Inner Temple, as preacher in ordinary, and who himself was a preacher, as well as poet, of genius. And he was one of that large circle of choice spirits who called Ben Jonson friend, and held with him high and deep converse, seasoned with salt, on poetry, and politics, and philosophy, and men and manners, and classics old and new, and the church and the state, and kingcraft and priestcraft, and Erastianism and Brownism, and things present and things to come. And other men

of note, besides the sons of song, were attracted to seek for, and when found, to foster the friendship of Selden; for he had the not too common attribute of pleasing in private, as well as raising admiration in print. His books excited the learned to crave his acquaintance; and that made, he endeared himself to them by his qualities "as a man and a brother." In the words of Clarendon, whose tribute of homage to his "stupendous learning" is exuberant in its fervor, "his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding." Accordingly, he was looked up to for his authorship, and prized for his sociability, by such grave and learned signiors as Isaac Vossius and his uncle Francis Junius, then denizens of our great metropolis,—and Sir Robert Cotton, whose name smells sweet and blossoms in the dust of the British Museum,—and fine old William Camden, keen antiquarian, toilsome chorographer, plodding annalist, Greek grammarian, Latin historian, Westminster schoolmaster, and Clarendieux king-at-arms,—and Usher, heavily-armed divine, ever eager and equipped for the fray,—and Sir Henry Spelman, fosterer of Saxon literature, for which he lived laborious days in person, and provided corresponding outlay in purse,—and Thomas Lydiat, the reviled of Scaliger,*—and Gerard Langbaine, that doctissimus Doctor whose family name is, or might, could, would, or should be the horror of plagiarists. Of the rising young men of mark and likelihood, too, from whom John Selden was secure of respect and attachment, and who rejoiced in his notice, and were all attent when he discoursed, may be named Samuel Butler, whom he employed as amanuensis, while acting as steward to the Countess of Kent; and Ralph Cudworth, who won his heart by a loan of rare Karraite manuscripts; and Clarendon, who declared his "merit and virtue" transcended all "expression;" and Sir Matthew Hale, who was executor of his last will and testament, and the voucher for his Christian faith and practice. This last particular was not superfluous, in behalf of a

* "*Thomas Lydiat iste*," writes the irate Joseph, in one of his Epistles, "*quo monstro nullum portentosius in vestra Angliâ natum puto*:"—and then Joseph proceeds to comment on the poor man's "*asinitem*," and stamps crushingly upon him as a "*prodigiose imperitum eocarabum*." But this, although a little hard on Thomas Lydiat, was mild for Joseph Scaliger.

man whose sayings and writings against spiritual despotism in all its phases, whether papal, priestly, or presbyterian, had been so keen and so determined. The testimony of Chief Justice Hale is therefore mark-worthy, that Selden was "a resolved serious Christian;" and it is interesting to know that during his last illness, he was visited by his old friend—older by some three years than himself, and surviving him nearly as long—Archbishop Usher, who seems to have found profit and comfort, as well as imparted them, in these death-bed visitations, and who preached the funeral sermon when the death-bed had yielded up its dead.

Selden's learning has the credit of being genuine in quality, solid in substance, and extensive in its range. Ben Jonson calls him the "Monarch of Letters." Buddæus calls him "Britanniae illud immortale decus." Colomesius says, "Selden était prodigieusement savant"—"c'est le plus grand homme que l'Angleterre ait jamais eu pour les belles lettres." Clarendon says, "He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing,"—although behaving in society with none of the mere scholar's shyness, or bookworm's *bêtise*, or pedant's priggishness, but like a courtly and experienced man of the world. Mr. Hallam, among the moderns, pays his respects to the "unparalleled stores of erudition" at Selden's command. But these stores are resorted to, now-a-days, by few except the erudite. What Selden is known by, to the unlearned as well as to *savants*, what he is prized for by lay folk as well as cleric, is the book of his Table-talk, diligently compiled by his admiring follower, Mr. Richard Milward, who for twenty years was a reverential listener to his "most exquisite reasons," and who prepared the compilation for the press within a few years after his patron's decease, though actually published it was not until the first year of William and Mary.

A new edition of this popular collection has been put forth by Dr. Irving,* who also acted as its editor in the early part of the present century, and whose biographical preface, though somewhat meagre in matter and desultory in treatment, and whose notes and illustrations, though rather too demonstrative

in their show of scholarship, add to the good cheer on the Table, and to our appreciation of the Talker. Selden resembled Johnson in at least three particulars: he wrote a good cumbrous style; he was a capital talker; and he had at least one good listener to stereotype his winged words. The contrast between Johnson writing and Johnson talking, is notorious; the one all stiffness and polysyllables—the other terse, pithy, clear, direct, hitting straight at his mark, without circumlocution or "circumbendibus." A similar distinction obtains between Selden in his study and Selden at his table. His English as well as Latin style, Dr. Irving remarks, is "deficient in smoothness and elegance." Clarendon complains that "his style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure"—(*γρῶσι σκαυρον*, my lord chancellor, when you rate a style as "obscure")—which obscurity and harshness, the chancellor goes on to say, "is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he [Selden] commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity." Selden was not without jealous interest, however, in the integrity of his mother-tongue, and used to "hit out" now and then against neologisms, foreign importations, and piebald phrases. "If you look upon the language spoken in the Saxon time," he observes upon one occasion, "and the language spoken now [*scil.* towards the middle of the seventeenth century], you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of red, and there a piece of blue, and here a piece of green, and there a piece of orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latin, as every pedantic man pleases." Selden's own parts of speech, when fairly off in table-talk, were straightforward, concise, nervous: "in his conversation," again to quote Clarendon, "he was the most clear discourses, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known." Grateful, then, as we are to Boswell, jeer his memory as we may, for his matchless record of Johnson's table-talk, so ought we to be to Milward, for his *disjecta membra* of Selden's. Had but every man of genius his Boswell or his Milward!

— Mortalia cuncta peribunt;

Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vicax.

*The Table-talk of John Selden: with Notes by David Irving, LL.D., Edinburgh: Constable. 1854.

For lack of such affectionate scribes, the

'εσα ἀρροφύα of many a rare table-talker have taken to themselves wings, only to flee away; and listeners have let them vanish,* without an endeavor at capture, as though to stay their flight were not, on the listener's part, as laudable an effort, as to shoot folly as it flies, on the part of the talkers. By table-talk we are to understand, comprehensively, the conversation of genius in undress, *chez lui*, and generally speaking after the "table" is cleared, or without any table at all—(*lucus à non*)—for the table, as a gross, material fact, provocative to sensual indulgence, is, in fact, or used to be, rather a let and hinderance than an aid and appliance to the flow of talk. We find Boswell once complaining to Johnson of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence of conversation worthy of being remembered. "Sir," said Johnson, "there seldom is any such conversation." Then why meet at table? humbly suggested Bozzy. "Why," was Johnson's answer, "to eat and drink together, and to promote kindness; and this, sir, is better done where there is no conversation; for, where there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humor; or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy." Woe to the wight who might try to draw out our Great Bear at feeding time!—when, as Macaulay (after Boswell) depicts him, he was in the act of tearing his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. *Ursa major* must have been a pleasanter sight in his postprandial than in his prandial hours—when the table was cleared than when it was covered—when good digestion was following, than when it was waiting, on appetite. A modern dinner is a more refined, a less inhuman and overtly carnal repast; but our ancestors, while the *pièce de résistance* was on the board, accounted themselves to be "better engaged" in confining attention to its merits, than in illustrating the feast of reason and the flow of soul. It was not until *Nestor's* guests had subdued the Homeric rage of hunger, that the old gentleman began to prose:—first comes the trite formula,

'Αὐτὰρ ἔπει ποτιὺς καὶ ἰδόντες ἑξ ἑσπεύετο,
and then begins the table-talk of one who, in

* ———Whither are they vanish'd! . . .
Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Macbeth, I. 3.

the hyperbolic vulgarism, could talk a horse's leg off—

Τοῖς ἀπὰ μωδῶν ἥρχε Γερηνίος ἑσπερα Νέστωρ.

"My banquet," says *Lucentio*, in "Taming of the Shrew"—meaning by "banquet" an equivalent to our dessert—

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to *chat*, as well as eat.

What sort of Trencherman John Selden may have been, we know not; but he was not the man to scout the good things of this world, and its creature-comforts, while he indulged not so liberally as to "obfuscate" his wits, or to dull the precious art he possessed

Æstivam sermone benigno extendere noctem.

His company might, as they broke up, tender their thanks and appreciation in the style of *Sir Nathaniel to Holofernes*: "I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion; and strange without heresy."* The last clause some would think just applicable, and others not at all, to the not unfrequent mood wherein Selden talked at table such things as this: "The Turks tell their people of a heaven, where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this order; they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what." (A remark, by the way, to which may be attached a pendant from Mrs. Jameson's new book, where she tells us that Wilhelm Schadow, the president of the Academy at Dusseldorf, in exhibiting to her his church-picture, in three compartments, of Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell, explained that he had not attempted to paint the interior of Paradise as the sojourn of the blessed, because he could imagine no kind of occupation or delight which, prolonged to eternity, would not be wearisome.) Or again, the following, if al-

* Not the reader (who, like the writer, is, by hypothesis, all-knowing)—but some readers—(which is not personal, and so quite another thing)—may bear with the remainder, touching certain phrases in the above characteristic sentence of *Sir Nathaniel*, that by "reasons" we are to understand "discourses" (at which the pedagogue was *en fait*); by "affection," affectation; and by "opinion," opinionativeness, or obstinacy.

lowed by all to be "sharp and sententious," will not by all be reckoned "audacious without impudency,"—where Selden says of Church Councils: "They talk, but blasphemously enough, that the Holy Ghost is president of their general councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost." Or this sling at popular preachers of that day—and not of that day only: "To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us"—which doctrine he enforces by a homely illustration of his own sort. Such plain-spoken paragraphs, too, as that on divine "Judgments," that on long sermons, &c., must have grated on many a seventeenth-century ear, at least of the crop-eared party; thus: "We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague we know we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health. . . . Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we can not abide. An example we have in King James concerning the death of Henry IV. of France: one said he was killed for his wenching, another said he was killed for turning his religion. No, says King James, who could not abide fighting, he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom." "Preaching," said Selden, in the palmy day of preaching, "is for the most part the glory of the preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechising would do much better." And in the day of obtrusiveness in "religious conversation," he made bold to object: "King James said to the fly, have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye? Is there not enough to meddle with upon the stage, or in love, or at the table, but religion?" It must be owned that Selden's "reasons at dinner" on these and cognate topics are latitudinarian enough; and that, both in the spirit and in the letter, they, together with miscellaneous remarks in which he is hardly "pleasant without scurrility," or at least coarseness, "show cause" for the testimony of Usher and Hale.

To listeners with an ordinary palate, and normal digestive power, table-talk without illustration or anecdote were as bad as pudding without plums. The plums are not forgotten, not sparsely inlaid either, in Selden's pudding; but are plentiful as blackberries, and have often a racy flavor, fresh and fruity. Selden loves to give zest to his grave discourse by some familiar allusion, aptly introduced, or smart figure of speech,

drily inserted. Thus maintaining the uselessness of the habit, among learned divines, of running to the text for something done among the Jews, that nothing concerns England, 'tis just, he says, if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our brazier to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass-work, who wrought for Solomon's Temple. To quote a modern Dutchman, he says, where you may use a classic author, is as if you were to justify your reputation, and for that end were to neglect all persons of note and quality that you know, and bring instead the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen. Ceremony, he shrewdly observes (and seasonably withal), keeps up all things: 'tis like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost. Talking of political turncoats, and affirming that if a man be weak enough to change once, he will change again, he remarks: your country-fellows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming behind him and giving him a blow unawares; if he bend once, he will bend again. To the text of "Old friends are best," his illustration is, that King James used to call for his old shoes; *they* were easiest for his feet. Moralizing on the changes which had affected the court of England, he pleasantly says, that as, at a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantos, and the galliards, then "Frenchmore," and the cushion-dance, and then the dance of all the company without distinction—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid,—so in the English court of Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up; in King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time, quoth he, "there has been nothing but French-more and the cushion-dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly polly, hoite come toite"—an almost Rabelaisian *façon de parler* on the part of Mr. John. The King (Charles) calling his friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is, saith our table-talker, as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the cellar, and takes the spigot; in the meantime all the beer runs about the house: so, his friends being absent, the king will be lost. On the thesis, "They that govern most make least noise," the illustration is: you see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; while he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir. Upholding, as with consistency and sagacity he was for-

ward to do, the use of liturgical forms in prayer, though allowing occasional instances of gifted extemporisers, Selden adds: there were some mathematicians that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle; is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses?—now set forms are a pair of compasses. On the same subject: 'tis hoped, says he, we may be cured of our extemporary prayers, the same way the grocer's boy is cured of eating his plums, when we have had our bellyful of them. And similarly of extempore preaching: preaching by the spirit, as they call it, he says is most esteemed by the common people, because they can not abide art or learning, which they have not been bred up in:—just as in the business of fencing, if one country-fellow amongst the rest has been at the school, the rest will undervalue his skill, or tell him he wants valor: "you come with your school tricks; there 's Dick Butcher has ten times more mettle in him;" so they say to the preachers, "you come with your school-learning; there 's such a one has the spirit." On the *quæstio vnzata* of Convocation, he insists on the presence of laymen in the synod, to overlook the clergy, lest they spoil the civil work: just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milkhouse to kill a mouse, she sends her maid after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream. And in like blunt diction, talking of the rather anomalous position in society of a bishop's wife,—plain Mrs. this or that—he says: "you shall see a monkey sometimes, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, while his clog hangs a great way below on this side: the bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.* This last unkindest cut of all is only too characteristic of Selden's brusque and even bearish treatment of souls feminine.

For, it must be owned, Mr. John Selden was habitually ungallant; and if not a confirmed woman-hater, at least a pronounced woman-mocker. This is in keeping with the undue development in his nature of what is hard, dry, coarse-grained and radically prosaic. Little inkling had he of how divine a thing a woman may be made. "The sex" found in him a satirist as bluff as Monkbarne, without Monkbarne's latent kindness and his sweet blooded humanity. A passage or two

from the Table-talk will suffice as samples of the talker's irreverent style: "Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifullest creatures in the world." Whether what he adds to this insolence be in mitigation or in aggravation of its guilt, let the aggrieved fair decide: "But yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, that after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple." Perhaps Mr. John had tasted woman's hand after another guess sort, and was tingling under the infliction, when he thus discoursed. A withered old Apple-John he deserved to be called, for his apple-sauce. Again—a *propos* of clerical pretensions: "the clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have had her husband against his own eyes: 'What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife?'" Once more (and then a *jam satis superque*): "'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."* Given the monkey, we need not in this instance look far for the bear.

He was tolerably impartial, all but the very partial will admit, in his opposition to "spiritual despotism," whether invested in scarlet, or lawn, or black Geneva gown. Popery, prelacy, presbyterianism,—none of them escaped his satire. Now he ridicules the notion of a curse entailed on lay proprietors of abbey lands—now the papal jurisdiction—now the divine right of episcopacy. Equally he scouts the divine right of presbyterianism. As with priest, so with puritan. As with malignant, so with roundhead. As with high-church bigot, so with parliamentarian fanatic. And after all, he evidently prefers, as English gentleman and temperate thinker, the *via media* of prelacy to the low level of the sects. Denouncing episcopal pretensions, he yet opposes those who are for abolishing episcopacy. If he is strong against firebrands within the pale of Anglicanism, he is stronger against more vulgar firebrands without. He scorns the clap-trap of those who charge on churchmen things that they know not; he is above

* Table-talk, pp. 20, 30, 31, 32, 74, 95, 97, 157, 161, 164, 165, 201, 226.

* *Ibid.*, pp. 31, 41, 227.

the ignorant zeal which is intent on getting up a cry. "We charge the prelatical clergy," says he, "with popery to make them odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing." Speaking of the Trinity, he says, that if the second Person is made of a piece of bread by the papists, the third Person is made by the roundhead of his own phrensy, malice, ignorance, and folly. "One the baker makes, and the other the cobbler; and betwixt the two, I think the first Person is sufficiently abused." The frequent occasion he takes to uphold the liturgy against extemporaneous effusions is also observable; and so are his repeated sarcasms on Sabbatarians, on proximity in preaching and prayer, on the private interpretation of the word, and the vaunted right of private judgment, upon which the sectaries laid so much stress.

Naturally it was the same with Selden's politics. He was a middle-man. Ultras of either side he eschewed. His was not the spirit of a martyr, nor, reformer though he was, of an enthusiast in reform. He was indeed again and again committed to custody

for his freedom of speech in the House of Commons—which he entered a year or two before the death of James I., as member for Lancaster, and in which he subsequently had a seat for Great Bedwin, and also for the University of Oxford—but he was too reflective, and not sufficiently *einseitig*, to be a thorough party-man; neither intellectually nor morally, neither by conviction nor by temperament, was he shaped for a revolutionary leader. "In a troubled state," he says at table, "we must do as in foul weather upon the Thames, not think to cut directly through, but rise and fall as the waves do, give as much as conveniently we can."* He lived to see the waters abated, and the vessel of the State making way in comparative calm, under the pilotage of Cromwell; but how far he was sanguine of his country's weal under such a steersman, and with what degree of approval he watched the dictator's policy, or what tokens of stability his prophetic eye recognized in the protectorate, we should be glad to find in his "Table-talk," but find not.

CHEVALIER WIKOFF.—A strange story has been brought to light in the course of the last week. Lord Palmerston, it is said—and strong documentary evidence is produced in support of the assertion—in the course of the year 1850 hired the services of a certain person, who, in return for his pay, "was to make known clearly through the medium of the French and the United States' press, the liberal, and especially the pacific character, of the policy of Her Majesty's government." The words quoted form part of a letter said to be addressed by Mr. H. U. Addington, in the name of Lord Palmerston, to the author

of a little work named, "My Courtship and its Consequences." The author is said to be one Nichoff. It is stated that this man Nichoff is a Russian agent, employed to write Russian articles in the *New York Herald*. For some reason or other, this worthy personage ceased to give satisfaction to his employers, or they ceased to have occasion for his services. Due notice was given to him by Mr. Addington that at the end of June, 1852, his engagement with the English Foreign-office was to be considered as terminated, and it was brought to a conclusion accordingly. It may be as well to state that Nichoff, the Russian agent on one authority, is by another stated to be a citizen of the United States. It is added, from his own account, that he was sentenced by a criminal court at Genoa to fifteen months' imprisonment for a scandalous outrage upon a lady. The two assertions are far from incompatible. Nichoff, the Russian agent, may well be a Russian by birth, naturalized in America, the agent of the British Foreign-office, the Russian spy, the hero of the criminal outrage at Genoa, the correspondent of Mr. H. U. Addington, and the author of "My Courtship and its Consequences."

* Some affect to desery in Selden's "easy conscience" the key to his certainly very "easy circumstances." How Selden got together his money, is not altogether clear; but neither need any mystery be made of it, considering his profession as a conveyancer and chamber counsel, and his opportunities from connection with the Kent family. To his wealth, as conjoined in a rare degree with remarkable learning, the witty Fuller probably alludes, in his dry way, when he says: "Mr. Selden had some coins of the Roman emperors, and a great many more of our English kings." At least, it would not be like Fuller if there were no such sub-surface meaning in the sentence, but only the literal one obvious to very literal readers.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

It is seldom we can trace with exact precision the source of a great river. We see the high land whence it has descended, the plain below enriched by its full stream, but we fail to mark the exact spot where first the infant waters trickle from the earth. So it is often with the origin of great institutions—so it is with that greatest of modern European institutions, the British Parliament. It is scarcely possible to say exactly when and how it took its origin. It is certain that when that event took place, which is often regarded as the origin of Parliament, the signing of Magna Charta, the word itself, though doubtless with a sufficiently different signification from that which it now bears, was in common use. Still that event is not improperly chosen as the heading for a chapter on Parliament; it was the Barons of Runnymede, headed by those true patriots, Stephen Langton and Richard Earl of Pembroke, who wrested from King John that great concession which still forms one of the fundamental props of our present constitution—viz., that the king shall raise no money from his people without the sanction and the aid of Parliament.

Through this first great Act of Parliament frequent attempts were made to drive a coach and six, as has been done through so many of its successors. But the principle was then announced on a summer day in 1215, and has never since been quite forgotten. Often was this great wall of liberty sorely breached by able, vigorous, and despotic Plantagenets; by haughty, impetuous, and wilful Tudors; by wily, treacherous, and imperious Stuarts: but again and again were the breaches built up, in repeated confirmations of the Charta, in the Provisions of Oxford, in the Petition of Right: it was to be cemented with blood, to be maintained at any cost: change of dynasties, the death of kings, the pains of civil war, all were to be endured rather than abandon the principle that taxation rests not upon the will of the sovereign, but the law of the land; the principle, in obedience to which Mr. Gladstone

yearly submits his budget to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons furnishes Her Majesty with supplies for carrying on the Russian war.

The second chapter of Parliamentary History has Simon de Montfort for its hero. This man was one of the many foreigners whose arrival in England, during the reign of Henry III., gave great offence to the country. Hated by the people, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was a favorite with the king, and was allowed to marry Henry's own sister. The wedding took place in the precincts of the Royal Palace, in that sanctuary which Stephen had built in troubled times, and which was now used as an appendage to the Westminster Palace—in St. Stephen's Chapel.

Little thought Simon de Montfort, as he stood at the east end of that oblong chamber, that his actions during the next years of his life were to make it the focus of English history; that the room in which he was marrying a king's daughter would be the scene of those contests which would limit the power of the king's posterity. De Montfort, soon after his marriage, quarrelled with Henry III., and put himself at the head of the hostile barons. A few victories made him virtual king of England; but he knew that Englishmen loved not usurpers; he used his power in the king's name to effect a silent orderly revolution: the writs which for the first time summoned two knights from each shire and two burgesses from each borough to serve the king in Parliament, were issued, indeed, by De Montfort, but signed in due order by King Henry III. Thus two great steps towards a parliamentary constitution were accomplished. The first we owe mainly to a Norman baron and an English priest; the second to one, who in days when the Norman Government itself had not altogether lost its foreign character, was still more a foreigner: the same free infusion of foreign elements which has so strengthened and enriched our language, was destined also to widen and strengthen the basis of our constitution; it

is to the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Alfreds, the Canutes, the De Montforts, that the rich concrete, the English, owes its existence.

The division of Parliament into two Houses appears to have existed as early as the reign of Edward I. They met both in one building, but in separate council, at the upper and lower end of Westminster Hall; that is to say, when the Parliament was held at London, for it still retained during many years its character of a royal council, and followed the king wherever he might be, to Oxford, York, or Carlisle. It was not till the reign of Edward III. that the accumulation of parliamentary records and other documents at Westminster suggested the propriety of Parliament's becoming independent of the migrations of the sovereign; since that reign only fourteen Parliaments have been held elsewhere, and most of those during the troubled times of the Stuarts.

In 1377, the House of Commons were removed from Westminster Hall to the Chapter House of the Abbey. Here they remained till the reign of Edward VI., when they removed to the Chapel of St. Stephen. The peers continued to use Westminster Hall, nor does it appear clearly when they began to occupy that chamber which Guy Fawkes designed to blow up, and which was pulled down at the commencement of the present century.

That legislation could only be the joint work of King, Lords, and Commons, appears to have been first regarded as a fixed principle—the third great step, we shall call it, in parliamentary progress—in the reign of Edward III. In the reign of Richard II. we find the House of Commons for the first time choosing their Speaker, and petitioning for that liberty of speech which is still sued for as a matter of form by the Speaker of each successive Parliament: in the reign of Henry IV. a fourth step was taken in the postponement of subsidies as conditional on the redress of grievances: in the reign of Henry VI. the fifth and sixth steps—viz., the assertion and establishment by the House of Commons of its exclusive right to initiate money bills, and the exchanging the process of *Petition* for that which still exists of *Bill*, brought the English Parliament to a form, subject indeed to much extension, but not materially different from that in which it now exists.

The Pym and Hampdens of the Civil War were nobly occupied rather in the vindication of old than the demand for new priv-

ileges. In the days of the Commonwealth it was the glory and the blessing of England that the Parliamentary system did not perish. It is not the least weighty evidence of the sobering and strengthening effect of representative institutions, that in England the most effectual and thorough revolutions have been so little revolutionary. When the Puritan fervor was at its height, when the monarchy was abolished and the House of Lords dispersed, the House of Commons sat on, headed by the Speaker, in its own chamber—its forms and etiquettes were rigidly observed; its manner of proceeding differed little from that of the present time; matters of ceremony were debated with an earnestness scarcely inferior to that bestowed on the most important questions of State policy; an earnestness which those will not be inclined to ridicule who regard it as evidence of that strong desire in the middle of change to abide as much as possible by the ancient paths, which has given so noble an aspect to all English reform, which gives that permanence to progress, without which it rapidly becomes convulsion and ruin. When Cromwell became virtually King of England his keen sagacity saw how hard it was to change the warp which had been so slowly and so carefully worked into the English constitution; he knew on what seeming trifles great liberties depended; how utterly unfitted was the genius of the English people for a republican, or indeed for any other than a monarchical form of government. With this view he did what he could to put back ancient landmarks; he restored the other House as much as possible on its former footing; he even tried to procure for it the old name of House of Lords, a proceeding from which the House of Commons, more shy of the name than the reality, shrank in alarm. He desired that there should be a king, doubtless he would have himself accepted the royal title when offered to him, had he not known that his past career had made this impossible for him in the eyes of those whom he could not offend; that he, who had dealt so terrible a blow to kingship, could never become, in name at least, King of England. We know with what joy, as a bow unbent, all England threw itself into the movement which brought about the Restoration. The monarchy was reestablished; it found the Parliament, with its old apparatus all prepared at Westminster; the parliamentary records preserved in an unbroken series; the old parliamentary terms not fallen into desuetude; the Chapel of St. Stephen duly

swept; and when the first excesses of reactionary frenzy had spent themselves, it was judged a wise act to adopt and legalize, if they required legalizing, all the laws passed by the Parliaments of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, and thus the parliamentary history of England regained and carried forward the unbroken sequence of its progressive career, till the work begun by Stephen Langton and Richard, Earl of Pembroke, in 1215, was consummated by Earl Grey and Lord John Russell, in 1832; the authors of the Reform Bill proving themselves worthy descendants of the champions of Magna Charta. This was the last great step; doubtless there are others yet to come.

To one who on a fine May evening walks from Charing-cross through Whitehall and Parliament street to Westminster, by the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, and the public offices, amid a crowd of cabs and omnibuses, a throng of passengers, mitred and coroneted carriages bearing temporal and spiritual peers to their places in Parliament, while busy members for Manchester or the West Riding push along the pavement to a similar destination, it is difficult to recall the time when from this now bustling metropolitan street, London was nearly two miles distant; when there was but a rough road leading through the meadows by the river towards Thorney Island, amidst the thickets of which the towers of Westminster Abbey rose in solitary smokeless magnificence; while beneath their protecting shadow, within the shelter of their sanctuary, lay the humbler buildings where the king held his court, where his great council, the Parliament, tendered him their petitions, and his officers administered justice. Thorney Island is drained, solitude has departed, smoke has come, but the theory of the English constitution remains the same. Her Majesty may indeed reside at Buckingham Palace, but the royal presence is still regarded as the centre of authority present in the new palace of Westminster; there the Queen's judges still sit and administer justice in the royal name; there the Sovereign still repairs to sanction the acts, sometimes to receive the humble petitions and advice of her assembled Parliament.

In happy fulfilment of this just idea, Westminster Hall was made the vestibule of the new houses of Parliament. Whatever may be said of the building as a whole, none can impugn the happy thought which suggested the present use to which the Hall is applied, or the admirable skill with which the thought has been put in execution. It is truly inter-

esting to stand in this Hall at four o'clock in the afternoon of some important debate; while statesmen whose names fill the Europe of to-day pass by into the House of Commons, and at the same time the thoughts are carried back to the days when the two houses were assembled to frame the time-honored laws under which we live—here in this very Hall. It is not less interesting to ascend the magnificent flight of steps at the south end of the Hall, and turning to the left, to enter St. Stephen's Chapel. Here then is the spot consecrated to the genius of free institutions. This is the Chapel which King Stephen built and dedicated to his patron saint; which Edward III. endowed; which Edward VI. allotted as a place of meeting to his faithful Commons; where the faithful Commons have consulted ever since till within the last twenty-one years.

In 1834, when the Houses were burnt down, this chapel was among the first of the buildings that fell in. But the place had become consecrated with a higher unction than that bestowed upon it by Stephen's priests; and although the walls and roof were hopelessly gone, the site was preserved with jealous care: walls of the same height, a roof of the same pitch—were again erected; and a chamber new yet old, the exact verisimilitude in length and breadth and height, occupies the very same space, and we may say, in all but the identity of the bricks and mortar, is the very same room as that in which Elizabeth's Commons joined heart and hand together to support their royal mistress in repelling the assault of Spain; where Hampden protested against the illegal payment of ship-money; where Falkland lamented his country's wrongs, and repudiated his party's crimes; where Walpole for so many years resisted all the efforts of the ablest and most factious opposition ever perhaps combined against a single minister; where Pitt, the great Commoner, hurled that thunder which shook with fear the hearts not only of parliamentary opponents but of the foreign enemies of England; where Burke declaimed in a higher than parliamentary wisdom to an inferior and inattentive audience; or denounced Warren Hastings with a ferocity of invective that made the great Governor of India quail before his own conscience and his unsparing persecutor; where Sheridan spoke on the same Eastern question with such overwhelming eloquence, that the House, distrusting its own power of judgment under the influence of so potent a spell, deliberately adjourned its decision to a calmer hour;

where Pitt the younger and Charles James Fox opposed each other with a rivalry not to be quelled till the time when they should both sleep together in the adjoining abbey; where Canning wasted his splendid talents in defending a policy which he did not approve, and vindicating a party with which he could not sympathize; where Wilberforce and Fowell Buxton delivered their testimony against crimes which England has since acknowledged, repented of, and repaired; where Peel commenced that career, the end of which has so endeared his name to the grateful recollections of his countrymen; where lastly the great battle of the Reform Bill was fought and lost, and fought again and won.

It was well to preserve a chamber rich in such associations, and though no longer itself the Commons House, it serves as an appropriate entrance corridor, adorned by the statues of Hampden, Clarendon, Falkland, and Walpole, destined to receive hereafter the effigies of other of the great worthies whose names are written in the book of English history, whose works have followed them in the roll of English liberties.

Passing through a door at the end of this famous chapel, the parliamentary student who seeks to understand the old by the new finds himself in the central hall, from which corridors lead to the House of Lords on the right hand and the House of Commons on the left. Taking the latter direction, he passes through one more door and enters the lobby. Here truly all is modern. It is impossible to associate the post-office, the electric telegraph office, the illuminated clock, or even the surpassing insolence of the white-headed door-keeper, with the dignified simplicity of our remote ancestors. But let him pass on into the gallery of the House itself, and there he may on his historical lessons with full profit. The arrangement of the House, the Speaker in the chair, the clerks at the table, remind him immediately of quaint old woodcuts which he has seen in magazines, representing the Parliament of centuries ago; the mace lies upon the table; he remembers Oliver, and "Take away that bauble." He hears the words, "That this bill be now read a third time;" he recognizes the wise jealousy of hasty legislation which has interposed so many stages between an act introduced and an act passed; he hears further the question put by the Speaker, "That I now leave the chair," as preparatory to going into committee of supply; and when upon this question a discussion arises not on matters of supply, but on some ques-

tion of domestic or foreign executive policy, his first impression is that the debate is strangely irrelevant, that old forms are very much abused; but being better advised, he recollects that this is one of England's best privileges, this right to redress grievances, in more modern phrase, to obtain information from Government before granting supply. He sees a mild gentlemanly man in a grotesque costume, armed with a sword like a lath, but he does not smile, at least not in contempt, for the very name of Serjeant-at-Arms is suggestive of the hardly-won and rigidly-maintained privileges of the Commons; of struggles with the court on behalf of liberty; of commitments to the Tower; in a word, of the material force which is at hand to enforce the rights of the people's representatives. He sees lords and honourees upon the benches below, and he hails it as a consequence and memorial of that fusion of ranks by which the son of a peer becomes a commoner, and all ranks are bound together by a common interest. A message is brought down from the House of Lords, the respectful salutations made by the bearer of it to the Speaker provoke him not to ridicule, but to a comparison of the time when both Houses sat together, and the voice of the Commons was utterly lost in that of their acknowledged superiors—the Lords. Scarcely a quarter of an hour passes but his attention is arrested by some minute form, often troublesome, often tedious, often grotesque, but never omitted; and in its patient performance he acknowledges a profound wisdom, for he knows that easy as it is to laugh and be witty at the expense of ancient forms, these are notwithstanding the only limits by which popular discussion can be controlled, the only conditions under which a popular assembly has ever greatly flourished. He is aware that some of the greatest politicians* of continental Europe delight to dwell upon these forms with all the energy of half-envious admiration; politicians who have learnt by experience how hard, how impossible, it is to manage, or to create, popular assemblies without the safeguard of time-hallowed and deeply significant, though to a superficial observer unmeaning, forms; in a word, in the jealousy of ancient form, which hedges in and regulates but does not cramp a debate upon a modern Reform Bill, the educated or thoughtful observer perceives that careful clinging to the golden mean between perma-

* Such as Professor Dahlmann, of Bonn University.

nence and progress, that attachment to historical development, that readiness for reform, that abhorrence of revolution, which has constituted the strength and greatness of England.

This is the moral which St. Stephen's Chapel teaches: the Old and the New are

bound up together; so may they continue! The Palace of Westminster itself, standing as it does in close neighborhood to the Abbey of Edward the Confessor, furnishes us with a symbol of conservative progress. The Tower of Queen Victoria looks down upon the Hall of William Rufus.

ELIZA COOK.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WE present, with this number, a portrait of the poetess and journalist, ELIZA COOK, whose position in the world of letters is both honorable and well defined. First introduced to public notice by her poetry, she acquired a name which will be associated with those of Hood, Mackay and Elliott, more conspicuous for vigor and earnestness than for beauty. Her poems are remarkable for their life, and flowing and facile versification, and for the strong good sense with which they abound. Though sometimes delicate and tender, her muse more frequently delights in the sensible, the sarcastic or the humorous; much preferring to hit a foible than to disclose a beauty—to knock down a vice than to embellish a virtue. Some of her poems are peculiarly memorable in their way, and will not soon be got out of the remem-

brance of those who admire honest feeling and strong good sense.

Miss Cook has also figured largely, and with credit, as a journalist. She founded, and for many years conducted, a weekly periodical, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which for variety, piquancy, and benevolent aim, hardly had a superior. It was, however, not appreciated; after a noble struggle, it fell; and since that time, the accomplished editor has not been much before the public. Her features disclose a masculine character, which her writings do not belie. Strength rather than beauty is her characteristic quality. On retiring she was afflicted with painful disease. With the removal of that, it is to be hoped that her vigorous pen will resume its activity.

LORD PETER ROBERTSON.—Lord Peter Robertson, whose death is announced in the London papers, was one of the few intimate friends whom the late Mr. Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*, had in Scotland. They had known each other when both were young and briefless barristers, and the proud and sensitive Lockhart, who wished, it was said, after the death of his great father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, to drop all acquaintance with Scotland, Abbotsford, and Scottish companions, preserved and cultivated the friendship of the jovial Patrick. There is a story current to

the effect that the latter, after perpetrating the enormous folly of writing and publishing—in his old age—two successive volumes of verse, happened to visit London and to dine with the editor of the *Quarterly*, to whom the second volume was dedicated. The humorist had become unusually sentimental, and begged that, after his death, his host should honor him—not with a biography—but with an epitaph. Lockhart extemporized the following felicitous couplet:

Here lies the Christian, Judge and Poet Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man—and metre.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SOME OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF PAYING ONE'S DEBTS.

This is a serious business.

All's Well that Ends Well.

It is much to be regretted that virtue should have its penalties as well as its pleasures. I have myself been a martyr to one of its lowest forms: a martyr without any of the honors of martyrdom. Paul Pry's exclamation that "he would never do a good-natured thing again as long as he lived," was an expressive phrase of unrequited kindness; but mine were not even acts of good-nature.

As long as I moved ambiguously upon the surface of society I was comparatively happy. It was only when I had taken a good house and adopted the habit of regularly paying my debts, that I began to be miserable.

In no other way could I have been reputed wealthy. No one knew my income. *Secretiveness* was one of my largest phrenological developments, and my affairs had always been studiously kept to myself. It was solely, therefore, because I was in the habit of paying my debts that I brought upon myself all the penalties of reputed wealth.

The "world" argued that any one might take a good house; but that to live in it, and continue to pay one's debts, was proof that there must be what is called a handsome property.

Of this one of the first painful consequences was an universal desire to make my acquaintance. I became suddenly appreciated:

Others could see, although myself could not, I was indeed "a marvellous proper man."

But all this was incompatible with my habits. I preferred making my own selection; and dire was the offence. Mothers had sought me for their daughters' sakes. In vain I honorably refused attentions for which I could not make the expected return. In vain I assured them that I was really not a marrying man. Every one whose overture was rejected became an enemy. "That so wealthy

a man should remain unmarried—it was a shame! Depend upon it there must be something wrong." Fortunately there was no tangible spot upon my character; but the usual machinery of "we would an' if we could," and "such ambiguous givings out" were put into requisition; and although nothing was said, it was taken for granted that a great deal *might* have been said, "or Mr. Blank would not have looked so serious, or have avoided the subject so pointedly as he *had* done." I had formed an innumerable speaking acquaintance at clubs, and libraries, and public places; and one of the great pleasures of my morning walk was to have a talk with them all; but now I was either coldly bowed to, or passed without notice. I was also designated as a shabby fellow, who had the means but not the inclination to be hospitable; and this was assumed merely because I had adopted the practice of paying my debts.

The next evil consequence was, that I became the prey of every designing philanthropist. If I attended a religious or charitable gathering, to amuse myself by listening to some celebrated speaker, I was sure to be waited upon the next morning by one of the gentlemen who had done "the heavy business" of the previous day—usually a clerical young man in black, with a long neck carefully done up in hot-pressed white—who, referring to "our very interesting meeting," had called for "the favor of a donation or subscription." Every Mrs. Jellyby who had concocted a pet scheme of piety or charity, after inflicting upon me the reading of a long prospectus and correspondence, "had no doubt she should have my countenance and support." The common-places to which I was doomed to listen, while they were read to me with all the aggravations of exaggerated emphasis, would of themselves have been a grievous affliction. "*It is our duty to do*

all in our power to promote the welfare of others;"—and then the reader would fix a pair of fiery gray eyes upon me, and wait for my assent to this obvious truism. But the attempt was not only upon my patience, but my money. Excellent in themselves, but endless in their number—Baths, Wash-houses, Ragged Schools, Mendicity Societies, Hospitals, Female Refuges, Reformatory Establishments, Sailors' Homes, Protestant Alliances, Irish Missions, Home Missions, the Conversion of the Jews, and a long *et cetera*—all had their claims upon one who was accounted wealthy, merely because he was in the habit of paying his debts.

The only thing to which I contributed with unmixed satisfaction was the poor-box of a police-office; for in that case I saw nothing of the recipients, and had not been asked to give.

What I had done, or what it was hoped I would do, led on to another infliction. My committee and board meetings were so numerous that I was induced to take into my service, as amanuensis, an ingenuous and sharp-witted juvenile delinquent, whose principal employment was to keep a record of my engagements and appointments. How that ended it would be premature to say.

My servants complained that their time was wholly occupied in admitting applicants for my name—which they assured me would be of special service—as a subscriber to Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, Gazetteers, Illustrated Scenery, Tables chronological, historical, biographical, or genealogical: Cathedral Antiquities, Lodge's Portraits, Casts from Shakspeare's Monument or the Elgin Marbles, and every form, in short, in which the ingenious make war upon the wealthy. The agents of every wine-merchant upon the Continent waited upon me for orders. Whenever any real property, or an eligible investment was offered for sale, I was specially invited to be present; and estates were strongly recommended to me which would have been cheaply purchased at fifty thousand pounds. I felt that I was occupying a false position; but it was no fault of mine. I had never pretended to be wealthy. I had merely been in the habit of paying my debts.

The whole world seemed to have conspired against my peace. The exhibitors of circuses, plays, panoramas, dwarfs, wonders, objects of art, and assaults of arms, all came for my patronage and my money. If a musical pro-

fessor had made his expenditure harmonize so badly with his means as to have incurred the threats of his creditors, he hoped I would lend him fifty pounds. If an actor had become "the unhappy victim of unforeseen circumstances," he threw himself upon what he was pleased to term "my well-known kindness and generosity." If a shopkeeper had eaten up his capital in the shape of hot suppers and champagne, he trusted that I would not refuse to assist him with a small sum to meet his Christmas engagements, which I might depend upon his repaying in three months; and in less than one he was in the *Gazette*. If some fellow, through ill-usage or neglect, had lost his horse or cow, he seemed to think it nothing more than reasonable that I should give him the means of replacing it. If a bankrupt porter dealer had obtained the situation of tax collector, I was asked to be his security for five hundred pounds; and in six months he had absconded. Useless wives who (muddling away their husbands' gains)

Spent little—yet had nothing left

—daughters, as they assured me, of parents who had been in affluent circumstances;—the idle, the helpless, and the profligate, all found their way to the wretched being whose purse was believed to be the poor man's California, merely because he had been in the habit of paying his debts.

Shut, shut the door, good John!

was unavailing. It did not succeed even when Pope himself was the appellant.

Life became intolerable; and I could see no remedy for its evils but to break up my establishment, and fly for refuge to the Continent.

Furniture, wine, horses, pictures, articles of "*bigotry and virtue*," were all brought to the hammer, with an effect that was instantaneous. The opinion of the "world" was changed as by the pantomimic wand of a magician. It now held that I could never have had "much of an income," and must have been living upon my principal; but it admitted that, at any rate, I had been in the habit of paying my debts.

Of this, the last and most grievous consequence was a long and unwished-for exile.



ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARNOY. — THE ORIGINAL BY N. COMPTON.

A PAGE FROM AN OLDEN CHRONICLE.

